MANNERS.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

RESPICERE EXEMPLAR VITÆ MORUMQUE.

1607/636.

MANNERS.

Mr & Mrs IN Shirreff

THREE PARTS.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

Part I. Of PIETY: including the love of GOD, and the Gratitude and Homage which we owe him.
Part II. Of WISDOM: comprehending Prudence, Fortitude, Juſtice, and Temperance.
Part III. Of SOCIAL LOVE: its different kinds; conjugal, paternal, and filial. Of Friendſhip and Humanity.

To which is prefixed,

A Preliminary Diſcourſe on VIRTUE.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque.
HOR. ad Piſones.

The FIFTH EDITION.

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MANNERS.

THREE PARTS.

Translated from the FRENCH.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 15 07 AUG

TO

Mrs. M. A. T*******,

MADAM,

IT is not to a great man, a prince, or a miniſter of ſtate that I inſcribe this work; but to you, whoſe rank is not ſuperior to my own. But, though not diſtinguiſhed by birth or fortune, you have a ſuperiority of a nobler kind ariſing from your perſonal merit, from your underſtanding and virtue. Conſidered in this light, the lovely Menoqui appears far more worthy of my reſpect and veneration, than thoſe vain objects of popular admiration, who have nothing but their pomp and ſplendid titles to recommend them. I have ſomewhere in this book obſerved, 'That if virtue were to become 'viſible, we ſhould ſee the DEITY himſelf 'in all the glory of his majeſty and holi-'neſs:' and I add here, that if in condeſcenſion to our weakneſs ſhe were to appear in a human form, ſhe would aſſume yours; at leaſt ſhe could not chuſe any more fit to render herſelf amiable and engaging to mankind. To whom then, more properly than to you, madam, can I addreſs a work conſecrated to her honour?

And certainly a diſcourſe of this kind cannot but meet with a favourable reception from one, whoſe manners and character are ſo pure. Nay, I will venture to add, that the author himſelf deſerves ſome regard from you. The morality which prevails through this book is ſtrict and unexceptionable; and this morality is truly mine, it is the genuine expreſſion of the ſentiments of my heart. A friend, who is governed by ſuch principles, may be ſafely encouraged; however ſtrong his paſſion for you may be, you need have no apprehenſions of being ſeduced by him. I freely allow you all the honour of your virtue, but do not envy me the exerciſe of mine. I know, Madam, your prudence would ſufficiently guard you againſt the ſnares of a lover; but be aſſured, that my virtue will never ſuffer me to lay any in your way. You would do me a ſignal injury in imagining, that I am virtuous only becauſe you are ſo; this would be to form a very wrong judgment of that affection and reſpect, with which I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your moſt humble and
moſt obedient ſervant,

PANAGES.

PREFACE.

I SHALL not begin with telling my reader, as authors commonly do, that one of my friends had, by some means or other, got a copy of the following work, and was just going to put it to the press, when my good fortune giving me timely notice of the affair, I rather chooſe to publiſh it myſelf, than to have looſe uncorrected papers expoſed to the view of the world; becauſe all this would be entirely falſe: and beſides the artifice is now grown too ſtale. The truth is, my genius is ſomewhat turned towards moral philoſophy: and as an inclination to write books, and publiſh all our thoughts whether good or bad, is the prevailing diſtemper of the age, the infection has reached me, and I have ſet myſelf to moralize by chapters. The motive which determines me is indeed ſelf-love; it would be vain to deny it; but however another and a nobler is joined with it, which is the love of virtue. Burning with a ſacred zeal in her cauſe, my deſire is to render all my readers virtuous. I know well that I ſhall not ſucceed; but, were I ſure of gaining only one in a thouſand, however laborious the occupation may be, my only employment for the future, ſhould be to write books, and all upon the ſame ſubject.

If the reader conſiders the title of the following

treatiſe, he will not expect more from me than I have promiſed. MANNERS *are the ſubject of it: Religion is no farther concerned than as it is neceſſary to morality; and natural religion being ſufficient for moral purpoſes, I conſider no other. I would have a Mahometan read me, as well as a Chriſtian; I write for all mankind.*

Some perhaps might think it more modeſt, had I intitled this work MORAL ESSAYS; *but this would have been imitating a divine of the laſt century: now, I muſt own I have no inclination to interfere with any of theſe gentlemen. The title of* MORAL REFLECTIONS *could by no means be allowed; it has been in too ill repute for five and thirty years paſt; and I do not much chuſe to expoſe myſelf to eccleſiaſtical cenſure. I might alſo have called it* AN ESSAY ON MANNERS; *but beſides that the bookſellers ſhops are already over-ſtocked with Eſſays, it is in my opinion an unpardonable rudeneſs for a man to profeſs, that he is making an eſſay or trial of his genius at the expence of the public: whoever enters the liſts publickly, ought, I think, to be ſure of his ſtrength beforehand. I have therefore intitled it ſimply* MANNERS; *becauſe I deſcribe the manners of men, both as they really are, and as they ought to be.*

I think it my duty to proteſt againſt any key that may be invented to the characters I have drawn, and any invidious appellations that may be made of them. To ſay that I had no particular perſons in view, would be a falſhood; and a uſeleſs one too, becauſe I ſhould not be believed. I have indeed copied all my pictures from nature, otherwiſe I ſhould have run a riſk of painting imaginary beings; but I have

not distinctly marked any of my originals; their names are an impenetrable secret, which I keep locked up in my breast. The vicious characters are drawn from vicious men; but the number of the vicious is too great to justify the application to any one in particular.

I have, in many places, only described a vice, and left the picture to speak for itself, without descanting on its deformity. If, according to Virgil's description, I were to paint the enormous chief of the Cyclops, would there be any need to add, that Polyphemus is a hideous monster? I have done the same with respect to the virtues; and have often delineated their several graces and beauties, without loading the representation with a tedious panegyric.

When I lay down any moral principle which is acknowleged even by the vicious themselves, I do not formally set myself to confirm it by arguments. What occasion is there to prove, that calumny, false witness, and treachery, are criminal?

I have, in this work, addressed myself more to the affections, than to the imagination; because the former was both easier to me, and more suitable to the nature of morality, which is a practical science. It is of more importance, in the correcting of depraved minds, to affect the heart, than to please the fancy; nay, even to convince the understanding is not the principal thing. It was this, perhaps, that gave occasion to that pious remark of the celebrated M. Dacier, "That it is unbecoming the majesty "of God to prove the necessity, justice, or truth, of*

* Preface to Plato.

" what he requires; he makes us love his command-
" ments, and this is more than proving them."
How could I wiſh that I too had the power of making virtue beloved! it would not then have a ſingle enemy upon earth.

If any of my readers were to tell me with ſincerity, that I have wrote a good book; I ſhould, no doubt, be pleaſed: but I ſhould be much more ſo, were he to add, " You have inſpired me with the " love of virtue."

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,

CONCERNING

VIRTUE.

THE character of a Man of Honour may be left to thoſe who chuſe to take up with it. The purchaſe of it is too cheap, to give any juſt ground of envy to a generous mind. A confident and aſſuming air, an eaſy fortune, with the vices in faſhion, are what conſtitute the man of honour: virtue is entirely out of the queſtion. Nor is Woman of Honour much more eſtimable: all the title that Egle has to the appellation, is her not having publickly proclaimed that ſhe profeſſes gallantry and intrigue.

And yet, eaſy as it may ſeem to merit either of theſe characters, in the limited ſenſe which cuſtom has affixed to them; we may ſtill find, upon examination, that there are many who lay claim to them without any juſt pretenſions. An unhappy wretch, preſſed by want, ſtops a paſſenger in the ſtreet and robs him of his purſe; this is a man void of honour: if you queſtion it, the gallows will determine the controverſy. But the man who has enriched himſelf by plunder and extortion, and by preying on the neceſſities of his country; if he has a magnificent houſe, an equipage, and a title; though he triumphs in the publick diſtreſs, though his fortune be raiſed on the ruins of five hundred families, ſtill he is a man of honour, be-

cauſe he is rich, and has not met with the juſt reward of his crimes. A young and beautiful woman diſplays, perhaps beyond the bounds of decency, the charms ſhe has received from nature; and farther heightens them by all the elegance of dreſs, by flowers, paint, and patches; but ſhe is on foot, and without a ſervant to attend her. This is a woman of no honour, ſhe is even pointed at. Near to her you may ſee another, dreſt in the ſame manner; but ſhe rides in a coach and ſix, and is therefore a woman of unqueſtionable reputation and character.

All the men of honour together are leſs worth than one virtuous man. The only foundation of their titles, is their proſperity, wealth, and intereſt in the world; take from them theſe frail ſupports, and their honour which depends on them will undergo a like revolution with their fortune. The ſame word in our language ſignifies an unfortunate man, and one deſtitute of honour; we call each of them a wretch: and what elſe indeed is a man of honour, in the uſual ſenſe of the expreſſion, when once the charm of his grandeur is vaniſhed? But the virtuous man derives his dignity from his manners: a ſure title, which is ſo far from being deſtroyed by adverſity, that it receives a new luſtre from it. The Aſſyrian miniſter, the enemy of the Jewiſh nation, loſt his honour with his life; but I eſteem Fouquet in his diſgrace, and reverence St. Lewis though in chains.

By Manners, I mean a conduct regulated by the knowlege and love of Virtue. I ſay, the knowlege and love: for without the knowlege

of virtue, we shall have only the manners of the vulgar; and without the love of it, only the manners of the great; or, in other words, none at all. We must be acquainted with virtue, before we can love it; and when we love it, we shall infallibly practise it.

But do not form your idea of virtue upon the model of Cleobulus, Philemon, or any other particular person whom you esteem virtuous. Example is a dangerous guide, and never fails to mislead those who implicitly follow it. It is with example, as with advice; we can reap no benefit from it, unless we are qualified to judge of its value. Bad examples are pernicious, by leading us to the practice of vice; but the good are also sometimes hurtful, by limiting us in the practice of virtue. For unless the examples we propose to ourselves are every way perfect, (and where shall we find such?) while we imitate them, nay, though we should in some respects excel them, our attainments must be low and defective. For this reason, doubtless, the Author of Christianity did not direct his disciples to imitate such an apostle, anchoret, king, or father of a family; but his command is, *Be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.* No one can attain to what is truly great by imitation, unless the pattern itself be inimitable.

Theophilus is a pious man, whose desires and affections tend only towards heaven: but the contempt he has for the things of this world, extends to all mankind who inhabit it; and excepting that small circle of the elect who visit him and listen to his edifying instructions, he looks upon all men as profane and worldly, as objects of the divine hatred,

and consequently to be hated by him. You think to become a saint by imitating Theophilus; no, you would become hard-hearted, haughty, and arrogant, incapable of affection, indulgence, or pity, a bad father, a bad husband, and which is still worse, incorrigible in your faults, because you would cherish them as virtues.

Cleanthes is a man of honour, as incapable of a mean compliance as of a criminal action. But his temper is harsh and severe; he is always out of humour with mankind, always ready to think ill of others, unwilling to allow even the good which he sees in them, and perhaps more displeased with the prosperity of the wicked than with their crimes. What would be the consequence of your imitating Cleanthes! You would be morose and unsociable, a useless friend to virtue, making it rather feared than loved by others, who would think you were virtuous yourself only from a spirit of contradiction.

Damis is just the reverse; he is a friend to all mankind without distinction; he never contradicted any body in his life, but conforms to the opinions of all he meets with, let them be ever so opposite to each other. He would be the most strenuous assertor of virtue, if he were to converse only with the virtuous. He has not the courage to be vicious, nor has he resolution enough to blame those who are so. You cannot sure propose Damis as a pattern for imitation; for were you to resemble him, you would be only insipidly complaisant, with a weak hand and wavering heart, ashamed by turns of vice and virtue, as your company happened to be good or bad.

Themira is often recommended as a complete pattern of chaſtity to thoſe of the fair ſex who are expoſed to danger, by entering into the world young, unexperienced, and open to the impreſſions of love. I do not mean to diſpute her right to this character: ſome chaſte women, doubtleſs, there are; Boileau has reckoned up no leſs than three; and though the number were to be diminiſhed by too thirds, Themira might perhaps remain the phœnix of her ſex. But let her be imitated only in this ſingle point; for ſhe thinks that chaſtity ſupplies the place of every virtue, and that whoever can boaſt the great merit of maintaining conjugal fidelity, has a right to indulge a capricious clamorous humour, to tyrannize over her children, harraſs her ſervants, to ridicule, ſlander, and cheat at cards. Thoſe who follow her example will indeed be women of honour, but certainly not women of merit. If any one had reaſon to be pleaſed with the virtue of Themira, it would be her huſband; but how dearly does he pay for that virtue!

We often meet with examples of this kind, which ſtrike at firſt view: ſome particular good feature in a character immediately gains our favour and engages our eſteem: ſuch a one, are we apt to ſay, is a virtuous man. By no means. None deſerve that character from the practice of a ſingle virtue, but from a ſincere regard to all. Hell is full of the partially-virtuous; and whoever has not the true touch-ſtone to diſtinguiſh the pure metal from the baſe, is in danger of increaſing the number. Now, this touch-ſtone is no other than the knowlege of virtue.

But what, it may be ſaid, is virtue? It is the faithful ſteady diſcharge of thoſe obligations which reaſon dictates. And what is reaſon itſelf but a portion of the divine wiſdom, with which the Creator has furniſhed our minds, in order to direct us in our duty?

It may be further aſked, what is this duty, whence does it reſult, and by what law is it preſcribed? I anſwer, the law which preſcribes it is the immutable will of God, to which right reaſon obliges us to conform ourſelves; and in this conformity virtue conſiſts. No law which has commenced ſince the creation, or which may ever ceaſe to be in force, can conſtitute virtue: for before the exiſtence of ſuch a law, mankind could not be bound to obſerve it; but they were certainly under an obligation to be virtuous from the beginning.

Princes may make laws or repeal them, but they can neither make nor deſtroy virtue: and how indeed ſhould they be able to do what is impoſſible to the Deity himſelf? virtue being as immutable in its nature as the divine will which is the ground of it. A prince may command his ſubjects to pay certain taxes and ſubſidies, may forbid them to export certain commodities, or to introduce thoſe of a foreign country. The faithful obſervance of theſe laws makes obedient ſubjects, but does it make virtuous men? And would any one ſeriouſly think himſelf poſſeſſed of a virtue, the more for having never dealt in painted callico? Or if the prince ſhould by his authority abrogate theſe laws, would any one ſay that he had abrogated virtue? It is thus with all poſitive laws; they all had a begin-

ning, are all liable to exceptions, may all be dispenſed with, and even abolished. That law alone which is engraven on our hearts by the hand of the Creator, is unchangeable, and of universal and eternal obligation. "But, say some, the human "mind is like a stormy sea, incessantly agitated by "the violence of a thousand impetuous passions, "sometimes uniting their force, and sometimes "opposing each other. To engrave laws on the "heart of man, is to engrave them, not even on "the lightest sand, but on the most inconstant and "fluctuating wave. What eyes are then piercing "enough to discern those sacred characters?" Mere rhetorical declamation! It is not the weakness of our sight, but our negligence and inattention, that hinders us from discerning them; or if they ever seem to be quite effaced, it is but for a moment.

There are two distinct regions in the human heart; the one is an island just raised above the level of the water, the other is the water itself which surrounds it. On the surface of the island, which is white, hard, and even like a table of the finest Parian marble, are engraven the sacred precepts of the law of nature. Near these characters stands a youth in a respectful attitude, with his eyes fixed on the inscription which he reads again and again aloud. This is the genius of the island, and is called, *The love of virtue*. The water which encompasses the island is indeed subject to frequent ebbs and flows, the gentlest zephyr will put it in agitation; then it grows turbid, it roars and swells, it overflows the inscription, and the characters are no longer seen, nor the voice of the ge-

nius heard. But the ſtorm ſoon ceaſes, a calm ſucceeds, the ſurface of the iſland riſes from the deep fairer than ever, and the genius reſumes his employment.

If you ſuppoſe mankind obliged to practiſe the law of nature, you muſt alſo ſuppoſe them acquainted with it. What would you ſay of a tyrannical prince who ſhould require his ſubjects to obey his will, without taking any care to inform them of it? The moſt arbitrary monarchs never carried their caprice ſo far as this. Is injuſtice then different from itſelf? does it vary ſo much in the divine being from what it is in mankind? or ſhall we ſay, that God, the tendereſt of parents, acts leſs equitably than a tyrant? "But, ſay you, it "is juſt in God thus to leave men in darkneſs and "ignorance. Their own crimes have extinguiſh-"ed the light of nature in their minds; and that "they are no longer able to diſcern the difference "between right and wrong, is to be charged up-"on themſelves."

Very well: let us ſuppoſe them ever ſo deſerving of this inability; yet ſince it is incurred, the practice of their duty is become impoſſible: the obligation however ſtill remains; and does an infinitely juſt and merciful being continue to require of them what they do not even know they are obliged to perform? Suppoſe I have ordered my ſervant to carry a meſſage; inſtead of obeying me, he has perhaps ſpent his time in ſome dangerous diverſion, by which he has broke his leg. This is a fault, and I might juſtly reſent it; but if I were to require him to go on other errands before

his leg was ſet, what character would you beſtow upon me.

But I appeal to yourſelf, who take ſo much pains to prove mankind abſolutely deſtitute of all moral diſcernment; you have doubtleſs more than once violated the law of nature in ſome inſtance or other, and you muſt allow that your conſcience has reproached you for theſe violations; which is an evident proof that you are not ignorant of its precepts.

Though all mankind without exception were vicious, yet if the vice of hypocriſy were to be found among them, I ſhould be ſtill perſuaded that virtue was not unknown to them; for hypocrites, though wicked themſelves, are witneſſes in favour of the divine law which they tranſgreſs, by their diſſembled conformity to it.

"The law, ſays Cicero *, is not a human in-
"vention, nor an arbitrary political conſtitution;
"it is in its nature eternal, and of univerſal obli-
"gation. The violence which Tarquin offered to
"Lucretia, was a breach of this eternal law; and
"though the Romans at that time might have
"no written law which condemned ſuch kind of

* Hanc igitur video ſapientiſſimorum fuiſſe ſententiam, legem neque hominum ingeniis excogitatam, neque ſcitum aliquod eſſe populorum; ſed eternum quiddam quod univerſum mundum regeret, imperandi prohibendique ſapientia. — Nec dum regnante Sexto Tarquinio nulla erat Romæ ſcripta lex de ſtupris, idcirco non contra illam legem ſempiternam Sextus Tarquinius vim Lucretiæ Tricipitini filiæ intulit: erat enim ratio profecta a rerum natura; et ad recte faciendum impellens, et a delicto avocans; quæ non tum denique incipit lex eſſe, cum ſcripta eſt, ſed tum, cum orta eſt: orta autem eſt ſimul cum mente divina quamobrem lex vera atque princeps, apta ad jubendum, et ad vetandum, ratio eſt recta ſummi Jovis. De Leg. lib. ii.

" crimes, his offence was not the leſs heinous. " For this law of reaſon did not then begin, " when it was firſt committed to writing. It's ori- " ginal is as antient as the divine mind; for the " true primitive and ſupreme law is no other " than the unerring reaſon of the great Jupiter." And in another place he ſays †, " This law is " founded in nature, it is univerſal, immutable, " and eternal. It is ſubject to no change from any " difference of place or time; it extends invari- " ably to all ages and nations, like the ſovereign " dominion of that Being who is the author of " it."

This then may paſs for an inconteſtible truth, that the laws of virtue are imprinted in ſtrong characters on our minds. Violent paſſions may indeed, for a while, conceal them from our view; but can never efface them, becauſe they are indelible.

There is another cauſe which ſometimes hinders us from diſcerning them, and that is a number of laws of an inferior rank, which we learn from our earlieſt infancy; and being long accuſtomed to look on them with veneration, we are apt to give them an equal place in our eſteem, with that original law which determines our eſſential obligations.

Laws are of different kinds; ſome tend to pro-

† Eſt quidem vero lex recta ratio, naturae congruens, diffuſa in omnes, conſtans, ſempiterna — nec erit alia lex Romae, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia poſthac: ſed et omnes gentes, et omni tempore, una lex, et ſempiterna et immortalis continebit; unuſque erit communis quaſi magiſter, et imperator, diſceptator, lator. Fragm. lib. de Repap. Lactant. lib. vi. cap. 8.

mote virtue, others are foreign, and others contrary to it.

In the firſt claſs are thoſe laws of which I have been ſpeaking, ſuch as are originally implanted in our minds, are known to all men, and adopted by almoſt all the religions in the world. Let theſe be held ſacred; the greater reverence you have for them, the more will you improve in virtue.

Among the laws of the ſecond claſs are thoſe which in different religions regulate the external form of divine worſhip. Though theſe may have no direct tendency to promote virtue, neither on the other hand have they in general any bad influence on it. But they may be abuſed; and they unqueſtionably are ſo, when upon a competition with the laws of the firſt claſs, the preference is given to theſe. The law of nature is the eldeſt law; and all religions of later date ought, as younger ſiſters, to ſubmit to it. It is ignorance of this maxim, which produces ſo much falſe devotion and ſuperſtition in the world.

Orgon's only companion was his daughter Philothea. He was one day ſeized with a fainting fit; his daughter gave him ſome ſalts to ſmell to, which afforded him no relief. Mean while the hour of divine ſervice being come, Philothea recommends her father to the care of heaven and ſervant, ſnatches her hood and her prayer-book, and hurries to church. The ſervice was extraordinary, and laſted long. Orgon dies unaſſiſted, and even unperceived. Had he been laid in a warm bed and proper care taken, the accident might have been of no conſequence, Orgon might ſtill have lived, if his daughter had for once ab-

ſented from church. But Philothea thought that the ſound of the bells was the voice of God, and that it was an heroic action to prefer the divine commands to the tendereſt calls of nature. Accordingly, upon her return, ſhe made a moſt generous ſarrender of her father's life to heaven, and thought her devotion the more meritorious, as ſhe had ſacrificed ſo much on its account.

Lais has all her life proſtituted her charms to the higheſt bidder; ſhe has ſtill beauty enough remaining to make new conqueſts; and you need not fear that ſhe will neglect to improve that advantage. She has indeed ſome ſcruples about her manner of life, and intends ſome time or other to make a decent retreat; but in the mean while, for the repoſe of her conſcience, ſhe orders a maſs to be performed once a week to the bleſſed virgin.

But nothing throws ſuch an obſcurity on the ideas of virtue originally impreſſed on our minds, as thoſe falſe religious opinions, or political laws, which are contrary to the purity of the law of nature. Upon our entrance into the world we find theſe laws already eſtabliſhed, and ſtampt with the venerable ſeal of religion, or a ſovereign authority. How then ſhould any one imagine, that what they command is vice, or that what they forbid is virtue. A young Spartan who had been dextrous enough to commit a theft without being taken in the fact, was ſo far from thinking it criminal, that he applauded himſelf for his ingenuity. Or if he had a private intrigue with a married woman, it was a gallantry authorized by the cuſtom of his country, and the example of Jupiter himſelf. How many even civilized nations

have been barbarians in religion, and from a principle of devotion have offered human sacrifices to the Deity! And if the spirit of fanaticism be not restrained, God, even the God of the Christians, will every day see his altars smoke with the blood of the like victims. May he have forgot the horrid sacrifices of this kind, which were offered to him by our fore-fathers!

While any crime is looked upon as an offence against the civil government, the example is less dangerous; nor is it likely to be steadily persisted in, as the offender seldom thinks himself innocent: but if it be countenanced by law, or universal custom, then it gives a deep and fatal wound to the mind, and not only robs it of its innocence, but, which is infinitely worse, renders it incapable of repentance. Vice gains but a slender advantage, when she only draws some followers into her party; but when she supplants virtue, and usurps her name, her triumph is complete.

And what then, say you, can be hoped from these innate principles of morality, when thus buried under the tropics of vice? I answer, that like the sun behind a cloud, though obscured, they still give sufficient light to direct those whose sight is good. A general perversion of morality does indeed give credit and authority to vice, but will never corrupt a heart that is truly virtuous; and many of those who, blinded by passion, suffer themselves to be born down by the torrent, would be struck with horror at the dreadful abyss into which they were plunging, if the tumult in their minds would suffer them but for a moment to attend to the voice of reason within them.

I doubt not but ſome of the Lacedemonians abſtained from theft, though it was permitted by their laws; and I know that at Rome, where, as well as at Sparta, a laſcivious Jupiter was worſhipped, adultery was eſteemed criminal. The good man complies with the prevailing faſhion as well as the bad, except in thoſe things which are contrary to virtue; and a wiſe man is even more careful to do this than a fool: but the immoral man will not be diſpleaſed, if virtue loſe ſomewhat of her influence and credit.

Irene was born of illuſtrious, but unfortunate parents: it was her lot to ſpend her earlieſt years in the retirement of a cloiſter, where the virtuous diſpoſitions which nature had implanted in her heart, being cultivated by ſkilful hands, acquired daily ſtrength and improvement. When the great diſpoſer of human events ſaw that ſhe was ſufficiently furniſhed with ſettled principles of wiſdom to reſiſt the ſnares of example, of honour and pleaſure; he raiſed her, by an unexpected turn of his providence, to a rank ſtill more eminent than that of her anceſtors, and placed her on the moſt ſhining theatre that the world affords: how dangerous a ſituation, were her virtue leſs firmly eſtabliſhed! But Irene is immoveable as a rock: though ſurrounded with flatterers, ſhe remains humble; in the midſt of tumult and hurry, ſhe lives retired; her piety is not abated, though the air ſhe breathes is tainted with irreligion; though adorned with the moſt magnificent and coſtly dreſs, her countenance ſtill retains its native modeſty; and while diſſimulation, falſhood, and treachery, prevail around her, her lips are the ſeat of can-

dor, truth, and ſincerity. So true is it, that the torrent of example cannot prevail over a heart which is virtuous from principle.

But let the young Chloe be placed in the ſame ſcene of life; the licentiouſneſs which prevails there, far from alarming her, is moſt exactly ſuited to her inclinations; the behaviour of thoſe around her is the ſame that ſhe would chuſe to practiſe; it would be a pain to her to be more reſerved. If you knew the character of Chloe, and the principles ſhe has imbibed, you would never apprehend any danger to her from bad examples: ſhe is ſecured both by nature and education; all the ill effects of example are anticipated in her by an innate love of pleaſure, which her education has only ſerved to render more exceſſive.

Upon the whole, if we are ignorant of our duty, if our manners are depraved, we muſt aſcribe it ſolely to the violence of our paſſions. Let us ſilence them for a moment, and the voice of Reaſon will certainly be heard. Let us comply with her kind invitations, ſhe waits only for our conſent to make us happy.

"What then is it ſhe requires? What ſhould we do?" Love God, love Yourſelves, love your Fellow-creatures: from the firſt of them ariſes Piety; from the ſecond, Wiſdom; and the third produces all the ſocial Virtues.

MANNERS.

PART I.

Of PIETY.

SOME perhaps may think, that PIETY is a ſubject which does not properly belong to philoſophy. This I ſhall readily grant, if it be ſuppoſed to conſiſt in the practice of any particular form of external worſhip; but if we conſider it according to my idea of it, as a natural ſentiment of love, reverence, and gratitude towards GOD, why may not the philoſopher be allowed to treat of it? Whatever does not exceed the ſphere of reaſon and light of nature, is ſurely within his province.

There is ſomething terrible to many people in the word *Philoſopher*, becauſe there are very few who underſtand the true meaning of it.

Among the Greeks and Romans, but eſpecially the former, philoſophers were in ſome repute; and were thought intitled to the public eſteem, on account of their ſuperior penetration and extenſive knowlege.

Among us, this word conveys a very different idea. In the college-language, philoſophers are a ſet of men diſtinguiſhed by a long-ſleeved gown and a taſſeled cap, who teach youth to confound reaſon by reaſoning, to give an air of demonſtra-

tion to the moſt uncertain theories, and to render the plaineſt truths perplexed and dubious. Theſe are not the philoſophers that men are afraid of; they are eſteemed of ſo little conſequence, as not to be worth even the trouble of cenſuring.

But there is another ſort of them not remarkable for any ſingularity of habit, who firmly believe thoſe truths which are certain, and are ſure to ſuſpend their aſſent where evidence is wanting. If you aſk the common people what they think of a philoſopher of this kind, they will tell you, he is a fantaſtical humouriſt, who takes upon him to controul all our actions, treats moſt of our opinions with contempt as idle prejudices, believes neither ſpirits or witches, and perhaps does not even believe a God. But put the ſame queſtion to a man of ſenſe: a philoſopher, he will anſwer, is one who examines before he believes, and thinks before he acts, and who, conſequently, when he is determined, cannot fail of being firm in his belief, and ſteady in his conduct.

It is certainly among men of this character, that true and rational piety is to be found; and he who feels it muſt be allowed to be beſt qualified to deſcribe it. Piety, then, is within the juriſdiction of the philoſopher; and it is from philoſophy that I borrow what I ſhall here lay before my reader on this ſubject.

The exiſtence of God ſeems to me a truth which many arguments would only obſcure, and which is never made a queſtion but in the ſchools. If there are any who really doubt of it, their caſe is to be pitied. This very circumſtance proves that

their understanding is disordered; and consequently all reasoning would be lost upon them.

The idea of the sovereign perfections of God is as general and uniform in the minds of men, as that of his existence. We all agree, that he is possessed of every perfection of an intelligent Being, in an infinite extent, and without the least allay of any thing wrong or defective; and, in a word, that his majesty, wisdom, goodness, justice, and power, are unlimited and perfect. This, I say, is generally acknowleged; but yet there are some dangerous sophists who give us very strange representations of the Deity.

The wicked, it seems, in David's time, said in his heart, *There is no God:* but he has now learned better; atheism is not his fault; he believes a God, but it is one much of the same kind with the gods of Epicurus; an indolent disdainful being, who thinks it too mean and laborious a task to take any account of the affairs of this lower world; who is neither offended at the crimes of men, nor esteems himself honoured by their adoration; who unconcernedly suffers us to act a short insignificant part upon the stage of the world, and then to be seen no more. This haughty Divinity, who makes no difference between a reasonable creature and a brute, has neither rewards for virtue, nor punishments for vice; he looks upon us only as despicable automata, all whose intelligence and activity consist in a well-contri ed mechanism; and who like those bubbles which are formed upon the surface of the water by a shower of rain, just rise into being, and in a moment vanish for ever.

Such a deity is indeed well enough ſuited to thoſe who conſider the practice of virtue as an uneaſy yoke; he takes no offence at their vices and impiety, and having promiſed them nothing, expects no returns of duty from them.

But I think far otherwiſe of God. He whom I acknowlege is the Creator of the world; my being is his gift, and all the advantages I enjoy either of body, or of mind, are derived from him; he preſerves me by his care, and will make me happy by his bounty. His goodneſs demands my love, his benefits my gratitude, and his majeſty worſhip and veneration.

CHAP. I.

Of the LOVE *of God.*

THERE is no ſuch thing as diſintereſted love. It was ignorance of the nature of affection, that introduced the notion of loving a perſon merely for his own ſake. Love ariſes only from the relation between two objects, by which one contributes to the happineſs of the other. Let us leave the Quietiſt to love his God, even in the moment when his unrelenting juſtice dooms him to eternal fire: nature knows no ſuch refinement as this. Thoſe perfections of God which have no influence upon our happineſs, may excite our admiration and reverence, but can never raiſe our love. It is not becauſe he is great, wiſe, or powerful, that I love him; but becauſe he is good, becauſe he himſelf loves me, and gives me proofs

of it every moment. If it were otherwiſe, what would all his perfections ſignify to me? Though poſſeſſed of almighty power, he would never exert it in my behalf; his ſovereign greatneſs would only ſerve to render me more deſpicable in his ſight; and he would neglect all the means of my happineſs, though perfectly acquainted with them. But on the contrary, if I am the object of his love, all his attributes become dear to me; his wiſdom will then take all juſt meaſures for my happineſs; his almighty power will overcome every obſtacle to it; and his ſupreme majeſty renders his love infinitely valuable.

"But is it certain that God loves mankind?" moſt certain: the innumerable benefits which he ſhowers down upon them, are an inconteſtable demonſtration of it. But as this argument will be conſidered hereafter, I ſhall confine myſelf here to other proofs.

To aſk if God loves mankind, is to aſk if he is good; and if we doubt of this, we call even his being in queſtion: for, how can we conceive of a Deity who is not good? And can he be good, if he hates the work of his own hands, and delights in the miſery of his creatures? A good prince loves his ſubjects; a good father loves his children; we love even the tree we have planted, the houſe we have built; and ſhall not God love his own offſpring? What minds can entertain ſuch a ſuſpicion, except thoſe which conceive of God as a barbarous and capricious being who cruelly ſports with the fate of mankind; dooming them irrevocably to hell, even before they are born; reſerving to himſelf at moſt only one out of a milli-

on, though he has no more deſerved that preference, than the reſt have deſerved their deſtruction? Impious blaſphemers, who only teach me to hate God, by teaching that he hates me!

"He owes nothing to mankind." True: but he owes ſomething to himſelf; he muſt indiſpenſably be juſt and good; his perfections are not the reſult of his own choice; he is neceſſarily what he is, he is either the moſt perfect of all beings, or he is nothing.

But I am farther convinced that he loves me, from the love I bear to him. It is becauſe he loves me, that he has impreſſed upon my heart this ſentiment, the moſt precious of all his gifts. His love, as it ought to be a motive to mine, is at the ſame time the cauſe and original of it.

May I be allowed to explain the nature of *divine love*, by a deſcription of that love which devotees call *profane*. The parallel in itſelf has nothing indecent. Love is a vice only in vicious hearts. Fire, though ſo pure a ſubſtance, will yet emit tainted and noxious vapours, if the matter which feeds it be corrupted; and thus love when aſſociated with vice, produces nothing but ſhameful deſires and criminal deſigns, and is followed only with trouble, remorſe, and miſery. But if it ſprings up in an uncorrupted heart, and virtue as well as beauty be the object of it, it is perfectly unblameable; God himſelf is ſo far from being offended, that he beholds it with pleaſure: he made amiable objects, only that they might be loved. I chuſe this kind of love as a model of divine love, becauſe of all our affections, this produces the moſt violent emotions in the mind.

Now, what is the ſituation of one thoroughly poſſeſſed with this paſſion? A powerful impulſe conſtantly determines all his actions in purſuit of the beloved object; whatever ſeparates him from it is painful to him; he dreads to offend it; is ſolicitous to know its taſte and inclinations, in order to comply with and gratify them; he loves to hear it praiſed; ſpeaks of it with pleaſure, and delights in whatever recalls the idea of it to his mind. The art of painting is ſaid to owe its origin to love; and the worſhip of relicks proceeds doubtleſs from the ſame ſource; even a hair of a perſon we love is precious.

Let it not be thought that the love of God is eſſentially different from that now deſcribed. Love itſelf is uniform; and, whether exerciſed towards God, or a fellow-creature, is ſtill the ſame: the only difference is in the object, and the end propoſed. Thus the pious man, filled with ardent love for God, is deſirous to ſee him, to enjoy him, and be united to him; he meditates on him with delight, ſpeaks of him with reverence; he diligently ſtudies and carefully obſerves his law: this is the proof of his love, as well as the effect of it. Whoever loves him will obey his commands; and all who obey them certainly love him.

Cleon lives a retired life; he has renounced the ſociety of men; he prays at ſtated hours, wears a coarſe habit, lives on vegetables, eats little, impoſes frequent penances on himſelf, and ſees no women. Is it the love of God that animates Cleon? I much doubt it. I ſee no virtues in him but ſuch as proceed from caprice. He does many things which are not commanded by the divine

law, but he omits many which he preſcribes. Let Cleon return to the ſociety of mankind, love them, and be as uſeful to them as he can; let him labour to improve his mind, inſtead of deſtroying his body; let him pray with fervour, rather than by rule; let him believe every thing lawful which God has not forbidden; let him recommend virtue by his example, and have the courage to practiſe it in open light; I ſhall then be more eaſily perſuaded that his love to God is genuine.

Mankind were never able to preſerve a juſt moderation in their principles and conduct, but always run into extremes. The author of Chriſtianity has declared to his diſciples, "That he loves "God who does what he commands:" they have imagined it would be a proof of ſtill greater love, to do more than he has commanded. "He re-"quires men to pray to him, to honour him, and "to give thanks to him for his benefits:" they have thought that the perfection of man conſiſts in abſtaining from every other employment. Hence all thoſe pious drones, who pretend that they alone are conſecrated to the ſervice of God; and who in reality do nothing in ſociety, but what is at leaſt inſignificant if not criminal. "He con-"demns an inordinate fondneſs for riches;" from this they have concluded that it is a virtue to have nothing of their own. Hence we are eternally peſtered with a ſwarm of religious beggars; true waſps, who ſupport themſelves in idleneſs, by preying upon the ſubſtance of the induſtrious bees. "He "forbids adultery, and all other violations of "chaſtity:" this prohibition has led them to imagine that a perpetual continency would be extreme-

ly pleaſing to him. They have not ventured indeed to call marriage a crime; but, which is much the ſame, they have made virginity a virtue; forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that their maſter curſed a fig-tree, merely becauſe it reſembled a virgin. "He "blames effeminacy and ſenſuality:" and what effect has this produced upon them? ſeized with madneſs and fury, they arm themſelves with whips, ſcourges, and ſharp weapons, and with unnatural hands wound and tear their bodies like the prieſts of Baal before Elijah. Frantic wretches! what could you do more, had you choſen for your God that malevolent ſpirit whom you call the devil?

A ſoldier, who has received an order from his commander, is no more at liberty to add to it, than to omit any circumſtance of it; which ever way he offends, the fault may be equally dangerous, and is equally deſerving of puniſhment.

It is ſo far from being true, that we muſt hate ourſelves in order to love God; that, on the contrary, ſelf-hatred is inconſiſtent with the love of God. Can it be our duty to entertain ſentiments oppoſite to his? He loves us; and let us not expect to obtain his favour, by hating what he loves. "He commands us to love our fellow-creatures "as ourſelves." This command cannot ſurely imply that we ought to hate ourſelves. Let the fleſh be kept in ſubjection to the ſpirit, but let it not be deſtroyed. Live chaſte, but do not deny yourſelves lawful gratifications. Beware of the love of riches, but neglect not to provide for your neceſſities. Lift up your heart frequently in devotion to God, but let your hand alſo be ſtretched

out to relieve the poor when he implores your help.

This notion, that we cannot have a true love for God, without counter-acting all our natural deſires, even thoſe that are moſt innocent, ſo generally prevails, that we never think of extolling the piety of a man who makes as many meals as others, eats indifferently fleſh or fiſh, who dreſſes decently, and lies on a down bed, who loves his wife tenderly, and takes pleaſure in giving her proofs of his affection; with whatever virtue he may be endowed, or whatever good actions he may perform.

At Rome they frequently canonize popes, hermits, founders of religious orders, and even nameleſs ſkeletons when nothing better offers; but we ſhall hardly find an inſtance of their having enrolled among the ſaints a good father of a family, unleſs perhaps a king, or at leaſt one whoſe deſcendants have been kings. Some enthuſiaſts imagine, that if we truly love God, we muſt love nothing elſe; that he is a jealous Being, and is diſpleaſed when a huſband has a tender regard for his wife, or a lover for his miſtreſs. The repreſentation they give of him, is not unlike that of a man ſo whimſical and peeviſh as to take offence at his wife's fondneſs for a canary bird. So falſe and miſtaken are our notions concerning divine love, that we are apt to conſider it as an affection of too exalted a nature for the generality of mankind, and wholly confined to perſons of extraordinary virtue and ſanctity; and to aſſert that a Turk is capable of loving God, would paſs among Chriſtians for little leſs than blaſphemy.

Ariſtus at thirty years of age had a large acquaintance in the polite world; he was the favourite of all who knew him, and the life of all the numerous parties of pleaſure in which he was engaged. But now he is ſixty, his taſte is altered: he no longer ſpends his time in company and gay amuſements; the church is the only place he frequents, where he is beſt pleaſed when the ſervice is longeſt; he prays inceſſantly and fervently, and reflects with ſorrow that ſo many years of his life have been ſpent in a giddy purſuit of pleaſure, while his duty to God has been neglected. And, no wonder, ſay ſome; the poor man's intellects begin to fail; it is ſeldom otherwiſe with old men; when their reaſon is upon the decline, they commonly turn religious. I ſhould think ſo too, if at the ſame time Ariſtus's ordinary conduct betrayed any weakneſs of underſtanding; but if his natural good ſenſe ſtill remains, I muſt conclude that this change is owing to his love of virtue, which is grown ſtronger as age has rendered his paſſions more calm and moderate: now, the love of virtue is neceſſarily attended with piety. I do not make the piety of Ariſtus to conſiſt merely in his frequenting our churches, (for were he a Mahometan, he would frequent the moſques; were he a proteſtant, he would worſhip in proteſtant churches; if he were of the religion of Job or Enoch, he would worſhip in all places alike;) but in the ſincere devotion of his heart, and in the performing all thoſe actions which are the certain proofs and effects of it.

When a woman, who is forſaken by her admirers, engages in a religious courſe of life, ſhe is

commonly cenſured as a hypocrite, who mocks God inſtead of honouring him. But why ſo? Being thus forſaken, ſhe conceives a diſlike to the world: yet her tender affections ſtill remain, and muſt be fixed upon ſome object; and heaven is the object ſhe chuſes. She is told beſides, that the love of God is a more noble paſſion than the love of the creatures: this ſentiment flatters her vanity; and being convinced by experience of the emptineſs of the world, her pride may perhaps direct her affections towards heaven. But provided the heart be ſincerely attached to virtue, it is of little importance what firſt gave riſe to the good diſpoſition.

Valeria had a gallant of a diſtinguiſhed rank, a circumſtance which ſuited her ambitious temper. But he proves inconſtant, and transfers his addreſſes to another. She cannot ſurely, after this, think of entertaining a lover of inferior quality! no, this would give her pride too deep a wound: her reſolution is to renounce love and gallantry for ever. This change begins indeed from vexation and ill-humour; but what then? it is a change from vice to virtue. Having once trode the dangerous path, ſhe will, now ſhe has left it, be more ſenſible of the fatal conſequences of purſuing it; and though her firſt return to virtue is from conſtraint, ſhe will perſevere in it from inclination. Ceaſe once from the commiſſion of vice, and in time you will infallibly abhore it.

The moſt ill-favoured countenance gives us no pain, when we have it continually before our eyes; but if we look off it after many years abſence, it then appears in all its deformity. Thus

vice never pleaſes at firſt ſight; uſe only can reconcile us to the view of it. When a man enters upon a vicious courſe, it is with trembling ſteps; like one who dreading the coldneſs of the water in which he would bathe himſelf, at firſt only dips in his foot, his leg next follows, and advancing by degrees he at laſt boldly pluuges his body into the ſtream. A man muſt be long inured to vice before he becomes thoroughly abandoned, and have been guilty of many leſs crimes before he can in any fundamental point ſacrifice his honour and integrity.

Should ſuch a one afterwards be ſo happy as to ſee and repent of his folly, and determine upon a contrary courſe, he will proceed in it at firſt with difficulty; he will find the path ſteep and rugged, compared with that ſmooth and eaſy deſcent which led him before to his deſtruction: but notwithſtanding all the pains it may coſt him, let him reſolutely perſiſt; he who walks with reluctance ſtill goes on; and what is a fatigue to one of a weak and tender habit of body, becomes an agreeable exerciſe when by uſe his conſtitution is grown more firm and robuſt. At laſt his eyes will be thoroughly opened to ſee vice in its true ſhape and proper colours, and then he will immediately hate it; for it is only under a maſk that vice appears agreeable; while virtue, on the contrary, is moſt engaging when unveiled. The better we are acquainted with her, the more muſt we love her: if ſhe were to appear in a viſible form, we ſhould fall down and adore her; and ſo would ſhe appear, if God were to render himſelf viſible to mortal eyes; for he is the only Being in whom

virtue reſides in all its purity. And indeed I much doubt whether any real difference can be aſſigned between God and virtue; a farther proof that the love of God and the love of virtue are the ſame. No one I believe will deny that we ought to love virtue; how then can it be doubted whether we ought to love God? But there is no occaſion to multiply arguments; truths of this kind command our aſſent as ſoon as propoſed.—Let us now proceed to the article of *Gratitude*.

CHAP. II.

Of the GRATITUDE *which we owe to God.*

WITH regard to mankind, love and gratitude are two diſtinct ſentiments: we may love a perſon, without having received any favours from him; we may receive favours from him, without loving him; and though our obligations to him be ever ſo great, our not loving him is no neceſſary proof that we are ungrateful. But if we conſider theſe ſentiments as having God for their object, they cannot be ſeparated; becauſe he is both an amiable and a beneficent Being. The former I have already demonſtrated; the latter is now to be proved.

In order to this, conſider the various obligations you are under to your follow-creatures. You are indebted to your mother for your birth, to your father for his care of you, to your inſtructors for having furniſhed your mind with uſeful knowlege, to your benefactors for their generous aſſiſtance, to your friends for their affection: but God

alone ſuſtains all theſe characters of Mother, Father, Inſtructor, Benefactor, and Friend; and thoſe to whom you give theſe titles are, properly ſpeaking, no more than the inſtruments of his bounty. For a proof of this, let us conſider him under each of theſe relations.

SECT. I.

God compared to a MOTHER.

SILVIA being juſt grown up, is addreſſed by a lover, whoſe youth, perſon, fortune, and polite accompliſhments make an inſtant impreſſion upon her heart; and though her tender years and virgin modeſty render her at firſt timorous and irreſolute, yet at length ſhe finds herſelf unable to reſiſt ſo many perfections, and her inclination determines her conſent. She marries, and ſoon becomes a mother. And now what has ſhe done hitherto for the child which he has brought forth? The whole is the work of God. When he laid the foundations of the heavens and the earth, he had this infant in view; and even then had ſettled the long train of events which were to terminate in his birth. Nay, he did more; he himſelf created him, when he moulded that clay out of which the firſt man was formed. The time is now come for the opening of this bud; the body of Silvia is the receptacle he has choſen for it, and he has himſelf taken care to cheriſh and unfold it.

Let this child hereafter honour his mother; it is his duty: for ſhe has ſuffered, if not for his ſake, at leaſt by his means, all the inconveniencies

of pregnancy, and the pains of delivery. But let him carry his grateful acknowlegements ſtill higher; and not imitate thoſe ſuperſtitious idolaters, who ſeeing the earth yearly covered with corn, fruits, and paſtures, ſtupidly worſhipped the blind inſtrument of the goodneſs of the ſovereign Lord, but forgot to bleſs the almighty hand to which it owes its fruitfulneſs.

SECT. II.

God conſidered as a FATHER.

GOD is alſo the Father of all mankind, more truly than a man is the father of his own children.

I need not take any notice of the ſhare which the father has in the birth of his ſon, becauſe I do not ſee that any gratitude is due to him on that account. His own ſatisfaction was the object he had in view; and if this is to be looked upon as a favour, he ſhould alſo be thanked for the good meals he has made, for the wine he has drank, for the minutes he has danced, and in a word for all the pleaſures he has taken. The relation of a father does not of itſelf give any man claim to the affection of his children; this is due to him only ſo far as he diſcharges faithfully thoſe duties which nature has connected with that relation.

Is any gratitude due to a father from thoſe unhappy victims whom he cruelly dooms to the melancholy confinement of a cloiſter, only to ſwell the fortune of an elder brother? Can any ſentiments of filial love ariſe in the hearts of children

towards a ſtern and rigorous tyrant, whoſe looks and words are all furious and paſſionate, who inſtructs them only by menaces, and corrects them like an executioner? What a father is Florimond! he lives like a ſtranger in his own houſe; he goes in and out, drinks, games, and takes his pleaſure. His children in the mean time grow up to maturity; happy indeed if they follow virtue of their own accord, if they acquire any uſeful accompliſhments, or provide for themſelves a ſettlement in the world! he, for his part, gives himſelf no trouble about them. They are indebted to him for their birth, and he has given them his name; but he has never thought of them ſince; he juſt knows them by ſight, and that is all.

But ſince it is God that we are here comparing to a Father, let us at leaſt take an inſtance from the moſt excellent and tender of parents, that the diſproportion may appear leſs enormous. May I be allowed to propoſe my own father as an example.

My father was of the middle rank, but his fortune was not equal to his ſtation: yet ſuch was his tender care and prudent œconomy, that I have never had reaſon to envy the lot of thoſe who are born in the greateſt affluence. Being temperately fed, decently cloathed, inſtructed in the ſciences by the ableſt maſters, and formed to virtue more by his examples than his admonitions; had I wiſhed for another father, and could my wiſh have been anſwered, I muſt have been a loſer by the exchange. He carefully provided for my ſubſiſtence, my education, and my improvement in virtue: theſe are ſtrong motives to gratitude. He did for me all

that was in his power: but it was from God that he received that power. Still muſt we aſcend to the original ſource of all good. When my father was watchful for my preſervation, it was God that preſerved me; when he employed himſelf in inſtructing me, it was God that opened my underſtanding; and when he diſplayed to me the charms of virtue, it was God that inſpired me with the love of it.

SECT. III.

God conſidered as an INSTRUCTOR.

LET us next examine, whether thoſe maſters who inſtruct us and direct our conduct, can with more juſtice be put in competition with that eternal Truth which is the ſountain of all knowlege. Though we ſhould ſuppoſe them more knowing than they are, more certain of the maxims they teach, more free from prejudice, and leſs ſwayed by intereſt and paſſion; yet how limited is their knowlege, if it be reduced to thoſe principles only which are evident and certain! and no other principles deſerve the name of knowlege. Now, theſe God has given in common to all men; every one has them in poſſeſſion, and may by reflection make them preſent to his mind. It is on this account that ſome ſects of philoſophers have imagined all our knowlege to be obtained by memory.

The number of truths, at leaſt of ſuch as are really uſeful, is not ſo great as is commonly ſuppoſed; and, in general, it is only indolence or pre-

judice that conceals them from us: or if there are any of a more abſtruſe kind, which are to be found only by intenſe ſtudy and application, the diſcovery of them is not therefore to be ultimately attributed either to our teachers, or to our own induſtry. Theſe treaſures are indeed more deeply hidden by our Creator, but they as truly proceed from him as others; ſince it is by ſearching into our own minds that we diſcover them, and our minds are his workmanſhip. The labourer digs the mine, the philoſopher directs him in his work; but neither of them furniſh the gold which it contains.

SECT. IV.

God conſidered as a BENEFACTOR.

IF there is any one who denies the title of Benefactor to the Deity, I write not for him; nor do I think myſelf obliged to controvert his opinion. The light he enjoys, the air he breathes, every thing which contributes to his preſervation or pleaſure, the heavens, the earth, and univerſal nature, all conſpiring to promote his happineſs, bear witneſs againſt him, and ſufficiently confute him. His very powers of thought, of ſpeech and action, are the mere gift of God; and but for that Providence which he blaſphemes, he would never have exiſted, nor the earth have been burdened with ſuch a monſter of ingratitude.

We agree indeed in general, that our exiſtence is the gift of God; yet we ſeem to take pleaſure in depreciating this gift, that we may exempt our-

ſelves from thoſe grateful acknowlegements that are due for it. Man is a querulous creature; in a dry ſeaſon he would have it rain, when it rains he wiſhes for fair weather. Notwithſtanding his ignorance of what is truly good for him, he is as peremptory in his wiſhes, and as loud in his complaints, as if he knew in every caſe what would moſt conduce to his happineſs. He lives, and, while his enjoyment of life is conſiſtent with the wiſdom of the Almighty, is ſuſtained by his bounty: but if for this life the tribute of gratitude is required of the unworthy poſſeſſor, he affects to treat it with indifference, and is ſometimes pleaſed to complain of it as a burden: he forgets all that God has done in his behalf; and is more uneaſy for what he wants, than thankful for what he enjoys. His principal objections againſt Providence are taken from the diſorders which happen in the natural world, from the wants and appetites of the body, and the irregular paſſions of the mind.

Let us examine theſe objections diſtinctly, and endeavour to juſtify the ways of the Almighty.

"A city is deſtroyed by an inundation; a ca-
"ravan is buried in the ſands; wild beaſts, earth-
"quakes, famine, peſtilence, and a thouſand o-
"ther dreadful evils aſſail and deſtroy us."

What is there in all theſe events that can acquit you of your obligations to gratitude? Have you a leſs ſhare in the divine bounty, becauſe Lima is ſwallowed up? Have the flames of Ætna or Veſuvius reached you? Or if they had, death is the worſt you could ſuffer from theſe or any other pretended diſorders in the world. But is death an evil in itſelf? It is only the paſſage from this

life to the other; and the determination of your lot in that future life for happineſs or miſery, is in your own power.

Never judge of God from events; but rather form your judgment of events from the idea you have of God. No diſorders happen in affairs directed by men, but from want of power, integrity, or wiſdom. But no perfection is wanting in God; and ſince he is the governor of the world, how is it poſſible that any real diſorders ſhould happen in it? Here are two ſeeming inconſiſtencies to be reconciled, the perfections of God, with the apperent imperfection of his works. Now, it is evident, that God is infinitely powerful, wiſe, and good; but it is not evident, on the other hand, that what appears to be evil really is ſo; ſince God may have ends in view which are above our comprehenſion: determining, therefore, the uncertain from what is certain, I conclude that all is well and wiſely ordered.

As to the *wants of the body*, ſo far from affording any juſt objection againſt the goodneſs of God, they appear to me a ſtrong proof of his paternal regard for us. By theſe we are called off from the toil and fatigue of buſineſs, which but for ſuch powerful avocations, we might purſue with an aſſiduity and intenſeneſs that would prove deſtructive to us. And what ſtill more excites my admiration is, that theſe ſeeming inconveniencies give the higheſt reliſh to the pleaſures of life. We then eat and drink with peculiar delight, when our appetites of hunger and thirſt are moſt keen and urgent. The artificer riſes in the morning, and begins his work; his only incentive, in gene-

ral, is the proſpect of gain, which he purſues with ſuch eagerneſs, that were not his deſire overpowered by the ſtronger demands of nature, it would allow him no intermiſſion. But hunger conſtrains him at leaſt three times a day to deſiſt from his laborious employment. He obeys the powerful call; and his fatigue having ſharpened his appetite, he gratifies it with a degree of pleaſure unknown to the luxury and indolence of the great. He then chearfully returns to his work; and by ſweat and labour prepares himſelf for another repaſt as delicious as the former.

Who can enough extol thy bleſſings, balmy ſleep, thou powerful reſtorer of our exhauſted ſtrength; whoſe powerful charm ſuſpends all our cares, baniſhes our ſorrows, and relieves our ſharpeſt pains! Surely the nectar of the Gods had no virtues comparable to thine; nor was the boaſted Nepenthe of Homer any other than a ſoporiferous juice. How blisful is the ſituation of thoſe happy lovers, who faint, and ſinking under inſupportable pleaſure, are ſuſtained by thy friendly arm, and feel the fierce and tumultuous tranſport ſubſide in a ſoft and voluptuous languor, which is rather a change than a diminution of delight!

Or is the invincible propenſity of one ſex towards the other, to be reckoned an unhappineſs? I know indeed there are ſome men to whom this deſire is a torment. But whence does that ariſe? Only from their own imagination, from a ridiculous perſuaſion that there is a virtue in reſiſting their natural appetites, and that it is unworthy of a man to contribute to the propagation of his ſpecies. But is the providence of God to be arraign-

ed for this? Muſt their fanciful prejudices be placed to his account? Let them abate their arrogance, and conſider themſelves as on a level with other men; and without aſpiring after a pretended and chimerical perfection, let them ſatisfy the demands of nature, which is the only rational way to free themſelves from their importunity.

A man of ſenſe, far from regarding the ſtrength of his paſſion, the oppoſition he meets with, and the difficulties he is to overcome, as real misfortunes and cauſes of complaint; conſiders them, on the contrary, as deſigned to enliven his ſenſations and heighten the taſte of pleaſure. We ſhould have but little ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of any object, were it not for the ardency of our deſires, and the obſtacles we meet with in the purſuit of it.

Will the *unequal diſtribution of riches* be urged as an objection againſt providence? the exorbitant wealth of ſome, and the extreme poverty of others?

This argument is built upon a falſe principle; and if the foundation be taken away, the ſuperſtructure muſt fall of courſe. The objection ſuppoſes that riches are the only, or at leaſt the chief good of human life. But if it appears, on the contrary, that of all the gifts which the divine bounty confers upon mankind, riches are the leaſt valuable; and that the want of them, however important they may ſeem, may be abundantly compenſated by other advantages; can we juſtly repine at providence?

To ſhow the comparative worthleſſneſs of theſe uncertain poſſeſſions, which are foreign to us in

every ſenſe, as they belong immediately neither to the body nor to the mind; let us only compare them with ſome advantages of the animal life, ſuch as perfect health, a complete and regular form of body, a juſt contexture and free uſe of our various organs: there is not one of theſe advantages, which we ſhould not even ſingly prefer to riches, were we put to our choice; much more ſhould we give them the preference when united. But if we bring into the account the more precious gifts of virtue, honour, genius, underſtanding, and ſcience; what deſpicable trifles are riches, when compared to the leaſt of theſe endowments? eſpecially if we conſider farther, that theſe advantages both of body and mind may be made the certain means of acquiring riches; whereas riches themſelves will neither ſupply the defects of the body, nor correct the diſorders of the mind.

In the ſame manner may we anſwer the objection taken from the *difference of rank and degree* among mankind, the exalted ſtation of ſome, and the mean and abject condition of others.

Let honours be conſidered in the ſame light with riches; compare them with any natural advantages of body, or perfections of mind, and you will ſoon perceive of how little value they are. Let your ambitious deſires riſe to the higheſt pitch, (nothing ſo eaſy as wiſhing;) aſpire at once to the rank of a ſovereign, and imagine your wiſhes gratified; what would be the gain? A king, if he faithfully diſcharges the duties of his ſtation, has of all men the greateſt weight of care to ſuſtain; and if he neglects them, he is of all men the moſt deſervedly odious.

When either honour or wealth fall to the lot of the unworthy, inſtead of exalting, they debaſe their poſſeſſors in the eyes of mankind, by rendering their faults more conſpicuous.

Hypſiſtus and Pollio are proofs of this. The latter loved gaming, feaſting, wine, and women; but at the ſame time he loved money. This paſſion, though it did not deſtroy the others, yet it concealed them; and though it did not make Pollio a good man, it made him a hypocrite. He knew that in the world, corrupted as it is, vice muſt go in diſguiſe; and though immorality may be ſometimes excuſed, yet barefaced impudent wickedneſs is deteſted. He was, therefore, private in his vices, and circumſpect in his whole diſcourſe and behaviour. He perſonated the man of probity, as well as he was able, in the preſence of his ſuperiors; and took care they ſhould diſcover no more of his vice and meanneſs than was neceſſary to ſerve their own purpoſes. Pollio, by thus taking the ſtreight road to wealth and preferment, became immenſely rich; then, weary of the uneaſy reſtraint which he had before impoſed on himſelf, he threw aſide the maſk, and gave a looſe to all his paſſions; feaſting, gaming, intriguing, became his whole buſineſs and delight, and his licentious appetites were indulged with the utmoſt luxury and extravagance.

Hypſiſtus took a different road to preferment. His birth was not eminent, nor did his capacity ſeem to promiſe him any great ſucceſs in the world. But the fair ſex, who are to be ſure endowed with a greater degree of ſagacity than men, diſcovered in him a merit of a particular kind, which he im-

proved to ſo good purpoſe, that by means of it he raiſed himſelf to the higheſt honours. The talent however to which he owed his advancement, not being of thoſe which reflects a luſtre on a high ſtation, his character appeared deſpicable; and he endeavoured in vain to render himſelf inſenſible of the meanneſs of it, by the arrogant and haughty airs he aſſumed in public.

There are innumerable perſons of ordinary rank and fortune, who are more indebted to providence than Hypſiſtus and Pollio. It is in the middle ſtation of life that true happineſs is found, and not among the rich and great. The air which is ſuited to the greateſt part of mankind, circulates near the ſurface of the earth; but that which we breathe on high places makes the head giddy, and diſorders the whole frame.

Nature, that indulgent parent, notwithſtanding our inceſſant complaints, has not diſtributed her favours to mankind with ſo much partiality as at firſt ſight we are ready to imagine. The moſt intenſe and exquiſite pleaſures are common to all: thoſe which are peculiar to the great, have little ſolidity in them, depend chiefly on fancy, and have many allays of pain from whence the pleaſures of ſimple nature are entirely free. All the comforts of life are derived from her; and it is from the irregularity of our imaginations and the corruption of our manners, that moſt of our misfortunes proceed.

Another objection alleged againſt providence, by the unjuſt and ungrateful cenſurers of it, is the *influence of the paſſions* on the human mind. The condition of a man, they think, is much to

be lamented; becauſe there frequently ariſe in his mind ſudden and violent emotions, which he is not able to controul; they very freely enlarge upon the fatal effects of the paſſions, but ſeem totally to forget the infinite advantages which they produce. As well might the fire, the water, and the air be our abhorrence, becauſe in different ways they may be the inſtruments of our deſtruction. We ought to conſider the paſſions as they are in themſelves, and not judge of them by their imagined effects; or if the effects are to be conſidered, let us at leaſt take into the account the good as well as the bad.

It is uſual with moral writers to declaim with great ſeverity againſt the paſſions, and to be very laviſh of their encomiums upon reaſon. I ſhall not ſcruple to aſſert, on the contrary, that our reaſon is culpable.

Our paſſions are excited only by the impreſſions which objects make upon us, and the apprehenſions we thence form of them, as pleaſing or diſagreeable: now theſe depend not on our will, and cannot therefore be criminal.

We are not ourſelves the authors of our paſſions. They begin to exert themſelves in our earlieſt infancy, even before we are capable of reflection. They muſt therefore be the gift of nature, or rather the gift of God; for in true philoſopical language, God and nature are the ſame. And we cannot ſurely think, that our merciful Creator would beſtow upon us ſuch gifts as are in themſelves pernicious and deſtructive.

Nay, I will farther add, that our paſſions are not only innocent in themſelves, but they are good,

uſeful, and neceſſary. It is juſt and natural that a reaſonable creature ſhould deſire its own happineſs, and endeavour to obtain it: now two things are neceſſary to happineſs, freedom from pain, and enjoyment of pleaſure; and theſe are the objects of all our paſſions. They all tend either to remove what is inconſiſtent with our happineſs, or to ſecure the poſſeſſion of ſomething by which it may be increaſed. Every inclination which riſes in our minds from the fear of pain or the deſire of pleaſure, is innocent, and agreeable to our natural inſtinct. But this is involuntary and blind in its motions; nor is there any need that it ſhould be otherwiſe, ſince it is deſigned to be its own conductor. Its tendency indeed is always to the obtaining of good, and the avoiding of evil; but as it cannot of itſelf judge concerning good and evil, it requires to be directed to proper objects; and it is the office of reaſon to make the right choice and diſtinction. It belongs to this ſuperior power to regulate every lower impulſe and inclination, to give them a juſt direction, and reſtrain them within due bounds. In this it often fails; and then our paſſions are exclaimed againſt for a fault, which ought to be charged only upon our reaſons.

Love, for inſtance, is a paſſion ſo neceſſary, that without it the human race would ſoon be extinct. Both ſexes are improved and refined by their inclination to each other; an inclination which produces the ſweeteſt union and the warmeſt friendſhip, the tendereſt alliances, and the moſt amiable ſociety: but it produces theſe happy effects only, when it is under the government and direction of

reaſon; for when left to its own unguided impetuoſity, it is frequently the cauſe of treachery, perjury, adultery, inceſt, murder, and every horrid miſchief that a blind fury can produce. The union of the ſexes is the end of love; this union is perfectly agreeable to the deſign of nature; it muſt therefore be innocent; and the affection itſelf is not to be ſuppreſſed. If your heart be naturally tender, endeavour not to render it inſenſible; but let your tenderneſs be fixed upon ſuch objects as will not obſtruct you in a virtuous courſe, or rather love only ſuch as will aſſiſt you to purſue it. Your tender affections will not be the leſs gratified for making ſuch a choice; nay, you can never enjoy true ſatisfaction from love that is not thus directed: there can be no friendſhip without virtue. The union of two lovers, without virtuous diſpoſitions, is not love; it is an odious aſſociation, by which they become partners in vice, and accomplices in each other's crimes.

Agatho had an inclination to Cephiſa. He is a man of family, full of conceit and affectation, with a haughty mein and a tripping gait. When he is to look at an object which is not ſtreight before him, his head, as if ill fixed on its joints, turns with difficulty half the way towards it; his languiſhing eye with regret performs the reſt. Proud of his birth and equipage, he deſpiſes all uſeful accompliſhments, and can excuſe the acquiſition of them only in thoſe, who being placed in a lower ſphere, cannot by any other means raiſe themſelves from their obſcurity. The idea of God is painful to him, for he likes not to think of a being ſuperior to himſelf; he has an averſion to the ſocial vir-

tues, becauſe they require him to ſhew deference and reſpect to others; nor has he any greater love for equity, becauſe this would fix bounds to his extravagant claims. Thus is he impious, oppreſſive, and rapacious; falſe and perfidious in his promiſes and engagements; incapable of tenderneſs, compaſſion, or gratitude. He is not one of thoſe who are hurried into vice by the force of unruly paſſions; but the coxcomb thinks that he has merit enough already, and that it is not worth his while to be virtuous.

Cephiſa is vain and imperious; a croud of lovers are at her feet, and there ſhe ſuffers them to remain as ſo many trophies in honour of her charms. One only can be rewarded, but all muſt adore her. She commands as a ſovereign, they obey like ſlaves; and the better to ſecure her deſpotic ſway, her orders are always the moſt unreaſonable and capricious. The moſt ſervile and abject of her train expect to carry the prize, but they are deceived; for though ſhe demands an unlimited reſpect, ſhe deſpiſes thoſe who pay it. She has no diſcernment of true merit; conceit, arrogance, and preſumption, are with her the marks of ſuperior talents; ſhe knows no other dignity than what is derived from a title; ſhe is unable to diſtinguiſh wit from the affectation of it, and judges of love only by compliments, and flattery; ſhe is, in a word, deſtitute of religion and all the principles of morality, and without any ſettled taſte or character. How nearly does ſhe reſemble Agatho! On him ſhe accordingly fixes her choice. Is love the bond of ſuch a union? No; it is only the perſuaſion they have, that neither has me-

rit enough to render the want of it conſpicuous in the other. But it is not ſufficient that our paſſion be directed to a worthier object than either Cephiſa or Agatho; let it be ever ſo well-grounded and innocent in itſelf, it muſt, in many inſtances, be carefully reſtrained and moderated.

If ever any object was worthy of the tendereſt paſſion, it is ſurely the lovely Menoqui. It did not require long time or obſervation to diſcover that ſhe had charms ſufficient to juſtify the warmeſt admiration. A heart equally diſcerning and leſs cautious than mine, would have been inſtantly vanquiſhed. Every thing conſpired againſt me; her beautiful features, her majeſtic mein, the numberleſs graces of her whole perſon, the ſenſe and ſpirit which ſhone in her eyes, the exquiſite delicacy of her converſation. I withſtood, however, all theſe united charms. But I could not reſiſt the force of a thouſand other perfections ſtill more engaging and valuable, which every day diſplayed themſelves more and more, and continually increaſed my wonder and eſteem; a heart ſuſceptible of friendſhip, generous, noble, and benevolent, frank and ingenuous without the leaſt indiſcretion; her temper ſprightly and chearful, but ever confined within the ſtricteſt bounds of prudence; noble and elevated ſentiments without pride or oſtentation; an extenſive capacity and refined taſte, joined with unaffected modeſty; virtue without formality, and piety without ſuperſtition.—Such an aſſemblage of charms I thought ſufficient to authorize the paſſion they have excited: and though I can never expect any returns from her who is the object of it, ſhe being unalterably en-

gaged to another, yet did it not appear to me criminal, but only unfortunate; and I freely allowed it a place in my breaſt, on condition it ſhould not diſturb my repoſe. And though Menoqui be moſt dear to me, yet were my paſſion to grow unruly, ſhould it attempt to paſs the bounds which I have preſcribed to it, or break out into licentious deſires, I would not expoſe myſelf to the danger of offending her by any raſh diſcovery of ſentiments ſo unworthy, nor wait to receive my puniſhment from her; I would myſelf be an implacable avenger of my ſecret guilt, and at once baniſh myſelf from her preſence for ever: thus would I deprive her of the advantage of being the firſt to pronounce my ſentence, and endeavour, by a voluntary ſacrifice, to exert a virtue equal to her own. The love I bear her cauſes in me no remorſe: it would indeed, were it to lead me to attempt her virtue; but it is too pure ever to produce ſo criminal an effect.

Thus it is with the other paſſions; they are all good and uſeful in themſelves, and continue to be ſo while they are directed to proper objects, and are under due regulation. The ill conſequences which are charged upon them, only happen when they are miſplaced or immoderate.

Hatred is not criminal in itſelf; there are objects which deſerve to be hated. But take care to hate only ſuch; and never let your hatred riſe to malice or revenge. Regulate in the ſame manner your indignation and contempt.

Fear all real evils; without fearing them, you can hardly avoid them: but if they are unavoidable, learn to bear them with reſolution. Mo-

derate fear is prudence; exceſſive fear is cowardice.

Anger is an emotion which excites the mind to violent efforts, of which, though they are ſometimes neceſſary, it is incapable in a ſtate of tranquillity. This paſſion is uſeful to a good father, a kind maſter, and an indulgent ſuperior, who without ſuch an incitement would pardon many faults which ought to be puniſhed. But it is of no uſe to a miniſter of ſtate, a governor of a province, or an inquiſitor; this ſort of people can do miſchief enough in cold blood. Anger, when indulged without juſt occaſion, is a ridiculous extravagance; when it riſes too high, it is madneſs.

The neceſſities of human life firſt gave birth to the arts and ſciences: but it is to curioſity alone they owe their increaſe and improvement; an amiable paſſion, which, next to love, has moſt contributed to ſoften, to poliſh and civilize mankind! Happy had it been for the world, if no paſſions more diſtructive than this had ever prevailed. Witneſs, ye happy victims, ſacrificed to that airy phantom glory, in the fields of Fontenoy, Rocoux, Lawfellt, and Exiles! Your precious blood would not have been ſo profuſely and wantonly ſhed, were men inſpired with no other principles than uſeful curioſity, and the love of knowlege. And yet this paſſion, ſo fruitful of good effects, when not reſtrained by prudence to proper objects, becomes indiſcretion; and when it exceeds the power and extent of human reaſon, it produces abſurd ſyſtems of philoſophy, and enthuſiaſtic doctrines in religion.

From this enumeration it appears, that the paſ-

ſions are not evil in their own nature, but only become ſo when they are abuſed. However, not to cavil about words, if by *paſſions* any one chuſes to mean only *vicious* or *immoderate affections*, I freely condemn them; let them be mortified and ſubdued as much as poſſible. But if we conſider them in their original, as *innocent emotions* proceeding from a natural inſtinct, they are the work of God, and ſhould therefore be held ſacred: it is a degree of impiety to endeavour to deſtroy them; our duty is only to regulate and guide them.

"But, it may be ſaid, is this always in our "power? Is not reaſon itſelf ſometimes overborn "by the violence of the paſſions, and rendered in- "capable of controuling them? And may it not "be juſtly imputed to the Deity that we are li- "able to ſuch imperfection, ſince he could cer- "tainly have given reaſon a more abſolute com- "mand?"

Without doubt: all this I readily allow. It too often happens, that reaſon refuſes its aid when it is moſt neceſſary; and for want of being guided by its light, our paſſions frequently become hurtful. But are we, on this account, leſs obliged to acknowlege the goodneſs of God? Our paſſions are no farther hurtful, than our own choice makes them; and our reaſon is to blame, if they are ſuffered to gain the aſcendant. But without enquiring whence it proceeds, that our paſſions, originally ſo good and uſeful, degenerate into imperfections, let us take the matter at the worſt, and examine whether even theſe imperfections themſelves may not be reconciled with the divine good-

neſs. When we were ſpeaking concerning the wants of the body, we obſerved, that they were the ſource of all its pleaſures. Why may not the paſſions be of the ſame uſe to the mind? They unqueſtionably are ſo with reſpect to a good man, who labours to ſubdue in himſelf every vicious affection. The mathematician rejoices, when he has ſolved a difficult problem: but how much greater is the pleaſure which muſt fill the heart of a virtuous man, when, after a generous conflict with an obſtinate and rebellious paſſion, he is at length victorious, and can ſay to himſelf, "I "am now become better, I am more acceptable "in the ſight of God, and have acquired a great-"er reſemblance of his perfections."

"But, it may be farther aſked, if men were "entirely exempted from ſuch conflicts, would "not his obligation to heaven be greater?"

I know not that; nor is it my buſineſs to enquire into it: but, this, however, I know, that his merit would be leſs. What! ſhall we be alway ſeeking excuſes for ingratitude? Would you blame an artificer for making a clock which marks only the minutes, becauſe he might have made one to mark the ſeconds? God, no doubt, could have made us more perfect than we are, and equal to thoſe celeſtial ſpirits which are repreſented to us as ſurrounding his throne; but when he created us, he intended only to create men. Had he made you angels, ungrateful unnatural hearts who repay his benefits only with murmurs and complaints, you would then, like thoſe dæmons who are ſaid to be plunged into the abyſs, have complained that you were not Gods.

No longer then affront your Benefactor; but confeſs that goodneſs of which he gives you ſuch continual proofs: and if you love him not on account of his other perfections, love him at leaſt beauſe he is kind and beneficent.

SECT. V.

God conſidered as our FRIEND.

THE whole of Friendſhip conſiſts in loving the perſon on whom we have placed our affection, in deſiring his welfare, and endeavouring to promote it. And as the love of God to us, and the benefits we receive from him, have been made ſufficiently evident in this and the preceding chapter, it is needleſs to uſe any further arguments to prove that he is our Friend. This propoſition is a neceſſary conſequence of the former. But tho' the Deity may be juſtly conſidered under this tender and engaging character, ſuch a view of him ought not to leſſen in us that profound reverence which is due to his infinite Majeſty. As he is more gracious and condeſcending than earthly princes, he is the friend of his ſubjects, and is willing that the friendſhip ſhould be mutual: but they muſt not on this account forget that he is their Sovereign, and as ſuch entitled to their homage and veneration

CHAP. III.

Of the HOMAGE *which we owe to God.*

THE abſolute greatneſs of God is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, the ground of that homage which we owe him: this is founded in the relation which ſubſiſts between him and us; he being our ſovereign, and we his ſervants and vaſſals. We owe no homage to the Turkiſh ſultan, though one of the greateſt monarchs upon earth; becauſe we are not his ſubjects. God alone is the ſovereign of the whole world; and the authority, with which the kings of the earth are inveſted, is, at beſt, no more than a ſhadow of his univerſal dominion. They hold their power, originally at leaſt, from their people; the power of God is dirived from none but himſelf. He called the world into being by his word: this is the foundation of his ſovereignty. Earthly princes may publiſh edicts for the regulation of their ſeveral ſtates; but they are obliged to entruſt the execution of them to inferior officers, to whom they delegate a power for that purpoſe: but God, by a mere act of his will, can in a moment change the whole face of nature. The power of kings reaches only to external actions; the power of God extends to the inclination of the heart. And in proportion as his authority over us is more abſolute and extenſive than that of any other ſovereign, our veneration for him ſhould be greater, and our homage more profound.

This homage which is due from us to God, is what we call worſhip, or religion; and this is commonly diſtinguiſhed into internal and external. The internal is of neceſſary obligation; the external is rather a matter of decency and convenience: the one is invariable and univerſal, the other temporal and local.

SECT. I.

Of INTERNAL WORSHIP.

INTERNAL worſhip is ſeated in the mind, and is that only by which God can be honoured. It is founded on a juſt ſenſe of his infinite perfections, his ſovereign authority over us, and our innumerable obligations to him. A heart, filled with ſuch ſentiments, will naturally expreſs them by the warmeſt admiration and love, and the ſtrongeſt profeſſions of gratitude and ſubmiſſion. This is the language of the heart, theſe are its hymns, its prayers, and its ſacrifices; this is the worſhip of which it is capable, and which alone is ſuitable to the perfections of the Deity. This alſo is the worſhip which the author of Chriſtianity intended to reſtore, when he aboliſhed the Jewiſh ceremonies; as appears from the excellent anſwer he made to a Samaritan woman, who enquired concerning the proper place for performing divine worſhip: "The hour cometh," ſays he, "when "the true worſhippers ſhall worſhip in ſpirit and "in truth." Such was the worſhip which was practiſed in the firſt ages of the world; and among thoſe men ſo famed in the Jewiſh records, whom

we call patriarchs. They had no temples nor chapels, no ſtated hours for devotion, no eſtabliſhed forms of prayer, no rites nor ceremonies, no proſtrations nor kneelings: the devotion of the heart depends not on time, or place, or poſture. The whole earth was their temple, and the vault of heaven was the roof of it. When they beheld any ſurprizing effect of almighty power, or had received any final benefit or ſuccour from the providence of God; they conſidered this as an immediate call either to adore his greatneſs, or to give thanks for his bounty. When they had leiſure for retirement from the neceſſary cares and buſineſs of life, they employed the hours of ſolitude in meditating upon God; they converſed with him freely, and offered up their praiſes and thankſgivings with all the ſincereſt expreſſions of reverence and love: and having never thought of fixing bounds to the infinite Being, or of confining his preſence within conſecrated walls, they conſidered him as every where preſent. Whether they were ſtanding, ſitting, or lying down, whether their heads were covered or uncovered, they expected to be heard, nor were they diſappointed in their expectations.

This pure and ſpiritual worſhip did not long remain uncorrupted; external forms and ceremonies were ſoon added to it, and from that time it began to decline.

SECT. II.

Of EXTERNAL WORSHIP.

IN the first ages of the world, mankind being justly convinced that every thing which they enjoyed belonged to God as the Creator and Sovereign of the universe, devoted one part of their possessions to him as an acknowlegement of his property in the whole: hence sacrifices, libations, and offerings. At first these religious exercises were performed in the open air, there being then neither cities nor houses. Afterwards it was found necessary to perform them in caverns or in slight buildings raised for that purpose, on account of the inclemency of the weather; and this was the original of temples. In the beginning, every one presented his own offering and sacrifice: in process of time particular men were appointed for that office: this was the first institution of priests. Such an order of men being once established, religion, or rather the apparatus of external worship, improved very fast under their influence; they imagined that it would be more perfect by being more splendid, and that they might render it more acceptable to God by loading it with more ceremonies. They therefore invented games, dances, processions, legal impurities, and unnecessary expiations. Thus religion in all nations degenerated into mere pegeantry and show; the unthinking vulgar mistook the shadow for the substance; and the spirit of it was every day lost, except among a few of the more wise and contemplative.

The original deſign of external worſhip ſeems to have been pure and innocent. We are naturally deſirous of communicating our ſentiments; and the more ſo, when we are perſuaded that they are juſt and rational. It was doubtleſs with this intention, that the firſt external and public acts of religion were performed. It was imagined, that ſome ſignificant ceremonies would be uſeful in exciting the ſame ſentiments which they were deſigned to expreſs. But the conſequence was very different: the ſymbols were taken for the thing itſelf; religion was ſuppoſed to conſiſt entirely in the offering of ſacrifices, and the burning of incenſe; and piety was weakened and deſtroyed, by thoſe very means which were contrived to promote and improve it.

As the light of reaſon preſcribed no fixed rule with regard to the ceremonial part of religion, mankind did not long agree in their notions about it. It belongs only to the pure religion of nature to be uniform and invariable; every other is fluctuating and uncertain, ſuſceptible of various forms, and liable to continual change. Thus each nation fixed upon a different mode of worſhip. And from hence another diſorder aroſe, equally contrary to the purity of the law of nature, and to the happineſs of ſociety. The different ſects which were produced by this difference in worſhip, looked upon each other with contempt and averſion; and thoſe eſpecially which affected the moſt rigorous exactneſs, were moſt free to reproach and condemn all others; and ſcrupled not to aſſert, that whoever refuſed to comply with that form of worſhip which they had eſtabliſhed, was the object

of God's diſpleaſure, and would hereafter feel the dreadful effects of his vengeance. Thus did ſuperſtition kindle that irreconcileable hatred, which the blood of innumerable victims has not been ſufficient to quench. All efforts to reſtore peace and humanity in religion are vain: and though the precepts of Chriſtianity are of all others the moſt mild and benevolent in themſelves, yet there is no perſuading them to love the damned; nor can we expect any thing but maſſacres and murders from this fanatical ſpirit which devotes living men to hell.

Let us not however judge of things by the ill uſe which may be made of them; for what is there which men do not abuſe? but, without regarding the bad conſequences which may ſometimes attend the practice of external worſhip, let us examine, 1. Whether a worſhip of this kind is in itſelf *uſeful*; and, 2. ſuppoſing it to be uſeful, whether any one particular form of it is eſſentially *preferable* to another.

I. If piety be a virtue, it is for the good of mankind that it ſhould univerſally prevail. The firſt of theſe two propoſitions I take for granted; and the ſecond is a neceſſary conſequence of it. Now, nothing more effectually tends to promote virtue than good examples; theſe have a much greater force than precepts: it muſt therefore be uſeful for every one, to have ſome engaging examples of piety. But theſe examples can be ſeen only in the outward acts of religion. I can reap no advantage from the moſt exalted piety of another, unleſs he gives me ſome ſenſible proof and expreſſion of his inward ſenti-

ments. I do not mean, that he ſhould obſerve any formal rules or ſtated hours for this purpoſe; ſuch a conduct might proceed from conſtraint, or from ſome political views, and the proof would not be ſufficiently clear and unexceptional. All I require of him is, to give me, in any manner he thinks proper, ſome plain and unſuſpected marks of his regard for truth, his reſignation to Providence, and his love to God; and to worſhip, praiſe and honour him in public. This is all that reaſon demands; and when I am witneſs to ſuch expreſſions of piety, I feel the force of the example, and am fired with a holy emulation, which the fineſt lectures of morality could not have produced.

II. Is there among the various ſigns which have been inſtituted for religious purpoſes, any which are in themſelves more pleaſing to God than others? if there are, let them be ſhewn. But till our divines can give me ſatisfaction in this point, I ſhall content myſelf with what reaſon ſuggeſts; and the following ſolution of this queſtion ſeems to me moſt rational.

Internal worſhip is ſimple and uniform; and as it is a duty of univerſal obligation, it muſt of neceſſity be known to all men. In this, therefore, there is no choice or diſtinction to be made. Love, reverence, gratitude, and ſubmiſſion to God, muſt be always the ſame, and can admit of no variation; but there are a number of arbitrary ſigns by which theſe ſentiments may be expreſſed. All thoſe ſigns which are inſtituted for this end are innocent; and if any diſtinction is to be made, thoſe ſhould be preferred which are naturally moſt clear and intelligible: but this is not of abſolute

neceſſity, becauſe general conſent is ſufficient to render any ſigns plain and expreſſive. A ſerpent in a circular form, with his tail turning back into his mouth, was, among the Egyptians, a clear ſymbol of eternity, becauſe they had agreed to expreſs it by that figure. In ſome nations a circle was an emblem of the Deity; among the Jews he was repreſented by a triangle. The Canaanites purified themſelves by fire, the Jews by water. But of what importance is it, whether the Deity be repreſented by a round or triangular figure, provided the intention be to expreſs, that he is the moſt perfect of all Beings? Of what conſequence is it, whether we expreſs purity by water or fire, if we are convinced, that without purity of heart we can never be acceptable to God? What ſignifies, whether we ſacrifice to the Deity an ox or an elephant, a ſheep or a goat, a blackbird or a ſwan, whether we offer animals or only herbs, provided we acknowlege him as the Giver of every thing we enjoy? Or what ſignifies it, whether we pray with our eyes lifted up to heaven, or fixed upon the earth; whether we are ſtanding or lying, ſitting or kneeling; if the heart be in a proper poſture, and poſſeſſed with a becoming reverence and humility?

The neceſſity of paying ſome external homage to God, proves nothing in behalf of any particular form of worſhip. And perhaps the Deity is not more diſpleaſed with the different modes of worſhip which belong to the various religions in the world; than he is offended, that in the Romiſh church ſome religious orders perform their

ſervices at a different hour, and in a different manner from others.

If there be any kind of worſhip which is diſpleaſing to God, it muſt be ſuch a one as is founded upon principles which are contrary to natural religion. He, doubtleſs, abhorred the abominable expiations of thoſe blind adolators who, to appeaſe his wrath, offered human ſacrifices, and pretended to atone for their own crimes by ſhedding the blood of the innocent. To neglect the public worſhip of God, is a dangerous and criminal omiſſion; but to make uſe of it only in a ſubſerviency to our vices, is a degree of guilt that wants a name.

It is by length of time that ſo many different modes of worſhip have been introduced; and cuſtom and education have perpetuated that diverſity. Were we to ſuppoſe a number of men newly created, and conſequently free from all impreſſions either from the example or the inſtructions of others, to aſſemble together from every part of the world, in order to debate concerning the homage which mankind owe to the Deity; that unity of religion which is ſo deſirable, would ſoon be reſtored. Their judgment being not depraved by blind prejudice, but guided by pure uncorrupted reaſon, they would either reject all the forms of religion which now prevail; or if there be any one which deſerves to be eſtabliſhed upon the ruins of all the reſt, they would unanimouſly chuſe that. If there were any kind of worſhip which God required of men preferable to all others, he would ſurely have made them acquainted with it; or muſt we think that he would wait for the deciſi-

ons of our prieſts and doctors, in order to give us juſt ideas of religion?

If there were but one man upon the earth, he would not be obliged to any external worſhip; for that was not inſtituted out of regard to God, but to unite all the members of a ſociety by the open profeſſion of one and the ſame religion. This unity has been unhappily broken, by the multitude of different religions which have been introduced into the world. In this ſtate of things, the duty of a wiſe man, is to attend principally to that inward worſhip, which is not ſuſceptible of alteration or variety. And as to the eſtabliſhed religion of his country, if it be conſiſtent with the religion of nature, he ought to conſider himſelf as under the ſtrongeſt obligation, neither to moleſt others in the practice of it, nor to renounce it himſelf. A Turk may be excuſed for being a Mahometan, but it would be unpardonable in a Chriſtian to embrace that religion. It is worſe than fanaticiſm, to alarm the conſciences of men, about things in which the honour of God is not concerned.

It is not enough that we perform our duty to the ſupreme Being, by inward devotion: there are alſo duties which we owe to our Fellow-creatures, of which we ſhall ſpeak in the laſt part of this work; and a reſpect for the eſtabliſhed religion of our country, is one of thoſe duties. But, before we conſider the duties we owe to others, it is proper to begin with thoſe which we owe to ourſelves.

MANNERS.

PART II.

Of WISDOM.

LET us now conſider man in his private capacity; not as a ſocial, but a ſolitary being: let us, for a while, ſuppoſe him diveſted of all his relations to external objects, and enquire what are his obligations to himſelf in this abſtracted view of his exiſtence.

We have hitherto conſidered him, as ſubordinate to his Creator; and we have deduced his ſubmiſſion to the divine commands, from that pure and ardent affection which he owes to the great and good Author of his being. We are now to conſider his obligations to himſelf; and we ſhall, in like manner, deduce the punctuality with which the duties of this ſecond claſs are to be diſcharged, from that love of Self which is required of him by the laws of nature.

When a devotee undertakes to moralize, which very often happens, if Self-love is his topic, his lecture is long. Becauſe religion has prohibited pride, arrogance, ſenſuality, and effeminacy, which are alſo prohibited by reaſon, the wiſe and good, according to this ſevere cenſor, muſt forget their virtues; the deepeſt philoſopher muſt rank himſelf with the moſt ſtupid and illiterate; and it

is the duty of every man to deſpiſe and hate himſelf with irreconcileable enmity and contempt; and, conſequently, to ſuppreſs every deſire, controul every inclination, and mortify all its appetites, however innocent: and ſuch is the effect of theſe groundleſs clamours, that ſelf-love is almoſt univerſally placed among the vices; and it is a daring attempt to appear publicly in its defence. Few, indeed, have courage to rank themſelves on the ſide of the oppreſſed; but let us make one magnanimous effort to retrieve that honour, which has, perhaps, been given up without conteſt, and betrayed by ignorance to ſuperſtition.

Let us, however, in the firſt place, explain the term. If, by *Self-love*, arrogance, pride, and vanity be meant, I abandon it to the fury of thoſe who purſue, and rank myſelf in the front of its enemies. But if, by this expreſſion, is underſtood that ardent affection, which pure nature has inſpired in the breaſt of every man for himſelf, I affirm it innocent, lawful, and even an indiſpenſable duty.

We are compounded of a body and a ſoul: the body is ſubject to accidents, which injure or deſtroy it; the ſoul is perceptible of ideas, which diſtreſs and afflict it; of affections which degrade and pollute it. For the preſervation of the body, God has endued it with inſtinct, which inceſſantly watches for its ſafety, guards it againſt every thing hurtful, and reminds it of its neceſſities: and, to preſerve the ſoul from whatever might bereave it of its happineſs or innocence, the light of Reaſon is carried before it, which guides it to Truth, who points out that which is truly good, and indicates

the means by which it is to be attained. Nothing then, on our part, can be more conformable to the divine inſtitution, than to be attentive to the well-being, as well of our bodies as our ſouls; and to be attentive to their well-being, is moſt effectually to love them.

"That we ſhould do to others, as we would "that others ſhould do to us," is a precept of the law of nature: and, as it certainly could not be the intention of the Legiſlator, that we ſhould treat others with unkindneſs or cruelty, neither could it be intended, that we ſhould thus treat ourſelves. It is alſo a precept of this law, "That "we ſhould love our neighbour as ourſelves:" the love of ſelf, therefore, is preſuppoſed, and enjoined by implication.

I will not deny that ſelf-love has ill effects; that it renders us blind to our own imperfections, and ſometimes too indulgent to our faults: but conjugal and paternal love are not exempt from peculiar weakneſſes; and muſt they, for this reaſon, be renounced? Love yourſelf with prudence and moderation; range, in their proper rank and order, the love of the body and of the ſoul, inſtinct and reaſon; and fear not, that either, under this regulation, ſhould ſuggeſt to you ought that will offend the Deity, or bring puniſhment on yourſelves. Let reaſon command: it is the province of inſtinct to obey. Let the love of the ſoul have the precedency: the ſoul is more excellent than the body; this is but a fabric of clay, that a celeſtial being. Reduce the body to obedience, if it impedes or counteracts the ſoul; and ſubdue the ſoul itſelf to obedience, whenever it

forgets the duty that it owes to the divine Author of its existence. The body ought to be obedient to the soul, and the soul to God; the happiness of both depends upon this subordination, and in maintaining it, therefore, consists wisdom: for wisdom is no other than a choice of the fittest means to render us happy. So long as we have body, to despise the gratification of its senses as not essential to happiness, is presumptuously to affect a false spirituality; and not to seek and prize the pleasures which are independent of sense, is to grovel a brute among brutes.

The subordination of the soul to God, and the body to the soul, being once established, the great mean of happiness is to render our manners conformable to the law, which is the only rule; for God has commanded nothing which has not a direct tendency to our highest felicity: and, in order to this conformity,

I. Gain a clear knowlege of what he commands, and what he forbids.

II. Arm yourself with courage to obey him, whatever obstacles are to be surmounted.

III. Prefer the honest to the gainful. And,

IV. Bridle your desires.

Let us, therefore, proceed, in the order thus pointed out by our subject itself, and treat distinctly of Prudence, Fortitude, Justice, and Temperance.

CHAP. I.

Of PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE is the art of chuſing. He is prudent, who, among many objects, can diſtinguiſh that which deſerves the preference. Prudence has two offices; to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will. She determines both on maxims of ſpeculation and practice. She keeps the mind upon its guard againſt prejudice and precipitation. Under her influence, the degree of aſſent which it gives to any propoſition, is always proportioned to the degree of its certainty: thoſe, which are evidently true, are ſtedfaſtly believed; while others, whoſe certainty is leſs apparent, are ranked among the probabilities: with regard to ſome principles, the mind remains wholly undetermined; but as to thoſe which are of the marvellous kind, it rather inclines to doubt and diſbelief, from a ſuſpicion of ſome fraud or illuſion.

The laws of prudence are, however, ſomewhat leſs rigid with reſpect to practical doctrines; in theſe demonſtration is not expected, before the aſſent is given; but there muſt be at leaſt probable motives, to produce a rational determination. To deſire objects which are probably inconſiſtent with our happineſs on the whole, would be a dangerous imprudence; to deſire thoſe which are contrary to good morals, cannot fail to produce miſery; becauſe there is in heaven an impartial

Judge, by whom every deviation from virtue is, ſooner or later, adequately puniſhed.

That ſpecies of prudence which regards propoſitions merely ſpeculative, does not belong to my ſubject; this is claimed by the metaphyſicians, and to them I reſign it. The Prudence which I am to treat of here, is that which regulates our Affections, Words, and Actions; and I ſhall divide it into three general heads.

SECT. I.

Of CIRCUMSPECTION.

AFFECTION is no more voluntary than thought: it generally riſes irreſiſtably, without the concurrence of the will; and it is not to be eradicated by the moſt conſummate prudence; nor is there any reaſon to attempt it, ſince that which is not voluntary, is not criminal. But affections, however innocent, are always dangerous, if they incline us to objects which are forbidden by the divine law. It may be juſtly feared, that, by perpetually recurring, they will gain too great an influence in the ſoul, and at length wholly poſſeſs it; that, either ſeduced by flattering hopes, or over-born by clamorous importunity, it will be rendered unattentive or inſenſible to the admonitions of reaſon.

The affections over which it is neceſſary to keep a watchful eye, either ſpring up in the mind without the concurrence of the body, are excited by the ſenſes, or raiſed by objects which are wholly external. In the firſt claſs, I place vanity and pre-

ſumption, which ſhoot up into pride; in the ſecond, all ſenſual appetites, which are the ſeeds of intemperance; and in the third, all deſires that are fixed on objects which receive their whole value from our prejudices; ſuch are thoſe excited by riches and honours, and which, at length, when they have taken root, produce avarice and ambition; for all theſe deſires, by conſtant reiteration, become habits, and thoſe habits we call paſſions.

The paſſions themſelves, even when they have an illicit tendency, are not criminal without the conſent of the will; becauſe the reiterated deſires from which they reſult, are blameleſs, when the heart, which forms them, diſavows them the moment they are produced: but it is to be feared, that, by continual efforts, they will prevail againſt the mind, weaken it by degrees, and at length reduce it to a ſtate of abſolute ſubjection. By watching over your deſires, therefore, exert your utmoſt ability to prevent the progreſs of irregular paſſions; keep a jealous eye even on thoſe which appear to be innocent, becauſe they will ceaſe to be ſo when they become immoderate.

There are paſſions which ought to be abſolutely ſuppreſſed, and others which need only be reſtrained. Let us, therefore, diſtinguiſh the paſſions which are guilty by reaſon of their object, from thoſe which are only vicious by their exceſs; and, to proceed in order, let us begin with thoſe which have their origin in the ſoul itſelf, pride or vanity.

ART. I. *Of* PRIDE.

PRIDE proceeds from a too advantageous idea formed of our own merit: to remedy this evil, therefore, it is neceſſary to eſtimate ourſelves with exactneſs and impartiality; but how difficult is it to weigh with exactneſs, when Self is in the balance! He whoſe revenue amounts to four hundred pounds a year is richer by one fourth, than he who poſſeſſes but three hundred: this calculation is eaſy and certain. Rouſſeau himſelf might have ſaid, "I write better verſes than La Motte;" and if this calculation was not ſo eaſy, it was at leaſt poſſible. There was once an inſtance of a poet, who confeſſed the ſuperiority of a rival, and complimented him upon it. Rotrou was this uncommon example of modeſty, ſo little imitated ſince, when he ſaw his bays wither at the ſucceſs of the great Corneille. Read his own confeſſion in which there is no equivocation:

Yes, I will ſpeak to pleaſe thee, and to pay
The tribute due to thy unequall'd lay.
Judge of thy merit by this verſe, Corneille;
Thy rival owns it, though his pride rebel.

And the teſtimony of a poet, capable of confeſſing himſelf inferior to another, cannot be ſuſpected, if, compared with the genius of a lower claſs, he judged himſelf to be his ſuperior, or at leaſt his equal. This ſingle inſtance is ſufficient to prove, that it is not impoſſible, however uncommon, to make a juſt eſtimation of our own abilities: but

in order to this, beſides exerting a great degree of ſincerity, it is neceſſary to make the eſtimation by compariſon; for Rotrou, modeſt as he was, would not have imagined himſelf a poet of the middle claſs, if he had lived ten years before Corneille: let us, therefore, take the ſame method to ſubdue our pride.

You think yourſelf, vain and arrogant Reauverſe! a great orator, a fine ſpeaker, a thunderbolt of eloquence: look out for your equal; there is certainly a competitor to be found, that will put your abilities to the proof. Alas! you were but too ſenſible of this truth, when under the ſpecious pretence of obtaining juſtice for your client, you aſſailed, with all the petulence of jealouſy and envy, an opponent whoſe name alone has eclipſed your merit. But let us ſuppoſe, for once, that the advantage was on your ſide; perhaps twenty other rivals may now wait to engage you, by the leaſt of which you would be baffled and defeated. If the fear of a future equal does not reſtrain your arrogance, let us endeavour to find one in times paſt; for I would fain cure you. Recall a few years; bring back the time in which your profeſſion was in the meridian of its glory; the palm did not grow for ſuch as you: but I will indulge your vanity to the utmoſt, and ſuppoſe that Demoſthenes and Cicero, Patru, Me Maitre, and Le Normant, are nothing when compared to you: heaven reſerved for you the art of elocution; — but you cannot write — confeſs it, and be humble.

If after challenging every rival, in that particular in which he is ſuppoſed to excel, the champion comes out of the liſts crowned with new

laurels, many methods yet remain of humbling his vanity.

It would, perhaps, be in vain to remind the proud, that, having received of heaven the talents by which they ſhine, they have no right to appropriate the glory to themſelves: methinks I hear them anſwer, "That, ſince God rewards our me-"rits, they muſt be our own; and, for the ſame "reaſon, ſo are our talents, at leaſt ſo far as we "have improved them." Be it ſo, we ſhall not inſiſt on this argument; there are others ſtill which may be ſucceſsfully uſed againſt pride and preſumption.

Zeuxis is an excellent painter, and, compared with all his rivals, would be adjudged their ſuperior: one point is then determined; but there are a thouſand others to be conſidered and compared, before Zeuxis can be rated at the exact total of his worth: if we examine farther, his underſtanding will be found barren and uncultivated, his nature brutal, his humour capricious, his character ſelfiſh, ſordid, and perfidious, and his manners altogether vicious and irregular. To counterbalance Zeuxis, whoſe ſole merit conſiſts in drawing a fine picture, let the wiſe Podalirius be put into the ſcale; a good father, a good citizen, a tender and active friend, a fine genius, but diffident and modeſt; the author of ingenious, but anonymous productions; a friend to the polite arts, and an univerſal critic. And is the merit of painting alone ſo great, as that Zeuxis the painter ſhould turn the ſcale againſt Podalirius?

It is a moſt flagrant injuſtice, for a man to give a ſanction to his arrogance, by ſingling out that

branch of his character from which alone he derives any worth, while he fraudulently leaves out of the compariſon twenty defects which render him inferior to the perſons with whom he is put in competition, beſides a hundred vices from which they are wholly free. My whole eſtate is ſome houſes, for which I receive annually one hundred and fifty pounds. Lycas has ſome houſes too, but they produce him no more than fifty pounds. Lycas, however, has a hundred acres of wood, five hundred acres of arable land, a corn mill, and a toll, beſides a ſhare in ſome mines, and the tythes of a valuable impropriation. Am I richer than Lycas?

It is a common, but a very falſe and chimerical method of aſcertaining a man's merit, to eſtimate it by popular applauſe; this is to prefer the trumpet to the flute, only becauſe it is louder.

Callimachus, for example, is the reigning poet; he writes verſe elegantly, and his philoſophy is not contemptible: but nature, as if exhauſted in the production of his head, has endowed his heart with neither honour nor probity. Jenades, on the contrary, without mounting to gather laurels on the top of Pindus, makes notwithſtanding ſome progreſs towards immortality. His approaches, indeed, are ſlower, and by another way: inſtead of compoſing verſes, a kind of production that attracts the regard of the public, and the printing of which makes the author known to a nation in a day, Jenades cures diſeaſes; he leaves Callimachus to run after Euripides and Pindar, while he carefully traces the footſteps of Hippocrates; inſtead of amuſing the leiſure of an idle reader, he

gives health to the ſick. His natural inclination led him to chuſe a profeſſion, in which he might be uſeful to his fellow-citizens: and the ſucceſs of his practice abundantly gratifies the benevolence of his heart. Callimachus, who frequents the court, or who at leaſt is admitted into the company of courtiers, imagines, perhaps, that he would be degraded by being put in competition with Jenades; but, on the contrary, I think it would be doing injuſtice to merit, not to give Jenades the preference.

Uraniſcopus, the aſtronomer, ſeeing a modern Archimedes grow old under the conſideration of an abſtract problem, looked upon him with pity; and, paying a compliment to his own abilities, ſaid to himſelf, "Alas! perhaps this poor blun-"dering dotard does not know what is the pre-"ſent elevation of Aldebaran."

That ſmoke-dried alchymiſt, who, miſtaking the love of gold and ſilver for wiſdom, appropriates, excluſively to himſelf, the character of a philoſopher; proud of a title which his own vanity has conferred upon him, looks down, with a fancied ſuperiority, on all men whoſe cloſets are not furniſhed with crucibles.

Shall I deſcend ſo low, as to mention thoſe ſordid ſouls, who having no other reſource to flatter their vanity, value themſelves on the ſplendor of their equipage, and the weight of their purſe? I would not even acquit thoſe, who preſerving their humility in the midſt of affluence, think by this temper to merit eſteem. It is ſtill making too much account of riches, to aſſume merit for not valuing ourſelves upon them; for a man cannot

ſure be accounted wiſe, of whom it can only be ſaid, that he is not ridiculous.

ART. II. *Of* CORPOREAL APPETITES.

BY *corporeal appetites*, I mean thoſe deſires which are excited in us by the neceſſities of the body; ſuch as the deſire of meat, drink, and ſleep, when we are preſſed by hunger, thirſt, or wearineſs. I have already obſerved, that theſe deſires are innocent, that they are intimations which nature gives us of the preſervation of the body; and I add here, as a neceſſary conſequence, that inſtead of being ſuppreſſed, they ought to be ſatisfied. To abſtain from whatever right reaſon has forbidden, is virtue; but I ſee no virtue in abſtaining from that which is lawful. Theſe deſires, however, muſt be ſatisfied with temperance. Whatever is given to the body, more than its neceſſities require, tends to its deſtruction; the moſt voluptuous enjoyments, if they are exceſſive, loſe their nature, and degenerate into puniſhments; the anguiſh of which is rendered more pungent, by the regret of having inflicted them on ourſelves. It cannot be expected, that I ſhould determine, preciſely, the quantity of food or reſt convenient for the body; this muſt be regulated by the want itſelf that aſks a ſupply. To continue in a ſtate of inaction, when our wonted ſtrength is reſtored by reſt, is lazineſs; and to eat, after hunger is appeaſed, gluttony. The firſt attention, in the choice of meat and drink, ſhould be, to abſtain from thoſe ſpecies of both that are prejudicial to

health. The unclean meats which Moſes prohibited, were all leſs eaſily digeſted. But, as to thoſe that are wholeſome, our taſte may be conſulted; and nothing forbids that our palates ſhould determine the choice.

The ſame may be ſaid of all the appetites of the body: ſhun exceſs; it is equally fatal and criminal: but, reſtrained in the bounds preſcribed by our wants, honour does not require that we ſhould renounce pleaſure. Pleaſure itſelf may be called a want; it is a kind of repoſe and reſpite, in which a man takes breath, and gains new ſtrength to ſuſtain new ſufferings. Senſual enjoyments are neither dangerous nor enervating, except when by habit they have degenerated into wants: they can never corrupt him, who can forgoe them without regret. Heroes, I mean thoſe who have magnanimity ſufficient to be virtuous, for I never honour with this title the deſtroyers of mankind; heroes in virtue are not anchorites, who have renounced pleaſure; but men who can abſtain from it, when their own honour, or the public good, makes abſtinence a duty.

ART. III. *Of* AVARICE *and* AMBITION.

THE love of riches, in common with almoſt all the other paſſions, becomes criminal only by its exceſs: corrected by a prudent moderation, it is an innocent affection. Gold and ſilver being, by general conſent, the key of commerce, and the inſtrument by which all our wants are ſupplied; it is no more criminal to deſire it, than to deſire the things themſelves which are procured

by theſe metals: but as too much food loads the ſtomach with ſuperfluities deſtructive of health, abundant riches cauſe a kind of repletion yet more dangerous in its conſequences, becauſe it commonly brings on a depravation of manners.

Inordinate love of riches is always a vice, but is not always avarice: an avaritious man is he, who, perverting the uſe of money intended only to procure the neceſſaries of life, chuſes rather to deny himſelf thoſe neceſſaries, than to diminiſh, or than not to encreaſe a hoard which he ſuffers to lie uſeleſs.

If an example of this vice be deſired, it may be found in Chryſolatris. Conſider his whole perſon; he is covered from head to foot with dirty rags patched together, but patched together with his own hands: enter his apartment, every thing there correſponds with the tattered figure of his perſon; his bed, his chairs, and his hangings, are curious monuments of the faſhions of antiquity. Upon theſe, as well as upon his habit, he is careful to keep a thick covering of greaſe and naſtineſs, which at length ſinks in, and becomes of one ſubſtance with the ſtuff. "Cleanlineſs, ſays he, was intended only for ſpendthrifts." Obſerve him well, he is about to ſit down at table; it is an inviolable cuſtom at his houſe, before grace is ſaid, to bolt the doors; next to thieves, paraſites are the greateſt terror to him; he fears not borrowers, for he has long known how to prevent their application: on a worm-eaten board, placed on a rickety joint ſtool, appear ſome morſels of boiled meat made hot a ſecond time, and drowned in broth as tranſparent as water, the bottom of a ſtale loaf of

brown bread, an earthen mug, and nothing more. But who is it that knocks at the door, before he has finiſhed his meal? It is a nephew, his heir, who makes his court to him with great aſſiduity, as it is ſuppoſed, to ſecure the inheritance of his ſubſtance. "What, nephew," cries the wretch, the moment he appears in ſight, "is there no o-"ther time to importune me but at dinner? I "love to eat alone; it is my humour, and I ſhall "not change it for you. But what are you pry-"ing about for? do you come to rob me? It goes "againſt me to ſay this to you; but your hands "and your looks alarm me. Come, come, let "me adviſe you, ſpare yourſelf the trouble of "making me ſo many viſits. I know you think "that I am rich; it is the folly of all heirs; but "take my word, I tell you, once for all, that I "am not; I am undone; I have nothing, I may "ſay, nothing left."

But before we quit Chryſolatris, let us ſee how near he is to the truth. The evening cloſes; the hour is at hand in which he goes to pay his homage to his god, to count his money, to careſs it, and hide it again in the bottom of his ſtrong box. He has finiſhed the tale. What does he mutter now! It is the ſum total of his money,——"Thirty-one "thouſand two hundred and fifty pounds, two "ſhillings, and four-pence:"—and adds, locking his cheſt,—"What a deal of trouble in ſcraping "together a decent competence!"

I ſhall not here mention thoſe wild unthinking prodigals, for whom the largeſt revenues are always inſufficient; wretches! whom opulence impoveriſhes, and who precipitate their ruin in pro-

portion to their acquiſitions; their deſires and their expences always exceeding their fortune, however immenſe: for of theſe I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter.

There are minds inſatiable after other acquiſitions than riches: theſe are the ambitious. The object of their paſſion is much more fantaſtic, but then they believe it to be more noble.

There are two kinds of ambition; the firſt excites in the perſon whom it poſſeſſes, a deſire of riſing to an elevated ſtation, repreſents this deſire to him as the paſſion of great minds, and obviates whatever ſcruples might ſtop his career. With him, all means are good that tend to accompliſh his deſign: let him have no obſtacle to ſurmount but the remonſtrances of conſcience, and his ſucceſs is infallible; for theſe he well knows how to ſilence. The object which he purſues appears to be of ſuch importance, that he firmly believes it will atone for the crimes which it produces. Whoever can be ſhaken by the horrors of guilt, or diverted from their purpoſe by remorſe, are at moſt but half ambitious; nor is it on theſe that fortune laviſhes dignities and honour. An honeſt-man may poſſibly ſerve his country; but, however great his abilities, it is rare that his country ſerves him: he has all the zeal that enables him to ſerve his prince with honour; but he has not the meanneſs to fawn at the feet of his favourite, which is notwithſtanding the moſt eſſential qualification, without which he will never obtain the rewards due to his merit.

It is this ambition that forms inhuman conquerors; this renders them enemies to all the neigh-

bouring ſtates, this urges them to break the law of nations, and violate the faith of treaties; by this they become the ſcourge of foreign countries, and the tyrants of their own. This alſo makes ſervile magiſtrates, wretches who have ſold themſelves to the vices of the great; too weak to give them ſalutary counſel, yet unjuſt enough to pronounce implicitly the ſentence dictated by arbitrary power, and to oppreſs the people whom they ought to protect! It is ſtill the ſame vice which inflames, with the thirſt of opulence and power, the breaſts of eccleſiaſtics of every denomination; which ſo often pollutes the mouths, devoted to celebrate the majeſty of heaven, with ſervile adulation; transforms the fathers of the church into the ſycophants of a court, and teaches them to aſpire to capricious greatneſs, and the debaſing liveries of a foreign prince.

Aſtoniſhing paradox, yet a truth! the moſt aſpiring ambition, and the moſt abject meanneſs, are generally found in the ſame breaſt. The ambitious man, eager to be great without knowing in what true greatneſs conſiſts, ſtoops that he may riſe; and, like the ſerpent, ſprings upward, by preſſing the earth with his belly.

Orgaſtes is brutiſh and fierce, voluptuous, vain, and malevolent; ignorant but poſitive; an abſolute ſtranger both to juſtice and law, but his caprice ſupplies his deficiency in both; he ſuffers the groſſeſt affronts patiently, but avenges himſelf by inſulting the wretched. A place becomes vacant, a place that brings an odium on its poſſeſſor, as the power which it confers can only be exerciſed in diſtreſſing his fellow-citizens; it is given to Or-

gaſtes, a man born to fill it. It is now neceſſary to aſſume an imperious tone, he is ferocious and haughty; it is requiſite to puniſh, he is ſevere and inflexible; he is to decide in a military manner, and what form of proceeding can be ſo well adapted to the whimſies of a capricious judge? You would doubtleſs be aſtoniſhed, if with all this fitneſs of the employment to which he is preferred, Orgaſtes ſhould be removed from his poſt. Who can better anſwer the views of his conſtituents? Does he not do all the miſchief which is expected of him? Who then can merit more to be continued in his place, or to be removed only for a higher dignity?

It is a rule with thoſe who hold the reins of government, to reward the evil actions which are done at their command, more than the good; and this ſeems to be but juſt and reaſonable: for, as honour is more valuable than life, he that tramples it under foot in the ſervice of a great man, has done more for his maſter, than a hero who ſheds his blood in his defence; this only riſques his body, but the other ſacrifices his ſoul. Why was Polydamus made a knight? Becauſe he courteouſly condeſcended to commit a murder. Perhaps his conſcience, alarmed at the enormity of his crime, many times ſuſpended his hand when it was raiſed for the blow; but conſcience is at length ſubdued, and he triumphs over all compunction. Has he received too great a reward for ſo dear a conqueſt? Would you have ſcrupled to have accepted the ſame, for preſerving the life of a fellow citizen? yet how much leſs the claim of ſuch a ſervice! You are already ſufficiently rewarded, in

the inexpreſſible pleaſure attending the conſciouſneſs of the action; and doubtleſs you would be glad to have an opportunity of repeating it every day. Do not then envy the lot of Polydamus; you have gained much more than he, and you have hazarded nothing in compariſon of what he has loſt.

The other kind of ambition is leſs criminal, but more puerile and ridiculous. Its votaries do not preſumptuouſly aſpire to the rank of the great; but are content to affect their manners, and imitate them in a lower ſphere, to the beſt of their abilities.

The vulgar are ſo fully perſuaded, that vanity and arrogance are eſſentials in the dignity of the great, that when a man, who is juſt riſen out of obſcurity, takes upon him to conceal his origin, he thinks he cannot ſucceed better, than in making himſelf known in the world by his foppery and affectation. And, indeed, this might be an effectual method of impoſing upon mankind, if he imitated his original with more exactneſs.

Chryſes, touched with this frenzy, aſſumes the diſdainful look, the forbidding air, the haughty tone, and the contemptous ſmile: he receives petitions; but, without reading them, he anſwers, "I will conſider of it." He has authors, prieſts and players at his table, whom he engages in wrangling diſputes; then rallies them, and, if they are out of countenance, maliciouſly ſneers at them: in his diſcourſe, his walk, his geſtures and attitudes, he is as much a fop as a French marquis, but with leſs eaſe; all his follies are ſtudied, and appear to be the effect of art. Beſides, he does

not ſtrike his ſervants; he pays his debts punctually, and audits his ſteward's accounts; he has computed the value of his eſtates himſelf; his expences are limited by his revenue, and he neither mortgages nor ſells the inheritance which he intends ſhall deſcend to his children: ſo true it is, that the plebeian will always be diſcovered thro' affected nobility; for the real man of quality never deſcends to theſe minute particulars of a cit's œconomy.

SECT. II.

Of CIRCUMSPECTION *in* WORDS.

THE government of the tongue is a ſcience little known, but highly neceſſary and of great uſe. A conſiderable proficiency is already made in this art, when the ſoul is brought under proper diſcipline, and the thoughts, deſires and affections are regulated; for the tongue is no more than the interpreter of the mind. That which remains to be done is little, in compariſon of what has been already effected: the work, however, is not compleated; for there are thoughts, deſires and affections, which, although innocent while concealed in the breaſt, are yet indecent and culpable when divulged by the tongue. I may have the gallantries of Phoedima, without violating my conſcience; but, if I relate them, I become guilty. I am permitted to perceive, that Atys is a fulſome coxcomb; but I ceaſe to be innocent, if I indulge myſelf in rallying his follies with too much ſeverity. Polydore has voluntarily truſted

me with his ſecret; I have not drawn it from him, either by cunning or importunity: my honour is, as yet, unblemiſhed; but it would be forfeited if I ſhould betray him. I may be innocently acquainted with all the familiarities that paſs between lovers that live together on the ſame terms: I may underſtand the chart of love, better than the map of the world; but, if I ſhould expreſs myſelf on this ſubject in terms too clear, eſpecially before the ſex whoſe delicacy is ſooneſt alarmed, I ſhould tranſgreſs againſt virtue, modeſty and good manners.

ART. I. *Of* DETRACTION.

TO derogate from the reputation of a perſon, either by reporting ſome particular crime of which he has been guilty, or by diſcovering his ſecret vices, is an action in itſelf indifferent. It is not only lawful, but expedient, when it is productive of any good, either to the perſon accuſed, or to thoſe before whom the accuſation is brought. It is but juſt, to inform a father of the extravagancies of a libertine ſon; an abbot or prior, of the irregularities of a vagabond monk; the prince, of the treaſonable machinations of a ſeditious ſubject; and the public, of the villainy which a dangerous hypocrite conceals under a ſpecious appearance: eſpecially after attempting in vain to reform the offender, by friendly admonition and reproof. This is not properly detraction. By detraction is generally meant, a malicious invective againſt an abſent perſon, uttered merely to

depreciate and villify him. This term may be properly extended to defamatory libels; a ſpecies of detraction which is the more criminal, as the impreſſion which they make upon the mind is more deep and permanent: and, in all well regulated communities, it is made a crime cognizable by the magiſtrate, and puniſhed with exemplary ſeverity. There is leſs detraction in polite circles now, than heretofore; becauſe there is more gaming. Cards have ſaved more reputations, than could have been preſerved by a legion of miſſionaries ſent out merely to preach againſt detraction. But polite companies do not always play; conſequently, ſometimes they detract.

Detraction is, perhaps, the common vice of all mankind; but each individual gives it a turn peculiar to his character.

Ergaſtes, the miſanthrope, detracts with great freedom and plainneſs. As ſoon as a perſon is named in his hearing, he enumerates with the moſt ſcrupulous exactneſs all his faults, and is equally careful to ſuppreſs whatever might be ſaid to his advantage; always taking the deformed ſide of the original of which he is pleaſed to exhibit a picture.

Hermione, the coquet, is not altogether ſo unmerciful: to her ſprightly imagination a croud of objects is preſent at once, of whom her indulgent ſpleen makes but a ſlight ſketch, the outlines of a picture. In this manner ſhe will copy twenty originals in a quarter of on hour; beſtowing on each but a ſingle word, a little touch of malicious wantonneſs. How great a miſtreſs in detraction is Hermione!

The pious Dorothea is yet more reſerved; ſhe knows that it is a ſin to ſpeak evil of her neighbours, at leaſt without an abſolute neceſſity; and, indeed, ſhe ſeldom does it: on the contrary, ſhe deſires to ſpeak well of all the world. If ſhe has occaſion to mention a perſon that is abſent, ſhe begins by a detail of their good qualities; and when ſhe comes to the dark ſide of their character, ſhe ſtops ſhort: here the tenderneſs of her conſcience is diſplayed; ſhe plainly appears to ſuppreſs ſome ſtrokes, which would be diſadvantages to the picture; but theſe can only be ſupplied by conjecture. Helena happens to be the ſubject of her converſation. "This lady," ſays ſhe, "has great beau-"ty and wit; ſhe was educated too in virtuous "principles, but"—here ſhe ſtops. A perſon leſs cautious, perhaps, would have bluntly added, "But, ſhe has profited little by it." Dorothea ſtops at her *but*. They aſk an explication; they ſollicit it; ſhe is inpenetrable. "No," ſays ſhe, "it is nothing.—Have I not told you, that ſhe "has beauty and wit?"

ART. II. *Of* RAILLERY.

RAILLERY is leſs a breach of natural equity and the common rights of mankind, than detraction; becauſe the perſon whom it attacks being preſent, has generally an opportunity to defend himſelf. But if it is leſs criminal, it is often more offenſive: becauſe it aims two blows at the ſame time, one againſt reputation, and the other againſt ſelf-love; it at once degrades the

perſon, and puts him out of countenance. The malicious turn which it takes, ſeldom fails to add to the vexation that is felt at being charged with a fault, a miſcarriage, or an infirmity, the mortifying regret of not having inſtantly retorted the ſarcaſm by a ſeverer jeſt. Perſons would generally chuſe to be traduced when abſent, than rallied to their face.

Raillery, however, is not always an outrage; conſequenty, not always a crime; there are innocent railleries, which a fine genius of the laſt age compared to a flaſh of lightening that dazzles without burning.

If wit was always under the direction of prudence, whoever rallies would be circumſpect; for it is not fools that are here in danger of offending. But wit, and eſpecially that which is of the ſarcaſtic kind, is ſo far from being prudent and cautious, that it is generally raſh and inconſiderate in proportion as it is ſprightly and inventive. It gives ſo much pain to ſacrifice a jeſt, that when once it is conceived, rather than the vanity of ſhining in company ſhould not be gratified by giving it utterance, a friend is forfeited, a benefactor diſguſted, and a patron irrecoverably loſt.

I do not, however, abſolutely forbid raillery; this would be to render converſation lifeleſs, and to afford vice and folly a perpetual aſylum. Raillery, like ſalt, give an agreeable reliſh when the quantity is moderate; but is pungent and diſtaſteful when too much. Rally then, if your humour inclines you; but rally with prudence. Spare thoſe, whoſe age or character ſets them above you: it is a deteſtable impudence, to rally a hoary head,

a father, a maſter, or a magiſtrate. Be alſo tender of your inferiors, eſpecially thoſe whom you have no right to reprove. Your ſuperiority impreſſes them with a timid reſpect, and leaves them without defence: this is to attack with an unfair advantage; it is preſenting a piſtol to a man naked and unarmed.

But with reſpect to thoſe over whom you have any authority, whoſe manners you ought to influence and correct, raillery is often an efficacious means of bending them to the yoke of virtue and decorum. Perſons abſtain from actions for which they bluſh, with more caution than from thoſe which have more ſerious conſequences. The preſumption of youth often renders them inſenſible to fear; but ſelf-love, ſtung with a keen irony, feels all the pungency of its venom; and if they cannot retort the puniſhment, they will prevent it by correcting the fault.

But it is chiefly among equals that raillery is permited; it is then an innocent ſport or wit, an ingenious combat, in which victory, by continually changing ſides, affords an agreeable amuſement, if the ſtrength of the combatants is nearly equal; for he is a coward who rallies a perſon, to whom nature has denied the gift of repartee.

But even among equals, raillery ought to be rare, genteel, and moderate.

A man of ſenſe who underſtands raillery, will, notwithſtanding, be tired of perpetual pleaſantries; he will begin to be jealous, and to ſuſpect that he is really the object of contempt, and that there is a deſign to render him ridiculous: this diſquieting thought deprives him of his entertainment,

and he continues the conteſt only to make good his retreat; if he is puſhed, his defeat is inevitable; for, in combats of wit, eſpecially among friends, we ſhould be afraid of obtaining too complete a victory.

Raillery, to be delicate, muſt be levelled only at trivial defects; or thoſe, at leaſt, which paſs for ſuch: no charge muſt be brought, which if proved will render a man contemptible or infamous; nor muſt ſelf-love be too deeply wounded. Rally Memnon upon his awkward baſhfulneſs when he is about to dance a minuet, and far from being offended he will join in the laugh; for Memnon is a man of ſenſe, and conſequently does not make dancing with correctneſs and eaſe a point of honour. Rally Lucinda upon the length of time which ſhe employs at her toilet, and her heart will ſecretly exult with ſelf-adulation; conſcious that the time was not loſt, which ſhe employed to heighten the charms of nature with the ornaments of art. To rally the profane Alcander upon his irreligion, is to flatter him; for he glories in the character. But never rally an author on an unſucceſsful publication; do not name cowardice before Caſenovus the coward; and ſpare cuckoldom in the preſence of the contented Eugametes.

But however trivial the ſubject, let it be lightly touched; for to puniſh minute imperfections with the utmoſt poignancy of ſatire, is a ſpecies of injuſtice. The laughers, indeed, will be your abettors; they enjoy the malignity of your wit, but they will fear you in ſecret; and though you may excite laughter you will gain no friends.

ART. III. *Of* INDISCRETION.*

INDISCRETION in diſcourſe is a fault, in which injuſtice and imprudence are united: to reveal the ſecret of another, is to diſpoſe of that which is not your own property, and to betray your truſt; an injury which is the more criminal as it is irreparable. If you diſſipate a ſum committed to your keeping as a truſtee, it is poſſible that you may one day be able to make reſtitution; but a ſecret once revealed, can never be brought back into that friendly darkneſs which veiled it from the public eye.

Whether ſilence has or has not been promiſed, the obligation to ſecrecy is the ſame, if the nature of the circumſtance communicated be the ſame; to hear it out, is to engage not to diſcover it.

To recommend diſcretion to a confidant who is prudent and circumſpect, is an unneceſſary precaution; he knew how to be ſilent, without particular inſtruction: and to recommend it to a fool is alſo ſuperfluous, for his promiſe is no ſecurity: if he had not promiſed, he would have thought himſelf under no obligation to ſilence; and if by accident he keeps the ſecret, it is becauſe his memory has failed him, or an opportunity to reveal it has not offered: but if unfortunately he has promiſed to be diſcreet, neither memory nor opportunity can be wanting. After his promiſe is given, he weighs and examines it, which he neglected to do before; he begins to think he has gone

* The French word *indiſcretion*, has a peculiar relation to the *betraying a ſecret*, and cannot be literally tranſlated.

too far, and wiſhes to recal his word. How heavy a burden is a ſecret to a fool! He is in no danger of forgetting what has been formerly entruſted to his care; for is it poſſible that he ſhould, without thinking of it, carry about ſo inſupportable a weight? He imagines that every one ſees the intolerable oppreſſion of his mind, that the inmoſt receſſes of his breaſt are diſcovered, and the ſecret read on his heart. To prevent the vexation of having it found out in ſpite of his attempts to hide it, he reſolves to betray his truſt; having firſt informed his new confidant, that what he is about to diſcover is of the utmoſt importance.

If my word may be taken, it is the ſafeſt way to keep your ſecret yourſelf: but if it lies heavy upon you, and you cannot reſt till it is communicated, with what reaſon can you complain, that another by the ſame means frees himſelf from the like perplexity?

Aphroſyne takes me aſide with a myſterious air, and whiſpers me, "You know, ſays ſhe, the no-"bleman whoſe viſites here are ſo frequent—well, "he makes me a lady to-morrow, the marriage "articles are already drawn: but I charge you "don't mention it; for he is ſo odd a man, that I "know he would immediately break off the "match, if he ſhould hear that I had ſpoken of "it." The moment after ſhe has left me, twenty other confidants gather round me in a crowd, to tell me what I know as well as they: Aphroſyne preſently diſcovers that it is the common news of the day; and I am, however wrongfully, confounded with a ſet of blabs and tatlers. I

would almoſt as willingly be a receiver of ſtolen goods, as the depoſitory of a babler's ſecret.

Be, however, conſtant on your guard; for although you are indeed an only confidant, you may find yourſelf in danger from the cunning curioſity of thoſe, who, pretending to ſhare the confidence of your friend, may draw from you a certain knowlege of what before they only ſuſpected: this is a common ſtratagem, a ſnare which, though laid every day, is every day ſucceſsful.

But though it ſhould be true, that what is confided to you is alſo entruſted to others, it is no reaſon why you ſhould betray the ſecret. You are ſtill bound to keep it with inviolable fidelity; and even to conceal your knowlege of it from thoſe, with whom it has been depoſited by the principal: for it is poſſible, that your appearing to be ignorant to theſe very perſons, may be a circumſtance of great importance. But you ſay, "The ſecret "has been revealed already by another:" and what inference would you draw from thence? Does the infidelity of another authoriſe you to be unfaithful? you have accepted a truſt, and none but the perſon who repoſed it can diſcharge you from it; he alone who has communicated the ſecret to you, has a right to diſpenſe with your obligations to ſilence. Even a breach of friendſhip cannot annul this obligation; a man is not acquitted of his debts by quarrelling with his creditor. What a deteſtable perfidy is it, to employ thoſe arms againſt a man as an enmey, which he entruſted with a friend! And though the tender ties of friendſhip are broken, are you therefore abſolved from thoſe of juſtice and honour? It is to no pur-

poſe to allege, that, by betraying our ſecret, the ungrateful wretch whom you deteſt has merited your hatred; and that, therefore, to diſcloſe his, is but to retaliate the injury. How prepoſterous is the revenge which you meditate! to puniſh treachery, you would yourſelf become a traitor!

The ſecret of others ſhould be lodged, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, in ſome concealed receſs of the memory where the mind never enters. We muſt, if poſſible, hide it even from ourſelves, leſt we ſhould be tempted to apply it to ſome ſiniſter purpoſe. To uſe this knowlege either to the prejudice of the perſon who communicated it, or to our own private advantage, would be to trade with a ſum of which we are not the proprietors; a breach of truſt, which the deſire of revenge, in itſelf criminal, ſurely can never juſtify!

You know Aſpondus poſſeſſes a lucrative poſt, and perhaps you imagine that he obtained it by his addreſs and capacity; it was, nevertheleſs, the price of treachery. His friend Philoctetes ſolicited for this place, upon its becoming vacant; certain meaſures had been intimated to him, by which he would be ſure to diſappoint competitors: elevated at the near approach of his good fortune, he communicates the ſecret to Aſpondus, that he might participate in his pleaſure. The next morning Aſpondus was in poſſeſſion of the poſt. I will uſe, ſaid he to Philoctetes, who in ſpite of circumſtances yet doubted of his perfidy; I will readily uſe all the intereſt which I ſhall gain by my new rank, to ſerve you: but do not take it amiſs, this place was juſt the thing I wanted, and I have procured it for myſelf: would not you have done the ſame?

No, traitor! replied Philoctetes, if you had made me your confidant.

But how much greater is the enormity, to pervert the benefits which have been heaped upon us, to the ruin of our benefactor! There are favours which ought always to be concealed; and that gratitude which makes it a duty to publish others, obliges us yet more strongly to conceal these. But those which ought to be published, are kept secret by ingratitude; and those which ought to be concealed, are published by vanity.

Corylas is an agreeable young fellow, formed to live well with the ladies. If you would know the particulars of his amours, you need only introduce the subject; for he makes no secret of his conquests. I will not affirm that he does not exaggerate the number; he does, however, but exaggerate, and the public acknowleges the truth of many upon incontestible evidence. Among these he has mentioned Nerina; and Nerina, in a few months, will produce a living witness of his veracity. He has boasted of favours from Clitia; and these are so well known, that no others will solicit them: He has exposed Amynta; and the lovely victim of his falshood now laments that weakness in the gloom of a cloister, of which her tears are a proof: He has gloried in the ruin of Leonora; and the resentment of the husband, who is convinced of his dishonour, does but too well attest the triumph of the lover.

ART. IV. *Of* CONVERSATION *on Subjects of* GALLANTRY.*

MY deſign is not wholly to exclude ſubjects of gallantry from converſation, but to point out the manner in which they are to be treated.

Although a greater liberty of expreſſion may be uſed in companies, which conſiſt but of one ſex; yet obſcenity is always odious and deteſtable to perſons of good ſenſe and ſound morals.

To expreſs ourſelves on ſubjects by which modeſty may be alarmed, there are two languages wholly oppoſite: that of phyſicians, old women, and the vulgar, is groſs, broad, and diſguſting; the other conſiſts of choſen words, myſterious circumlocution, and enigmatical turns, which, if they do not adorn the ſubject, at leaſt cover its nakedneſs; and this is the language ſpoken by polite gentlemen to ladies, which, though it has the appearance of obſcurity, is however ſufficiently perſpicuous. It is fit the ladies ſhould be converſed with on this ſubject, in expreſſions which only glance at a meaning; the quickneſs of their apprehenſion, and delicacy of their ear, would be equally injured by more direct terms: their imagination, as a modern writer expreſſes it, loves to walk in the ſhade.

The fair ſex may be divided into two claſſes; maids, or, at leaſt, ſingle ladies who paſs for ſuch; and thoſe who are or have been married: to the

* The different *manners* of the two nations, made it neceſſary for the tranſlator to deviate a little from the original, in this Section.

latter any ſubject may be mentioned, if the expreſſion is polite and chaſte; but the former are ſuppoſed to be wholly ignorant of a great variety of circumſtances, with which married ladies are known to be well acquainted; and it would, certainly, be a breach of good manners in every ſenſe of the word, to converſe with them in any terms on ſubjects which it does not become them to underſtand. The converſation cannot, therefore, be keept at too great a diſtance from ſuch ſubjects in their preſence. It is the inviolable maxim and the characteriſtic of a fine gentleman, never to let an expreſſion eſcape him which may give pain to a modeſt ear, or raiſe a bluſh in a lady's cheek: in the polite world a cynic is a monſter.

But it may be aſked, what are thoſe licentious expreſſions by which female modeſty is offended? what muſt be ſubſtituted in their ſtead? and when after long application and laborious ſtudy I ſhall have attained this knowlege, who can aſſure me, that the ſame word which produces no emotion in Aſpaſia, will not cover Emilia with a bluſh? To gain a perfect knowlege of a language, it is neceſſary to ſtudy it in the country where it is ſpoken; and in that country we alſo muſt ſpeak it, if we deſire to be underſtood. The pure and polite language which I now recommend, purged of all groſs expreſſions, impertinent minutiæ, and indecent double meanings, is ſpoken only in good company; there it is to be learnt, and there it is to be uſed; but it is neceſſary that I ſhould explain what is meant by good company. Subtract, firſt, the brutiſh and unpoliſhed, all who are deſtitute of morality, delicacy, and taſte; then the preci-

ſian, the bigot, the pedant, and the fop; the remainder will be good company, — a ſociety of worthy perſons, free and good-humoured, by whom virtue, decency, and good-breeding are held ſacred. Among theſe there will be held a common ſtock of wit and gaiety, raiſed by a mutual contribution; a polite freedom will here be admitted, though licentiouſneſs be excluded; and pleaſure will take place, though wiſdom be not baniſhed.

SECT. III.

Of CIRCUMSPECTION *in* ACTIONS, *or* DECORUM.

THE reader is not to expect, that I ſhould here trace out a general plan of conduct; for it is not my deſign to comprize, under this head, a complete ſyſtem of morality. I ſhall here, as under the foregoing ſection, preſuppoſe, that the deſires and affections are already brought under a due regulation, and confined to their proper bounds: my ſubject therefore does ont lead me to deter from vice, but only to expoſe certain branches of decorum, which, although not the effects of a vicious principle, do yet deſerve reprehenſion.

If God alone was witneſs to our actions, our heart being irreproachable, our conduct alſo would be blameleſs; for of this, God judges by the intention. Mankind, on the contrary, who ſee only externals, judge of the intention by the conduct; and it is by the teſtimony of their ſenſes that they examine and eſtimate each other. It is, therefore, equally our intereſt and duty, not to excite any ſuſpicion by which our reputation would ſuffer;

it is our intereſt; becauſe, as our well-being greatly depends upon the aſſiſtance of others, it is of great importance to gain their eſteem; their benevolence and good offices being always in proportion to their opinion of our merit. It is our duty; becauſe we contribute to the virtue of ſociety, by a conduct which renders them virtuous by inclination, and gives a reliſh to our duty. It is not ſufficient, therefore, that virtue lies hidden in the heart; it muſt be rendered viſible, it muſt diffuſe a luſtre round all our actions, which may diſſipate ſuſpicion and ſet our intention in the faireſt light.

Euſebius fears, honours, and ſerves the Almighty; Euſebius, notwithſtanding, is branded with impiety: he imprudently ridicules the worſhip which cuſtom has eſtabliſhed among his fellow-citizens; he offers no incenſe to the God of his country, and for this reaſon is reputed an atheiſt. Evergetus is compaſſionate, liberal, and active; but he has a reſerved manner, an auſtere look, and ſpeaks little. The wretched, whom misfortune has made timid, are kept at a diſtance by theſe forbidding appearances; but thoſe, who dare to approach, never return without conſolation and relief. Thus Evergetus, becauſe his benevolent mind is concealed under a diſcourteous behaviour, is ranked among the brutiſh and inhuman. Adelaide is a woman of virtue, faithful to her huſband, and punctual in the diſcharge of every duty; but the exceſſive gaiety of her dreſs, the freedom of her converſation, and her injudicious choice of company, are univerſally decried; the ſecret receſſes of her heart are not ſearched to denomi-

nate her character, the point is already decided, and Adelaide is reputed a wanton.

The great art of decorum conſiſts in two points; 1. Perform no action that is not ſtamped with the characteriſtics of rectitude and virtue. 2. Do not perform even thoſe actions which the law of nature permits or requires, otherwiſe than in the manner, and under the limitations preſcribed.

From the firſt of theſe points ariſes good example; and from the ſecond, public decency.

ART. I. *Of* GOOD EXAMPLES.

TO love our ſpecies, is to wiſh them thoſe things which we judge neceſſary to their happineſs, and to communicate them to the utmoſt of our abilities. And nothing being more eſſential to happineſs than virtue, the firſt and moſt important duty of ſociety is to diſplay it in all its beauty, that it may be ſeen by all, and by whomſoever it is ſeen may be beloved. Example is beſt adapted to produce this effect, and is often the only method in our power. Every man cannot compoſe books, preach ſermons, or make laws; for every man has not equal abilities, leiſure, or authority: beſides, theſe are but pictures which, as they are inanimate, ſeldom touch the heart, and exhibit but imperfect and mutilated repreſentations of virtue. The pen and the tongue itſelf, like the pencil, paint but the ſurface of objects; and of this ſurface they exhibit no more than can be diſcovered at one view and in one attitude; nor can they animate the piece with motion. Example is a living picture, which repreſents virtue in action,

and communicates the impulſe that moves it to the heart of every ſpectator. And every one has it in his power to give an example of virtue; ſince to this nothing more is neceſſary than to act like a virtuous man.

Thus adorable is the divine wiſdom, which of all poſſible means of promoting rectitude of manners, has rendered that practicable to all men, the effect of which is moſt certain. Some indeed can contribute more than others, but all may contribute in a degree. Every ſtar is radiant, but the orbits of all are not equally extended: ſo it is with examples of virtue; every one ſhines in its peculiar circle, and illuminates and vivifies whatever is within the reach of its influence: but a prince, if he is virtuous, diffuſes more extenſive light and life than a private citizen, who although he ſhines is ſeen but by a few. Not that a virtuous man on a throne is a ſtar of a greater magnitude, or more brilliant light; his rays are more extenſive only, becauſe they are beamed from a more elevated ſtation.

ART. II. *Of* PUBLIC DECENCY.

TO violate public decency, is to be defective in a branch of decorum to which we are under the ſtricteſt obligation.

You are the huſband of Agathia, and in virtue of this relation have a right to familiarities with her which ſhe does not conteſt; but the altar at which this was conferred, is not the place in which it is to be enjoyed; and the witneſſes of your ſolemn engagment are not to be witneſſes of your

conjugal embraces. Thiſbe ardently wiſhes to be in the arms of Pyramus, and this wiſh is innocent; but ſhe muſt not throw herſelf on his boſom. Let her ſigh in ſecret for the happy moment, which is to unite her to the man ſhe loves; when it arrives, let her without ſcruple admit his innocent careſſes, her conduct will be irreproachable; but let her not anticipate them by too wanton an impatience.

Reſerve and baſhfulneſs in the fair ſex, are real perfections; nor is modeſty a virtue of human invention.

Man being the nobleſt work of nature, ſhe has been eminently careful in his preſervation; and in order to perpetuate his ſpecies, ſhe has excited him to the means by pleaſures ſo animated, and yet ſo tender, that they have ſeduced thoſe auſtere philoſophers, who ridiculouſly boaſt a ſuperiority to every ſenſual enjoyment; and the bluſh which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of this exquiſite delight, is one of thoſe attractive charms which heightens enjoyment with new pleaſure, by only half diſcloſing ſenſations which ſhould always be half concealed. Nor let us imagine this end unworthy the Majeſty of the Creator, or that he is degraded by ſupplying us with the means of pleaſure. Look around you, and contemplate nature in her utmoſt extent and moſt ſecret receſſes; deſcend to the beds of rivers and the bottom of the deep, and ſearch the bowels of the earth: among the works of the Almighty not one in a thouſand will appear abſolutely neceſſary to our exiſtence; all the reſt are ſubſervient to our pleaſure.

But let not modeſty and chaſtity be confounded.

Modeſty is, if you will have it ſo, a kind of virtue. I will venture however to affirm, that it is no more than a branch of decorum founded on the expediency of maintaining public decency; becauſe there are caſes in which the rigour of modeſty may be abated; but our obligation to chaſtity is conſtant and univerſal, which is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of virtue. Sincerity, for example, is a virtue, becauſe it is of indiſpenſable obligation. Modeſty and chaſtity are ſo eſſentially different, that a woman who would not ſuffer you to ſee even her arm uncovered, may at the ſame time burn with an adulterous flame: and of this the eaſtern ladies are flagrant inſtances, who, in general, have no leſs incontinence than modeſty. Darkneſs and privacy ſuſpend the obligation to modeſty, but the obligation to chaſtity remains.

As a general rule, a thick veil ſhould be drawn over all thoſe actions which natural inſtinct prompts us to conceal from the public eye. I ſhall not particularize any; becauſe I myſelf ſhould then offend againſt that public decency which is my ſubject, and which ought not to be leſs reſpected in our conduct.

CHAP. II.

Of FORTITUDE.

FORTITUDE is that ſtrength or dignity of mind, which elevates us above vulgar fears; and enables us, when circumſtances make it neceſſary, to encounter and bear up againſt danger,

pain, and adverſity. I ſay, when it becomes neceſſary; becauſe to ruſh into them, when they may be avoided with honour, is rather folly than greatneſs of mind. When, therefore, is it neceſſary to ſuffer? Doubtleſs, when the evil is inevitable, or when it is productive of a greater good. To endure an inevitable evil with conſtancy, is patience; voluntarily to expoſe ourſelves to an evil as the means of a greater good, is courage.

SECT. I.

Of PATIENCE.

THE evils by which life is embittered, may be reduced to four claſſes: 1. *Natural evils*; thoſe to which we are by nature ſubjected as men, and as periſhable animals. 2. Thoſe from which we might be exempted by a virtuous and prudent conduct, but which are the inſeparable conſequences of imprudence or vice, which we ſhall call *puniſhments*. 3. Thoſe by which the fortitude of the good is exerciſed; ſuch as the *perſecutions* raiſed againſt them by the wicked. To theſe may be added, 4. The *oppoſition* againſt which we muſt perpetually ſtruggle, ariſing from the diverſity of ſentiments, manners, and characters, of the perſons among whom we live. Under all theſe evils patience is not only neceſſary, but uſeful: it is neceſſary, becauſe the laws of nature have made it a duty; and to murmur againſt natural events, is to affront Providence: it is uſeful, becauſe it renders our ſufferings lighter, ſhorter, and leſs dangerous. If an epileptic perſon be left to

to himſelf, you will ſee him with terror employ his hands againſt himſelf, become his own murderer, and welter in his blood. His epilepſy was an evil; but the wounds he has given himſelf, have greatly increaſed it: of the epilepſy he might have been cured, or at leaſt he might have lived under it; but his wounds are mortal.

ART. I. *Of* NATURAL EVILS.

I HAVE already ſaid, that natural evils are thoſe which the Creator has inſeparably connected with human life; and theſe are not ſo numerous, as they have been generally imagined. The infelicities of infancy, the pain of child-bearing, the loſs of thoſe who are dear to us, the infirmities of old age, and death, will, I believe, be found to include all natural evils: the reſt are either imaginary, or the bitter fruit of the corruption of mankind, diſeaſes themſelves not excepted; becauſe they are generally the productions of man, and have ſeldom any other cauſes than his imprudence, idleneſs, or intemperance.

Among all the natural evils, two only, in my judgment, are of moment; the death of thoſe whom we love, and of ourſelves: theſe are the only two which require any firmneſs of mind to ſuſtain them. A very common ſhare of fortitude, or, perhaps, that which does not deſerve the name of fortitude, will ſuffice for the reſt.

It is now more than thirty years, ſince I forgot the evils of infancy: but whatever they were, they do not belong to my ſubject; becauſe, no argument for patience can be adapted to that age. Be-

ſides, whether an infant in a cradle be patient or not, is, I believe, a matter of indifference in morality, which has no relation to thoſe who, as yet, are endued with no more than a blind inſtinct. St. Auſtin was not the only one, who beat his nurſe; but, perhaps, he is the only one, who very ſeriouſly reproached himſelf with it as a crime: the conſcience of that pious father was certainly very tender.

How acute the pangs of child-bearing are, I cannot know; but I judge they are not intolerable, from the intrepidity of thoſe widows who venture on a ſecond marriage, and by their being patiently endured by brutes.

Nor do the aged appear to have much more reaſon to complain: becauſe, in proportion as their infirmities increaſe in number and degree, their ſenſibility alſo becomes more languid; and becauſe, to them, the mere pleaſure of living compenſates the pains of life. An old man's greateſt infelicity is the near proſpect of death, to which a young man ſubmits with a much better grace.

But the loſs of a friend, a ſon, a father, or a wife, who was the object of our tendereſt affection, are ſtrokes of adverſity that wound us deeply, and are moſt ſenſibly felt; and all our ſtrength of mind is ſcarce ſufficient to ſuſtain the ſhock.

A wound which is curable in a ſound body, may be mortal in one that is ſhattered by diſeaſes, or labouring under a cachexy: ſo a wound in the ſoul, however healthful and vigorous, may cauſe the acuteſt pain; but the goodneſs of its conſtitution, a virtuous habit, (for virtue is the health

of the ſoul) will at leaſt prevent her from ſinking under it, and at length perfect the cure; ſo that of a deep wound, there ſhall be no remains but a ſuperficial ſcar.

In violent pain, either of body or mind, we ſhould equally avoid impiety and ſelf-depreſſion. Let us apply this maxim to a particular caſe.

Death has ſnatched from your arms an amiable wife, who was adorned with every natural and acquired excellence; and in whom the ſeven qualifications, which the great Henry, who was certainly a good judge of female perfection, deſired to find in woman, were united; — beauty, diſcretion, ſweetneſs of temper, a ſprightly wit, fertility, wealth, and noble extraction. But is this a reaſon, why you ſhould accuſe your fate of cruelty; that is, Providence of injuſtice? Does this authorize you to renounce your life, abandon your employment, and neglect your duty; to indulge the tranſports of grief to diſtraction, or ſink into a ſtupid inſenſibility; your impatience is a ſuperadded evil, which can neither remove nor alleviate that which before oppreſſed you; and what is yet worſe, it is a careleſs and guilty revolt againſt the ſupreme authority of the univerſal Monarch. Your wife was born to die, and you received her under the condition of mortality. Her death (an event which you ought to have foreſeen, and which indeed you did foreſee, is now paſt; and what is there in all this, that can juſtify your complaint? God lent her to you but for a term, of which he did not acquaint you with the limits; this term is expired, and what injuſtice has he done you in taking her back? But you did not expect to loſe her

ſo ſoon. — And why ſo; ſince he never aſſured you, that you ſhould poſſeſs her ſo long? Is God to be reproached, becauſe you flattered yourſelf with groundleſs expectations? Enjoyment becomes too habitual; and we are apt to build a claim of future, upon the poſſeſſion of preſent happineſs. It was at leaſt as probable, that your wife would die before you, as that ſhe ſhould be the ſurvivor; and yet you think it ſtrange, that ſhe has left you behind her. But if death had taken you firſt, is it certain that you would have found no cauſe to complain? would not you have affected a participation in the pain, which ſhe would be ſuppoſed to feel at your loſs? The wife, however, muſt either die before the huſband, or the huſband before the wife. Perhaps, indeed, you deſired, that both might expire the ſame inſtant; but does the deſire of an event give you a right to demand it? Theſe reflections, I perceive, have had ſome effect upon your mind; you reſolve to inſult the Almighty, by impious murmurings no more: but this is not enough. You have, indeed, made ſome advances towards virtue, but you muſt approach alſo to reaſon; you reverence the hand that afflicts you, but you ſtill ſink under the affliction. The tears which ſtand in your eyes, either increaſe the magnitude, or change the figure of the objects around you. You imagine yourſelf the moſt unfortunate of mankind; there is no ſituation which you do not think preferable to your own; and yet, the loſs which you have ſuffered, does not put you into a ſtate of poſitive miſery; it is no more than a mere privation of pleaſure: and, perhaps, to be ſeparated by death from a

wife we love, is a leſs evil, than to be obliged to live with one whom we hate: this puniſhment at leaſt is longer, and is inflicted to the laſt hour with equal rigour: grief, on the contrary, however violent, becomes every day leſs and leſs. It is by neglecting to obſerve this circumſtance, that we deceive ourſelves. We imagine, that this piercing ſenſe of ſorrow ſhall continue to the end of life; and it is deemed a defect in delicacy of ſentiment, to dare to think of ever being leſs touched at the rememberance of our loſs: we imagine, that we ſhall for ever ſink under inſupportable deſpair; and, to render our grief yet more intenſe, we add the future to the preſent. Before you poſſeſſed the object which you now regret, was you conſcious to the want of ſomething ſo eſſential to your happineſs? had you the ſame painful deſire of an abſent good, as that which now ſets you on the rack? you acknowlege the contrary. Leave your affliction to time, time will infallibly remove it; and you will find yourſelf exactly in the ſame circumſtances, as you were before you poſſeſſed what you have now loſt. After a long interval, to have loſt, and not to have poſſeſſed, is almoſt the ſame thing. Your ſorrow will be changed into a tender rememberance, or it may be wholly obliterated by a new engagement. My ſuppoſition offends you; but ten years hence it will appear more probable, and leſs injurious.

But who is that other object which excites my pity? It is not a huſband weeping over the grave of a wife, but the antient Zozimus who is now dying. His ghaſtly and diſtorted countenance, his livid complexion, and his fixed and languid eyes,

already confirm the hopes of his impatient heir. He is given over by his phyſician; for what can be effected on a machine that is worn out by long uſe, on a body whoſe vital powers are exhauſted? The phyſician is however ſucceeded by the prieſt, who ſtands at the patient's bed-ſide, and endeavours at leaſt to ſave his ſoul. "Alas! is it then "impoſſible," ſays Zozimus in a mournful and faultering voice, "is it impoſſible that I ſhould re-"cover!—Polychronus is five years older than "I, and yet he is juſt recovered from the ſame "diſeaſe.—Yes, I too ſhall recover;—I feel "new ſtrength, and my conſtitution is ſtill ſound." It is, however, gently intimated to him by his attendants, that he is nearer to his end than he imagines. This he reſents and diſbelieves; they repeat it in ſtronger terms: his diſorder increaſes; and, at length, he himſelf begins to be leſs confident of his recovery. His terror throws him into confuſion and agony; he ſhrieks at the proſpect before him; he weeps, he deſpairs, he calls his crucifix to his aſſiſtance, his patron ſaint, and his guardian angel; but they are deaf to his invocation. What can he do in this dreadful extremity? he wrangles with death, and ſtruggles againſt him with all his ſtrength; if he muſt die, let it at leaſt be confeſſed, that it was againſt his will. Alas, poor Zozimus! and what have you been doing, for almoſt a century that you have been crauling about upon the earth? You came hither but to learn to die, and have only contracted a ſtronger attachment to life! What would you gain if that century could return? what, but ſome years of miſery and regret, which perhaps would be yet

more pungent at the expiration of your reprieve. Death is a debt which muſt be paid; and life was given you only upon that condition. Inſtead of repining at the approach of the mortal hour, give thanks to God, that, although on the breaking of a fibre, of a thread more than a hundred times finer than the ſmalleſt hair, you would have dropped into the grave; yet your life has been preſerved till this day.

A zealous Chriſtian would rather forfeit his head, than ſuffer himſelf to be circumciſed; and a religious Jew, at Rome, would chuſe rather to be burnt, than baptized: becauſe both the Jew and the Chriſtian firmly believe, that his inflexibility is eſſential to a good conſcience. One of them, however, is in an error; and neither of them has demonſtrative evidence in his favour. But you whom God has been pleaſed to viſit with a mortal diſeaſe, are certain of his will; it is a demonſtrative truth, that it is his will you ſhould be ſick, ſince ſick you are, and he is omnipotent. You would anathematize whoever ſhould embrace the opinions of Confucius or Mahomet; and yet are guilty of a greater crime, by murmuring at the fever which is commiſſioned to deſtroy you. What then would be your conduct, if you had nothing to hope after death? You expect to be happy in another life; and yet you repine at the ſtroke, which opens to you the door of immortality. 'But it is not, you ſay, ſo much the loſs of 'life that alarms you, as the uncertainty of what 'ſhall ſucceed; who knows whether he is the ob'ject of the divine favour or diſpleaſure? ſuch 'dreadful tales are told of the other world, as

• may well make the boldeſt tremble.' Fear not, however, to truſt your future fate to God. He has perhaps been repreſented to you, as a ſevere and unjuſt maſter, who demands what he has not lent, and expects to reap where he has not ſown. He is, indeed, too frequently painted in theſe odious colours: but can you imagine there is any reſemblance of the original, in theſe blaſphemous portraits — the work of melancholy and ſuperſtition! — when they differ ſo greatly from that fair copy of divine benignity and love, which is traced by the hand of God himſelf in all his works! God is a tender father, and good to all his children: to thoſe who pay him a filial obedience, bountiful to profuſion; and even to the rebellious, placable and indulgent.

ART. II. *Of* PUNISHMENTS.

THERE are other evils which may alſo be termed *natural*; becauſe, in conſequence of the eſtabliſhed order of nature, they are the neceſſary effects of corrupt morals: as infamy of fraud, poverty of prodigality, and debility and diſeaſe of intemperance.

Oenophilus, in his fortieth year, has all the infirmities of old age; his body totters, his hands tremble, his head ſhakes, and his voice falters: an hidden fire in his bowels dries up the vital juices, and conſumes his ſtrength; but it is a fire of his own kindling, which he has alſo continued and increaſed by the immoderate uſe of wine and ſtrong liquors. Lemarchus is tormented by frequent and excruciating paroxyſms of the gout; for which he

is indebted to the ſkill and dexterity of his cook, the luxury of his table, and perhaps to ſome other exceſſes which equally enervate the body.

How wretched is the condition of Aſotus! a little garret with bare walls is his whole apartment; and of this, a flock-bed covered with rags takes up two thirds. Cold, nakedneſs, and ſhame compel him to lie in this bed, till the day is far ſpent. At night a lamp ſuited to the place, a true ſepulchre lamp, rather adds horror than diffuſes light. By the feeble glimmering of this languid flame, he eats a dry curſt of bread, his whole repaſt! yet, poor as it is, he is not ſure that he ſhall be able to renew it to-morrow. What are become of his countleſs treaſures, his immenſe revenues which appeared ſufficient to maintain a whole province? It may as well be aſked, what becomes of water in a ſieve, or of wax in a furnace. Luxury, gaming, women, uſurers, and his ſteward, are the bottomleſs gulphs which have ſwallowed up his opulence. But is there not one among all his friends, who knows him in his adverſity, and ſtretches out the hand of bounty for his relief? Is there not one among all his friends? alas! had he ever a friend? if he had, he would have him ſtill; for, whatever may have been ſaid, adverſity never baniſhed a friend; it only diſperſes thoſe who unjuſtly aſſume the name: and if adverſity is productive of any good, which ſurely cannot be denied, this is one of its principal advantages; for the loſs of a falſe friend, is a real gain: and if Aſotus has any cauſe of complaint, it is only of never having had a friend that was ſincere.

The character of Philocerdes is blaſted by vio-

lence and extortion; that of Aphystas by treachery and fraud; and Phryne's by immodesty. Every vice is the natural cause of some kind of punishment. The tyrant, whose frown intimidates nations, trembles every moment for himself. A father who permits licentiousness in his family, will find his folly severely punished, by the disgrace which the vices of his children will bring upon him. A mother's inclination to gallantry and intrigue will contaminate the blood of her daughters, and their scandalous adventures will cover her with infamy. A subtil hypocrite in vain conceals from others, those vices which would render him infamous; his own knowlege of them is sufficient to ensure an adequate punishment; consciousness of guilt, and involuntary remorse, shall give him up to the worm that never dies, and fill his bosom with perpetual anguish. Or, if the divine justice suffers the few wretches, whose habitual guist has rendered conscience insensible, to enjoy a flattering reprive while they live; it is because death only consigns them to a more dreadful punishment: for sooner or latter, an impartial retribution must take place.

God, doubtless, chastises in the character of a parent: it is therefore probable, that he never chastises but to reform. I will venture to affirm, that even the punishments to be inflicted in a future state, are no more than means of reformation, if they are not eternal; and that they are eternal, is so far from being the voice of reason, that reason strongly intimates the contrary. I cannot believe, that almighty goodness, like a vindictive mortal, punishes even

his guilty creatures, for the barbarous pleaſure of contemplating their miſery. If he puniſhes them, it is to allienate them from vice by an experimental knowlege of the mercies which it never fails to produce. Nor can I form any conception of a juſt and good being, who puniſhes merely to revenge; much leſs, who takes vengeance for ever. Revenge would not have been forbidden to man, if God had permitted it to himſelf; becauſe man is his image. But whatever be the motive or end of future puniſhments, it is certain, that thoſe which are inflicted in this life are no more than parental corrections intended only to recal us to paths of virtue: and this is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe.

If you were ſlumbering in a lethargy, from which you could only be recovered by being rendered ſenſible of pain; you could not, ſurely, blame the ſurgeon, whoſe lancet reſtored ſenſation, and awakened you from the ſleep of death. And ſuch exactly is the ſeverity, which is exerciſed by the Almighty in chaſtiſing our vices and follies. The pains which our vices bring upon us, are much leſs than thoſe which they remove: but to render them perfectly efficacious, it is not only neceſſary that God ſhould puniſh as a father; but that theſe ſalutary corrections ſhould alſo be received by us, with the dutiful ſubmiſſion and docility of children.

ART. III. *Of* PERSECUTION.

THE friends of virtue are not jealous rivals, who mutually endeavour to deſtroy each other; on the contrary, nothing gives them a more ſenſible pleaſure than to ſee their number increaſe. It is from the enemies of virtue only, that injuries are to be feared; and as theſe injuries are inevitable evils, they ought to be expected with temper, and ſuſtained with conſtancy. If we form our ideas of happineſs from popular opinion, it is ſo far from being neceſſarily connected with virtue, that they are ſcarce ever united. Wealth, titles, elevated ſtations, and temporal dominion, are not her inheritance. She is an orphan, abandoned, unknown, deſtitute of friends, without a portion. Her beauty, from time to time, makes a few conqueſts; but the love that was kindled by her perſon, is commonly extinguiſhed by her indulgence. And there is yet another reaſon why her lovers are few; the avenues to her dwelling are fenced up with briers and thorns, and guarded by evil genii who keep off thoſe that approach it, ſome by threatenings, others by promiſes, ſome by open force, and ſome by ſtratagem and cunning. There is however one circumſtance, which ought to encourage the lovers of virtue, and teach them perſeverance; they are ſecure of conqueſt, if their paſſion is ſincere. To love virtue is to poſſeſs her; ſhe eſcapes from thoſe alone, who betray her by inconſtancy or weakneſs: and by thoſe who love her, ſhe can never be betrayed. Nor are there any who become unfaithful to virtue, but through a fond attachment to ſome fallacious good which

ſhe either with-holds or takes away; ſuch as indolence, eaſe, the pomp of life, and the favour of the great. But to prefer to virtue, or even to put in competition with her, any temporal advantage, the mitre, the tiara, or the regal diadem itſelf,—is more than not to love her, it is not to know her. To put air, and ſmoke, and tinſel, in competition with virtue! what an injury! what an inſult!—but to give theſe the preference! what an horrid profanation!

The vicious, who, as the majority, are the governing part of the world, have never dared publicly to ſtigmatize virtue; nor do they ever oppoſe her under that name. To juſtify their perſecutions, they give her odious appellations, pretend to know her, and canonize vice diſguiſed in her ornaments and apparel. They call integrity and fair dealing, puerile ſimplicity; the forgiveneſs of injuries, cowardice; prudent circumſpection, pedantic gravity; the contempt of gold, folly; and generoſity, weakneſs. Ambition, on the contrary, is in their language transformed into noble emulation; cunning and fraud, are induſtry and addreſs; bigotted hypocriſy takes the name of piety; knaviſh chicanery, that of refined policy; falſe pretences, ſubtle evaſions, and diſſimulation, are maſter-pieces of prudence; tranſports of paſſion, are vivacity; pride, dignity of ſentiment; thirſt of revenge, an indiſpenſible point of honour; and ferocity, courage. The encomiums of theſe wretches are inſults; endeavour, therefore, to render yourſelf unworthy of them. Their favours are poiſoned; be careful not to merit them, for they cannot be obtained but at the expence of vir-

tue. When we are deliberating on an enterprize, which we may either attempt or relinquiſh as ſhall appear moſt eligible; it is not only allowable but neceſſary, to weigh all the advantageous circumſtances which may attend the execution: but we muſt not ſuppoſe there are any ſuch circumſtances, when the work before us is a duty. A ſoldier is commanded to mount the breach; it is not his buſineſs to examine the riſque he runs, but to march forward without deliberation, although his death appears to be inevitable: for the word of command is not conditional. In the ſame manner let us march under the ſtandard of virtue, without reflecting on the danger to which we may be expoſed; which, if it is an evil, ought to be conſidered as inevitable, becauſe it cannot be ſhunned but by breach of faith; and to be weary of ſuffering for virtue, is to make great approaches to vice.

Is your reputation ſullied by inviduous calumnies? Rejoice, that your character cannot ſuffer but by falſe imputations. You are arraigned in a court of judicature, and are unjuſtly condemned; paſſion has influenced both your proſecutor and your judge, and you cannot forbear repining that you ſuffer although innocent. But would it have been better, that you ſhould have ſuffered being guilty? Would the greateſt misfortune that can befal a virtuous man, be to you a conſolation? And would your ſufferings be alleviated by the addition of remorſe? The opulence of a villain, the elevated ſtation to which he is raiſed, and the honours that are paid to him, excite your jealouſy, and fill your boſom with repinings and regret.

What! ſay you, are riches, dignity, and power, reſerved for ſuch wretches as this! Ceaſe theſe groundleſs murmurs. If the poſſeſſions which you regret were real benefits, they would be taken from the wicked and transferred to you. What would you ſay of a ſucceſsful hero, of a Vendome, or a Maurice, who after having delivered his country, ſhould complain that his ſervices were ill requited, becauſe a few ſugar-plumbs were diſtributed to ſome children in his preſence, of which they had not offered him a ſhare? Ridiculous as this would appear, your complaints are not better founded. Has the Lord of all no other reward to confer upon you, but periſhable riches, and empty precarious honour!

ART. IV. *Of* CONTRADICTION.

NATURE has not varied the countenances of mankind, more than their taſtes and characters; and as it would be unreaſonable to expect, that the countenances of others ſhould reſemble our own, it is equally abſurd to require a univerſal conformity of temper to our own as the ſtandard. Perſons think and act differently, as they live in different periods of time, and different parts of the world; and as they differ alſo in age, ſex, predominant paſſions, and education; without enquiring whether they think or act well, or ill. It is not to be conceived, how few perſons there are in the world who ſtudy themſelves, and endeavour their own improvement; all our own faults are forgiven, but the failings of others are cenſured with the moſt rigorous juſtice. Every

man desires to be the reformer of mankind, and yet no man includes himself in the reformation.

First, render your own temper yielding and gentle, you will then meet with less opposition from the tempers of others. Rosina confesses that her temper is warm; and the public, less tender in the choice of expressions, calls her warmth of temper, rage, fury, and frenzy. She has never once reflected, that the universe was not made merely to contribute to her pleasure: whatever she desires, she imagines to be her due; and whatever disappoints this extravagant expectation, she treats as outrage and insult. A child cries, Rosina loses all patience, "What squalling brat is "this! away with it this moment." A servant breaks a glass, "What a stupid clumsy wretch! "be gone out of my sight,—pay him his wages." —She is accidentally alone, and solitude becomes irksome; and immediately her absent friends are upbraided: "Where is now the ungrateful Do- "ris? What is become of the negligent Agatha? "Where is the false Euphorbus amusing himself? "What is the perfidious Sylvander doing? what "cold friends! in what a forlorn situation do "they leave me! But I renounce them, and "will see them no more." Capricious, fickle Rosina! What she desired yesterday, is to-day her aversion; her only constant wish is, that all the changes of her will may be divided and gratified. This is attempted, but in vain; to guess at her desires, is almost always to be mistaken: and if by chance they are known, to gratify them is a fruitless attempt: something is always wrong, the service is delayed too long, it is precipitated with

too much haſte, or it is not performed with a good grace. Careſs her, you are too free; viſit her but ſeldom, ſhe complains of you with all the bitterneſs of reſentment; if your viſits are frequent, you fatigue; and when you diſoblige her, you are immediately made ſenſible of her diſpleaſure, by a torrent of invectives, reproaches, and exclamations. Leave her to grow cool by degrees: to attempt to appeaſe, is to increaſe her paſſion. When her rage has ſubſided, you will riſque leſs by remonſtrance, but you will not gain more. Her anſwer will be, "You muſt allow that I was right "in the main: why do not people take more "care? I confeſs, I am a little haſty; but this "is not a great fault, — you muſt take me as I "am."

If all mankind were equally virtuous, they would ſtill differ in many particulars. The principles of virtue and moral ſentiment would be alike in all; but they would, notwithſtanding, differ from each other, in thoſe things which are indifferent with reſpect to moral good and evil; nor would they be under any obligation to the contrary. God has given us his law for the rule of our conduct; and has not propoſed us as patterns to each other. One perſon may be equal in virtue to another, without a perfect reſemblance of his character. Let us then ſuppoſe a ſociety conſiſting wholly of virtuous perſons, we ſhould ſtill find it difficult to bear with a ſlow and heavy underſtanding; the chearful and facetious would but ill agree with the thoughtful and melancholy. Let one be ſedate, another ſprightly, one a great talker, another inclined to taciturnity — what ſubjects of animoſity

to impatient tempers! But I have ſuppoſed them all to be men of virtue, and conſequently that they deſerve reſpect, and are intitled to ſome allowances. Let us firſt ſeek this eſſential qualification in thoſe, with whom we would be connected; this is ſufficiently valuable, uncommon, and excellent, to efface, or at leaſt to cover, ſome trivial failings. Let us excuſe every thing in a man whom we know to be indued with probity and honour: you ſhould treat his infirmities with tenderneſs and indulgence; for you will loſe an invaluable treaſure, if you forfeit his friendſhip. Nothing bears a nearer reſemblance to Deity, than a juſt and virtuous man; and to inſult his image, is to affront the Almighty.

Timon is cold and reſerved; the ſmiles of mirth never unfold the wrinkles of his contracted brow. Aſſemblies, where jollity and pleaſure are permitted, are deſerts to him; whither he carries a gloomy countenance, and a mournful and diſordered air. When, in point of good breeding, he thinks himſelf obliged to be there; the company is too ſenſible of his preſence, and would be glad to have diſpenſed with his attendance. But to balance theſe defects, Timon has integrity of heart, a good underſtanding, and a generous mind. To need his aſſiſtance, is in his opinion to claim it as a due. He is grave and ſerious, but neither ſuſpicious nor cenſorious; he abſtains even from innocent pleaſures, but he does not condemn them; ſo far from ſlandering, he is never heard to blame the abſent; he ſpeaks little, but what he ſpeaks is truth; his lips were never prophaned by falſhood or equivocation; treat with him in confidence, there is no

need of either witneſſes or bonds to inſure the execution of his engagements — where can you find a better ſecurity than Timon himſelf?

Thoſe who moſt frequently give occaſion to ſallies of paſſion, are children, ſervants, and the vulgar. Not that theſe perſons are meaner ſpecies than the reſt of mankind, or that their hearts are more corrupt; but as they have never learned to aſſume a ſpecious appearance by what the world calls good manners, their failings are more viſible, and conſequently more offenſive.

Damaris, in common with moſt mothers, has wanton, idle, and heedleſs children. She exhauſts her ſpirits in cautions and reprimands: they either do not hear her ſpeak, or they forget that ſhe has ſpoken the moment ſhe cloſes her mouth. Her patience is at length worn out; ſhe ſtorms, ſhe threatens, ſhe ſtrikes them, and repeats her blows. Maternal tenderneſs, ſuſpended for a while, gives way to rage. But are you, or your children, Damaris, moſt worthy of blame? They are carried away by levity, you are tranſported by anger. Is prudence rather to be expected from their age, than moderation from yours? They ought at leaſt to obey me, you ſay; and, I ſay, you ought to obey reaſon, which forbids theſe ineffectual acts of violence. To puniſh in a tranſport of paſſion, is leſs to chaſtiſe than to revenge.

What dæmon is it that has poſſeſſed Aphronia! I hear her continually ſcolding at her ſervants. Are they all confederated to provoke her? No — they are innocent victims to her capricious fury. Let Aphronia but abate a little of her thundering petulance, and all their faults will vaniſh. They

appear guilty to her, only becauſe ſhe is out of humour. Her impatient temper magnifies every diſpleaſing object, and transforms the ſlighteſt failing into the moſt atrocious crime. Our ſervants are men: it follows, by neceſſary conſequence, that they are not without faults; and that they are men, ſhould alſo be a reaſon for our treating them with humanity and indulgence.

You deſpiſe the vulgar; and you do right, if your contempt falls only upon their ruſticity, ignorance, and meanneſs of ſentiment. If we form our opinion of them from this diſadvantageous view, we ſhall pronounce them a groveling multitude, who are continually in motion, without knowlege and without deſign; a body deſtitute of ſight, which walks, indeed, but knows not whither, or which is guided only by the allurement of ſordid gain: wholly ignorant of their true intereſt; enemies, both to wiſdom and moderation; turbulent and ſeditious; brutiſhly fierce, when courted; timid and ſervil, when oppreſſed; vain, inconſtant, and ſuperſtitious; fond of novelty, and ſlaves to prejudice; arrogating to themſelves a right to judge thoſe who inſtruct and govern them, and always judging wrong. But from this ignoble claſs ſelect ſome docile ſubjects, who are as yet of an age ſucceptible of inſtruction; and, perhaps, like rough diamonds in the hands of an able artificer, they may aſtoniſh you by an unexpected and dazzling ſplendor. Wiſdom and virtue, the effects of education, will diſtinguiſh them from the crowd, from which riches and honours alone would not have diſtinguiſhed them. The

majority of the great, are only a part of the rabble.

Scorn, as much as you pleaſe, the populace in general; but, in every individual of that complicated body, recognize men like yourſelf; love them under this denomination, and bear with their faults: but eſpecially behave with tenderneſs to thoſe among them, who are depreſſed by misfortunes; your haughtineſs and ſeverity will render the ſenſe of their calamity more piercing and acute: as we excuſe caprice and fretfulneſs in the ſick, we ſhould alſo overlook all the extravagancies of the wretched, which are the effects of their miſery.

You yourſelf, certainly, are not impeccable; treat others, therefore, as you would that they ſhould treat you. But ſuppoſing you were perfect, perfection itſelf would not inveſt you with a right to inſult thoſe who are ſtill ſtruggling with human frailties; on the contrary, it would only ſtrengthen their claim to your pity. What tho' Adonis were the moſt beautiful of mankind, would he not have been inexcuſable if he had reviled Therſites?

SECT. II.

Of COURAGE.

COURAGE is that magnanimity, by which the mind is enabled to atchieve ſuch virtuous actions, as, by reaſon of the obſtacles which are to be ſurmounted, are impracticable to the puſillanimous. Theſe obſtacles are of two kinds; thoſe

which have their origin within the breaſt, and thoſe which ariſe from externals. Courage, therefore, is alſo of two kinds: that by which we are enabled to ſubdue ourſelves, I call *greatneſs of ſoul*; and that which is exerted to remove ſuch obſtacles as are oppoſed to virtue from without, I diſtinguiſh by the name of *heroiſm*.

ART. I. *Of* GREATNESS *of* SOUL.

BY *greatneſs of ſoul*, I mean that dignity of ſentiment which enables us to diſcern what is truly beautiful, and prompts us to purſue it with ardour and perſeverance. But where is true beauty to be found? and from whence does it ariſe? Doubtleſs, from the virtues and attainments of the mind. All elſe is only tinſel, parade, and ſhow; and the ſource of virtue is the contempt of tranſient enjoyments, as that of mental accompliſhment is emulation. The human heart is by nature virtuous and noble; baniſh from it the low affections, which it has contracted by yielding to the allurements of ſenſe, and it will immediately reaſſume its original purity and dignity.

I. Greatneſs of ſoul does not conſiſt in a neglect of our own intereſt; but in placing our affections on objects, which are really and permanently good. The virtuous do not deſire happineſs, with leſs ardour than the vicious: but they know the means, by which happineſs is to be attained, better; and they purſue them with leſs reluctance, becauſe they are not reſtrained by remorſe. They know, that virtue alone can render them happy, and that externals can only contribute to their felicity, as

they are connected with virtue. If a good man, without ſullying the purity of his manners, can enjoy a life of eaſe and tranquillity, free from intellectual and corporeal pain, and ſweetened by innocent pleaſures; he will certainly prefer it to a life of diſappointment, inquietude, and misfortune, imbittered by affliction, ignominy, and ſorrow. But if a virtuous action which would ruin his fortune or endanger his life, and an action by which wealth may be acquired at the expence of virtue, be propoſed to him as the objects of his choice; however great the pecuniary advantages on the ſide of vice, his election is already made, nor does he ſuffer a moment's heſitation. Virtue is, in his opinion, of infinitely greater value, than his eaſe, his pleaſure, or his life.

Sophronius and Pulcheria ſeem to have been born for each other; the conformity of their taſte, their genius and character, might have joined them by an indiſſoluble union: but Pulcheria had already diſpoſed of her perſon. Sophronius, however, ſtill loved her; and her preſence would have encreaſed his paſſion, and conſequently his weakneſs. An effectual method to ſecure his virtue, was however in his power; it was, indeed, ſevere and mortifying, but there was no other; he muſt ſee Pulcheria no more; this was his reſolution, and his virtue was preſerved. Love is an enemy, which cannot be conquered but by flight.

An innocent perſon is accuſed before Eacus. The proſecutors are powerful, and dictate the ſentence which they expect the judge ſhould pronounce. Upon his deciſion, depends his ruin or preferment:

but to an upright magiſtrate, what is fortune when put in competition with juſtice!

Caliſthenes is, by an uncle, put in poſſeſſion of a valuable eſtate as truſtee, which he hoped to have inherited as heir; and charged to make it over to a perſon whom the uncle affirmed to be his ſon, though the relation was of that kind which is not recognized by the law. Caliſthenes promiſed to fulfil this truſt; but this promiſe was verbal and ſecret, made obligatory by no writing, and ſecured by no witneſs. And now, diſappointed of a fortune which he had long regarded as his own, and depreſſed by poverty which the proſpect of wealth rendered more dreadful; — "Why, ſay "you, might he not appropriate this eſtate to "himſelf; or, at leaſt, reſerve a part? if this "had been done, who could have known it?"— God, doubtleſs, from whom nothing is hidden; and Caliſthenes, who muſt have been conſcious to his guilt.—What! avoid indigence by ruſhing into perfidy? this, ſurely, is not deliverance, but ruin.

Bound to a ſtake, by thoſe zealots who deſtroy mankind under colour of promoting religion, your life is ſtill in your own hands; the barbarians will conſent to unbind you, if you will conſent to lie, or at leaſt to diſſemble your real ſentiments. What prepoſterous mercy! that which they require you to inflict on yourſelf, is a greater evil than that which you would otherwiſe ſuffer from them.

II. The activity of our minds, the ſtructure of our bodies, the vigour and mobility of their organs, and, above all, our continually returning neceſſities, demonſtrate, that the hand which formed us for a buſy active life; and the end for which

the Creator deſigned us, is, undoubtedly, the beſt to which we can poſſibly attain. That the neceſſity of labour ought to be regarded as a puniſhment, is a mean and ſordid opinion invented by the effeminate and lazy: on the contrary, if God had prohibited labour, ſuch prohibition might juſtly have been deemed a token of his diſpleaſure; for inaction is a kind of lethargy, equally pernicious to the mind and body.

Of this Rathimus is a ſtriking example: whatever employs, diſpleaſes; and whatever exerciſes, wearies him: it is even a fatigue to him to exiſt; annihilation would be his ſupreme felicity; and imagining that God can beſtow no higher reward upon thoſe whom he loves, this is the paradiſe which Rathimus expects; and even while he continues oppreſſed with the load of being, he anticipates the pleaſure of ſhaking it off, by ſuſpending it in ſleep every day till noon. Dreadful is the moment in which he awakes; he therefore keeps it off as long as he can. Forced, at length, to commit an act of violence on himſelf and quit his bed, his ſullen look and contracted brow are laſting intimations that he has riſen againſt his will. He begins to dreſs himſelf, and having made ſome trifling progreſs, interrupted by twenty intervals of reſt, he at length drops his arms, unable to go through the fatigue of compleating the work. How does he begin his day? "Give me, ſays he, "ſomething to eat." Not that he is either hungry, or a glutton; but becauſe an idle perſon can fill up ſome vacant hours by eating, without interrupting his indolence. Rathimus, during the twelve hours in which he is out of his bed, has often re-

courſe to the ſame expedient. The intervals between theſe capricious meals, are filled up by ſome trifling amuſements; which are varied almoſt every moment, becauſe all are inſipid.

A lazy perſon is of all others the moſt incapable of pleaſure; a wretch, who, ſlumbering in a perpetual lethargy, cannot be ſtimulated to action or rouſed from his inſenſibility. He is his own burden, and would fain fly from himſelf, but is not able: that eternal inappetency which he drags about with him, aſſumes a thouſand different forms for his own puniſhment, and that of others: now it is laſſitude — he feels himſelf dull, heavy, and not able to move ſo much as a finger: it is now indiſpoſition — he finds himſelf oppreſſed by a diſorder which he cannot define: at other times it is a melancholy, of which he knows not the cauſe; and his temper is always uneven, captious, and ſplenetic. If his word may be taken, no man was ever ſo ill treated: he lives neglected, ſuffers unpitied, and, ſhould he die, would be unlamented by the whole circle of his acquaintance, who are ſo deſtitute of compaſſion as to wiſh he was already in the grave. This, indeed, would be to wiſh him well; for the gloomy habit of his mind, his indolence, and want of exerciſe, will ſhortly realize all his imaginary diſorders, and he will be to-morrow, if he is not to-day, pale, dejected, languid, emaciated, and totally debilitated in body and mind. And is life a benefit to thoſe, who preſerve it on ſuch conditions as theſe? Supineneſs and effeminacy have ruined more conſtitutions, than exceſſive labour; and moderate exer-

ciſe, far from being deſtructive to health, eſtabliſhes and ſtrengthens it.

As we are members of a ſociety, the aſſiſtance of which is neceſſary to our well-being, to merit this aſſiſtance, we ought in our turn to ſerve that ſociety with alacrity and zeal: to diſcharge our duty with languor and indifference, is not to acquit ourſelves of the obligation; and nothing can be well done that is done with reluctance. There are a thouſand different employments, all which concur in promoting the common intereſt. Let us chuſe one among thoſe which we have abilities to execute; let our taſte and capacity be conſulted, and our deciſion be in favour of that employment, which appears upon the whole to be moſt eligible. But the choice once made, let it be a point of honour to excel in that profeſſion, to which we have given the preference.

Emulation ſeems to be allied both to envy and ambition; and yet, in her character ſhe reſembles neither. The merit of others, far from being the object of her regret, becomes a motive to aſpire after perfection with the greater ardour and aſſiduity. Emulation is excited by a ſenſe of honour, and a reliſh of our duty; not by the thirſt of ambition, or the pangs of envy. Phliſtenes hates all who acquire wealth, fame, or diſtinction; every advantage which he ſees others poſſeſs, he thinks miſplaced; it is to him only that they are due, but the world is ignorant of his merit: Phliſtenes is conſumed by envy. Philotimus, dazzled by the ſplendor of dignities and honours, makes theſe the only objects of his wiſhes, and the end of all his actions; far more ſolicitous to obtain, than to

render himſelf worthy of them. The honours which he ſought with ſo much ardour and anxiety, become inſipid the moment they are enjoyed; or, rather, they are never enjoyed at all; for he is continually forming diſtant views, and the object of his deſires is ſtill that which he has not attained: Philotimus is a prey to ambition.

But a noble emulation is, apparently, the only active principle which animates Eudoxus. That of a pleader, is the profeſſion which he has choſen; a profeſſion, which ſurely would never have been choſen by ambition. In the country where Eudoxus reſides, eloquence is but little regarded: and if to eloquence were added the moſt penetrating genius, the moſt exact judgment, the profoundeſt ſkill in morality, laws, and cuſtoms of nations, in a word, every poſſible accompliſhment; all would be unavailing, if money were omitted. In this country every thing is venal; whatever might encourage the improvement of the mind, is there ſold to the higheſt bidder. The right of diſpoſing of the property, and even the lives of the people, of facing death at the head of a regiment, of managing the public revenues, and the private eſtates of individuals, of preſiding on a tribunal, of forming and executing judicial determinations; even empty titles, names, and eſcutcheons, and I know not what frivolous diſtinctions which they call nobility, all is ſold. This deteſtable venality which is in vain attempted to be juſtified, leaving merit deſtitute of the leaſt hope of reward, emulation muſt neceſſarily be, in this place, very rare; but then, in this place, it muſt ſhine with all its luſtre. Eudoxus, in applying himſelf to the elo-

quence of the bar, cannot be ſuſpected of aſpiring to the firſt employments in the ſtate; ſince he is aſſured, that not being able to buy them, they are wholly out of his reach: the ſole object of his wiſhes is, to excel in the art to which he has confined all his ſtudies; the art of drawing truth out of that chaos of darkneſs and confuſion, in which it has been involved by chicane and quibble; of exhibiting it to the judges in the cleareſt and ſtrongeſt light, and compelling them, by the force of irreſiſtible evidence, to give ſentence in favour of the party who has juſtice on his ſide. If a rival ſucceeds in this noble attempt, Eudoxus is not diſguſted. What is it to Eudoxus who does the good, ſo the good be but done? It was Callidemus who ſnatched an innocent perſon from the brink of ruin, and it was Euphrades that delivered an orphan from oppreſſion; no matter — ſince they ſucceeded: Eudoxus could have done no more, and their ſucceſs is his. If mankind had no other views in the exerciſe of their abilities, than honour and the public good, the human breaſt would be inacceſſible to the ſordid train of jealouſy and envy.

ART. II. *Of* HEROISM.

HEROISM includes greatneſs of mind. There are no heroes, who have a baſe and ſervile diſpoſition: and heroiſm differs from mere greatneſs of mind; as it implies the exerciſe of glittering and popular virtues, which excite aſtoniſhment and admiration. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that the conqueſt of vicious inclinations can-

not be effected, but by generous efforts which offer a kind of violence to conſtitutional propenſities; and to obtain this conqueſt, is greatneſs of mind. It is not, however, that which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of heroiſm: a hero, in the general acceptation of the word, is a man conſtant in difficulties, fearleſs in danger, and daring in battle.

1. Conſtancy and obſtinacy have a general likeneſs to each other: but, in the following portraits, they will eaſily be diſtinguiſhed.

Thymocritus has embraced a certain opinion; and the opinion of Thymocritus muſt alſo be that of all, who are ſo unhappy as to live in a ſtate of dependance upon him. To tell him that this opinion is erroneous, is inſolence and preſumption; but to prove it, is an outrage not to be forgiven. He has made a capricious regulation, which he imagines to be a maſter-piece of prudence and policy; he is informed, by humble remonſtrances, that the execution of it is impracticable; but information and remonſtrance are ineffectual: Thymocritus is an utter ſtranger to thought and reflexion: volition is the only act of his mind. To moderate, or to ſuppreſs his ordonnance, would have been to act the wiſeſt part, but not the moſt deſpotic. 'Is an intendant of a province, a magi-'ſtrate of my rank, to receive law from the rab-'ble?' "My ordonnance is a novelty"—— 'is it ſo? let them obey it, and in ten years this 'objection will be obviated.' "It is cenſured, and "the abſurdity of it publicly demonſtrated,"— 'what have I to do with the criticiſms of wretches, 'who were born to obey me?' "I bring my au-"thority into queſtion, by commanding impoſ-

" ſibilities"—— ' but it is eaſy to give it ſanctiſ-
' on, by puniſhing thoſe that complain. Shall I
' go back, after having advanced ſo far? My
' order is iſſued: juſt, or not, it ſhall be obeyed."
" If I perſiſt, the country will riſe againſt me"—
' let it riſe; I know how to reduce rebels to their
' duty.' This is the portrait of obſtinacy; we ſhall now exhibit that of conſtancy.

Choregus once ſerved his country, as a ſtateſman and a general. The public good was the only object which he kept conſtantly in view; and he regarded nothing with indifference, that had a tendency to promote it. When he had once formed any deſign which might advance the common intereſt, the execution of it was certain, if he had no obſtacles to ſurmount but the cavellings of perverted reaſon, and the machinations of ſedition. The inconveniencies of a project might induce him to drop it, but he was not to be diverted from his purpoſe by difficulties. Although he was the favourite of his prince, yet, far from ſtooping to gratify his vanity by ſervile adulation, he dared to ſet truth forth before him without a veil, and to confront him with it whereſoever he turned.—This glorious and unſhaken integrity frequently expoſed him to danger of loſing his poſt; but the public intereſt was always, in his opinion, to be preferred before his own: he deemed it greater honour to ſerve his prince, than to continue in his favour; and was leſs ſolicitous to avoid diſgrace, than not deſerve it. " I have already,
" ſaid he, ventured my life in a battle, for my
" maſter's honour and my own; and ſhould I fear
" to riſque my fortune?" Happy the monarch,

on whom indulgent heaven ſhall beſtow a miniſter like this! My reader doubtleſs regards him, only as an imaginary being; nor will I venture to affirm his real exiſtence. Alexanders and Cæſars, however rare, are yet leſs ſo than diſintereſted miniſters of ſtate, who have no other end in view than the good of their country, and the glory of their prince.

Obſtinacy is a blind attachment to ſomething either trifling or criminal; and is commonly the effect either of ſtupidity or vice, and ſometimes of both: it is the characteriſtic of wretches, who imagine that their honour would be ſullied, if they ſhould turn back, when they are credibly informed that they have miſſed their way. Conſtancy, on the contrary, is the unſhaken reſolution of a man of ſenſe, who perſiſts in a deſign which he knows to be juſt and uſeful, notwithſtanding the oppoſition he meets with, and the labour he ſuſtains. Conſtancy is inſpired by honour, virtue, and public ſpirit. I add public ſpirit; becauſe whoever perſeveres in any enterprize, with a view only to private advantage, is a mercenary wretch, whoſe conſtancy is rather the effect of meanneſs than heroiſm. For honour, and for virtue, too much cannot be done: but too much is done for fortune, when we ſacrifice to her our health, our eaſe, our miſtreſs, or our friend.

II. Intrepidity is a kind of conſtancy, which is tried by the preſence of danger, pain, and affliction; and this more particularly characteriſes the hero. Let us, however, diſtinguiſh it from a brutal ferocity, which produces nearly the ſame

effects, but never proceeds from the ſame principle.

PENISANDER fears nothing: gulphs, precipices, fire, ſword, and thunder itſelf, are ineffectual barriers againſt his daring attempts. Doubtleſs he thinks himſelf intrepid, and aſſumes the hero; yet he is no better than a villain blinded by brutal rage: he rather ſhakes off the thoughts of danger, than deſpiſes it; and, if he ſhould venture to reflect, would ſink under the apprehenſion of it like a coward. A villain can only face dangers of which he is not ſufficiently apprized, or which he hopes to eſcape. Let us not deceive ourſelves: every man that is deſtitute of virtue, is at heart a coward; and ſuch he muſt always appear, except when he is under the immediate influence of rage, or ſome other violent paſſion. In Cratherus, we have an example of intrepidity. Before he enters on any undertaking, he examines firſt whether it is practicable; and then whether it is worthy a man of honour? If it is, he is not terrified at the proſpect of danger; he ſees it approach with ſteadineſs and ſerenity, and prepares againſt it with equanimity and compoſure. If he miſcarries, it is not for want of courage, but of power; and whatever the event, having fought to the laſt, he muſt come off with honour.

There is frequently no apparent difference between the intrepid and the fierce, but the motive from which they act. The ſavage, for ſome trifling acquiſition, ſome chimerical honour — mere ſhadows and names, which would be too dearly purchaſed by the mere deſire of poſſeſſing them! — ſacrifices his enjoyments, his peace of mind,

and life itſelf. The hero, on the contrary, knows the value of his exiſtence, the charms of pleaſure, and ſweets of repoſe; he will renounce them, notwithſtanding, to ſtruggle with difficulties, ſmart under affliction, and ſubmit even to death, if juſtice and his duty command him; but he will renounce them on no other conſideration. His virtue is dearer to him than life, pleaſure, or repoſe; but than theſe, virtue only is a more valuable poſſeſſion.

III. But let us now ſeek for heroiſm, on thoſe bloody theaters on which it is placed by the vulgar; in camps, in armies, and under the walls of beſieged towns: for the many think no man an hero, but a ſoldier. Let us ſee then if theſe ſons of triumph, when weighed in the balance of reaſon and equity, are worthy of the pompous titles that have been laviſhed upon them.

Valour, doubtleſs, is a virtue of the firſt rank; ſince of all others, it requires the greateſt ſelf-denial.

Polemiſtes, reclining on the lap of plenty, and ſurrounded by all the languiſhing pleaſures that wanton in her train, hears the ſhrill ſound of the martial trumpet: immediately he ſtarts up, and flies to battle. Plays, balls, feſtivity, and love, pleaſures of every kind, to him ye were only trifling paſtimes! ye amuſed his leiſure, but could not engage his heart. It is only ſince he has ſhaken you off, that his manner of life has ſuited with his genius — But is that Polemeſtes! Duſt, ſweat, blood, wounds, hunger, thirſt, fatigue, have ſo changed him, that I no longer know him but by the vigour of his arm and the greatneſs of his

exploits. All oppoſition vaniſhes at his approach. The king of terrors has inveſted him with his own authority, and armed him for ſlaughter and deſolation with his own weapons: the firmeſt battalions of the enemy are ineffectual barriers againſt his fury; they fall before him like graſs before the ſcythe. If honour, a ſenſe of duty, or the love of juſtice, have armed Polemiſtes, I confeſs that he is a hero; but if this deluge of blood ſwells only to gratify his avarice, or his ambition, he is a monſter. I know that even theſe monſters, if under the influence and direction of others, may be ſerviceable to their country; ſhe has frequently need of their arm, but the principle that moves it is a circumſtance of no moment. "It is cer-
"tain, ſays a modern writer, "that a military
"ſpirit is the defence of the ſtate; it ſhould be
"cultivated and cheriſhed, but with the ſame cau-
"tion that we keep a maſtiff to guard the houſe,
"whom we chain up, letting him looſe but ſeldom,
"leſt he ſhould worry his maſter."

The malice and injuſtice of mankind have rendered war neceſſary; but it is notwithſtanding an evil, which all the good that it produces cannot compenſate. War is herſelf the daughter of ferocity; and violence, cruelty, and murder, are her offspring: by her, every tender tie is broken; nations are depopulated, cities are reduced to aſhes, and the moſt fruitful country into a deſert: nor is this the worſt; by her the manners of mankind are depraved, genius extinguiſhed, and brutality, ignorance, and barbariſm, eſtabliſhed upon the ruins of ſocial virtue, literature, and ſcience: then inhumanity glitters with the trophies of valour,

and thirſt of hoſtile blood is the wretched ſubſtitute of virtue. Greece had never ſo many heroes as in the infancy of her ſtates, when ſhe was peopled only by robbers and aſſaſſins; as knowlege increaſed, their numbers diminiſhed. Philoſophy examines a hero with a curious ſcrutiny, before his right to that glorious appellation is acknowleged. It has been denied to Alexander, and to the Swede: nor is it allowed to any potentate, whoſe claim is ſupported only by conqueſt and triumph: the great Henry himſelf would have been unworthy of it, if content with being the conqueror, he had never aſpired to be the defender and father of his country. But the vulgar will be the vulgar in all ages and nations; and as they have no idea of true greatneſs, it muſt frequently happen, that he who in their eſtimation is a hero, when reduced to his juſt value, is no better than the peſt and the reproach of mankind.

Theriodes, whoſe temper is ſavage, and whoſe manners are brutal, who is deſtitute of taſte, abilities and virtue, had yet the good fortune to do juſtice to himſelf; he engaged in a military life, the only ſtation in which he could have ſucceeded: and in proportion as he is unfit for every other profeſſion, he is qualified for that, if nothing more is neceſſary to execute it well, than to be outrageous, fierce, inhuman, and blood-thirſty. No rebellious tenderneſs is to be ſubdued, before he can be excited to a maſſacre; he has an innate reliſh for carnage, and no longer regards men as ſharing the ſame nature with himſelf, when he is paid for killing them: the fear of one day ſharing

the ſame fate, does not reſtrain his fury; he looks no farther than the preſent moment, nor does he amuſe himſelf with debating, whether there is any difference between living and having lived: he is an armed automaton, a military machine placed on the field of battle; its ſprings are wound up by the ſound of the drum and the trumpet; the thunder of the artillery puts it in motion; it then ſtrikes furiouſly to the right and left, and all that it has of life and action is confined to its arms. This, however, in the opinion of the multitude, is a man, is endowed with courage, is a hero, eſpecially if he holds a conſiderable poſt; for the title of hero, in the language of the vulgar, includes the idea of an elevated ſtation: nor is it given even to a ſoldier, if he is no more than a corporal or a ſergeant; he muſt at leaſt be a field-marſhal, a prince, or commander in chief. But not to diſpute about words, let us leave warriors of the firſt rank in poſſeſſion of heroiſm, ſince cuſtom immemorial has adjudged it excluſively to military valour; let us however, at leaſt, call that valour which is truly ſuch. To ſacrifice life without fear or heſitation, paſſes for the moſt ſublime and glorious effort of bravery: and yet to ſacrifice it on a trivial occaſion, is mere raſhneſs; and to ſacrifice it in a bad cauſe, is the moſt conſummate wickedneſs. The contempt of life is not meritorious in itſelf; on the contrary, ſelf-preſervation is enjoined by the law of nature; and the only caſe in which we are permitted to diſpenſe with this law, is when ſome act of virtue becomes our duty, which cannot be executed without the hazard or the forfeiture of life. To die

in the defence of our country, our honour, or our integrity, is glorious; but it is infamous to fall a victim to our paſſions, to inſatiable ambition, ſordid avarice, or vindictive fury. It is not true, that an action is glorious in proportion as it is difficult, if at the ſame time it is neither uſeful nor virtuous. Difficulty adds no value to it, but as a teſtimony of the inviolable attachment of the agent to his duty.

Let it not be feared, that by declaiming againſt falſe valour, I ſhall abate the warlike diſpoſition of our troops. The officer is excited by the alluring hope of pecuniary reward, which has a much greater influence on his mind than my maxims of dry morality. The private centinel is alſo ſheltered from their baleful influence, by his habitual ferocity; and beſides, our heroic Pandours will ſcarce read my work. But what do I ſay? Let them read it. The military intereſt will be advanced, and their valour will increaſe in proportion as it becomes virtuous; all the diſpoſitions of the mind, when regulated by right reaſon, acquire new ſtrength and ſtability. Let the danger be known before it is approached, and, ſecured againſt ſurprize, intrepidity ſhall become more firm. Let life be preſerved for that important moment, in which it ſhall be moſt neceſſary to hazard or to loſe it: life is, at leaſt, too valuable to be wantonly thrown away; and beſides, by this conduct you will be able to render your country more ſignal ſervice. But the moſt effectual means of acquiring a greater degree of intrepidity, is to be a good man. Your conſcience then giving you a pleaſing aſſurance of another and a

better life, you will be ready to forego this, if need be, with greater alacrity and chearfulneſs. "In battle, ſays Xenephon, thoſe who moſt fear "the Gods, are thoſe who leaſt fear men." To ſurmount the fear of death, it is neceſſary that a perſon ſhould be conſcious to the utmoſt purity of manners; or that he ſhould be a villain, whoſe mind is rendered inſenſible by habitual guilt: chuſe which you will.

Which will you chuſe, ye furious duelists, who glory in deciding your private quarrels with the ſword? You trouble not yourſelves about the tremendous effects of the divine juſtice: you, who fear not that death ſhould ſurprize you in the very act of your offence, have you the ſole property of that life which you are about to ſacrifice? Have you beſtowed it on yourſelves, that you aſſume a right to diſpoſe of it again? Is the blood which ought to flow but in the ſervice of the public, and which notwithſtanding you are about to ſpill in a private broil, your own? Faithleſs depoſitaries! who betray your truſt, and convert to your own uſe, or rather to your ruin, that which God and your country have a right to require at your hands. But whether do I wander? To propoſe arguments deduced from natural equity, to theſe frantic wretches, is to ſpeak in an unknown tongue; they cannot ſee juſtice but at the point of their ſwords. Let us approach nearer, and come within the reach of their apprehenſion; let us, if poſſible, undeceive them with reſpect to a falſe point of honour that has infatuated them: if we ſucceed, how many murders ſhall we prevent! for it muſt be confeſſed, that they are not ſo often tranſport-

ed by enmity, as by a deſire to paſs for men of courage. Their thirſt of revenge will be immediately allayed, if they can be convinced, that to avenge themſelves is an act of cowardice; which may be eaſily effected, if they do not wilfully ſhut their eyes againſt the cleareſt evidence.

Cowardice is an inexcuſable weakneſs, which renders us deficient in the diſcharge of ſome duty: and the deſire of avenging ourſelves bears theſe two characteriſtics; I. It cauſes us to violate one of the moſt important duties of life, by exciting us to the murder of one of our fellow-creatures, whom we are commanded by the law of nature to love as ourſelves. What amazing difference between loving our brother, and plunging a poniard in his boſom! II. I dare affirm that deſire of revenge is a weakneſs; for what other name can be given to the violent emotions of a rebellious heart, which ſacrifices its tranquillity to the reſentment of an inſult that in itſelf is far from being inſupportable. Is the giving way to impatience, courage? True courage is an ability to ſuffer well; and conſiſts in forgiving, and not in revenging injuries: the tranſports of rage muſt be ſubdued before we can forgive; but to revenge requires no conqueſt. Your enemy has attempted your life, and the life of that enemy is now in your hands; give it him, and fulfil a precept of natural equity. By this generous conduct, you will either extinguiſh his hatred, or heap all the guilt of it upon his own head, inſtead of ſharing it with him by ſeeking to revenge it. His attempt to commit a murder, has not conferred upon you a right to deſtroy any of your ſpecies.

But what if the injury of which you complain, be no more than a contemptuous ſneer, a biting jeſt, an exceſs of raillery, a ſtroke of a cane, or a box on the ear? Would you, for ſo trifling an offence, take upon you either to ſpill the blood of the offender, or expiate the affront which he has offered you by your own. "Oh! it is not ſo "much the affront itſelf, ſay you, that provokes "me, it is the diſhonour which it brings upon me; "a blow of a cane! a box on the ear! what in- "delible diſgrace!" Wretched prejudice! at once the object of contempt and pity. Is it impoſſible to baniſh it from the minds of my countrymen? What! can the outrage of inſolence or phrenſy, degrade and diſgrace you? Can the fault of another deprive you of your honour? Can it then rob you of your virtue? Or is there any ſpecies of honour, of which virtue is not the parent? Aſtoniſhing and deplorable abſurdity! and yet a thouſand prejudices, equally monſtrous, are derived from father to ſon, the folly of which is ſeen and confeſſed, and yet we have not courage publicly to renounce them. "I acknowlege, ſays "Philalethes, the juſtice of your maxims, and "my heart ſpeaks the ſame language with yours: "but I ſhall be irrecoverably ruined if I regulate "my life by your plan, and the dictates of my "own conſcience; for I ſhall then be no longer "able to appear with honour, and honour is "dearer to me than life." Alas! ſhall we never have done with this miſtaken honour? Can honour be contradictory to right reaſon? You diſcover by her ſacred light, that revenge is weakneſs, and the gratification of it cowardice; and

yet you perſiſt in the purpoſe of avenging yourſelf to maintain your honour! Dare to defy popular error; and if you fear that the world ſhould doubt your courage, ſignalize it in ſome lawful and uſeful exploit. If example has any weight with you, judge of the turpitude of theſe ſingle combats by that of all polite nations. If the country which pretends to be polite above all others be excepted, where has this phrenſy, this ſource of vain glory, an advocate? The Greeks and Romans, who were by turns the conquerors and the legiſlators of the world, certainly well knew what was valour: but did they make murder a ſport, and wantonly deſtroy each other? they hung up the ſword, the bow, and the ſhield, as inſtruments wholly uſeleſs in times of peace. Would you have a nearer and a later example? It is found in theſe magnanimous iſlanders, our perpetual rivals in courage, juſtneſs of ſentiment, genius, learning, and the polite arts. Notwithſtanding that ſavage ruſticity we are pleaſed to impute to them, they are not to be reproached with that enormity for which I am now reproving you. While prieſts alone declaim againſt it from the pulpit, you hear the moralizer indeed, but diſregard the morality. You have known them cenſure as criminal, ſo many actions which in your opinion, and perhaps in reality, were innocent; that you ſuſpect them, and not without reaſon, when they condemn duelling: but will you not believe me, who enjoin nothing but what is known to be commanded by God himſelf, and forbid nothing that he has not forbidden? Neither effeminacy nor cowardice has dictated theſe precepts, but that mildneſs and humanity in

which I glory. Our ſelf-conceited coxcombs, indeed, will not reliſh my morality; but can they be thought capable of a reliſh for any thing, in which there is juſt reaſoning and good ſenſe.

CHAP. III.

Of JUSTICE.

JUSTICE, in the general acceptation of the word, is that virtue, by which we render to God, our neighbour, and ourſelves, that which is their due. It comprehends all our duties: and to be thus juſt, and to be virtuous, is the ſame thing.

But we ſhall here conſider juſtice only as a principle of equity, which cauſes a rectitude of conduct, and excites us to render our ſpecies what in particular is due to it from every individual. Although juſtice, according to this definition, may appear to belong to the ſocial virtues, of which we ſhall treat in the third part of this work, yet I think it is moſt properly placed here. The ſocial virtues ariſe from the different ties by which mankind are united to each other; ſuch as love, ſubordination, gratitude, and benevolence. Juſtice, on the contrary, has no need of theſe ties, which, far from rendering it more active, frequently embarraſs, impede, and corrupt it. It is not by friendſhip, compaſſion, or bounty, that we become juſt: but we are juſt, becauſe we are created in the image of God, one of whoſe perfections

is juſtice; and whoſe will it is, that in this alſo we ſhould reſemble him.

The Civilians diſtinguiſh juſtice into two kinds, and we ſhall adopt their diſtinction. One they call *communicative*; and this eſtabliſhes fair dealing in the mutual commerce between man and man: the other *diſtributive*; and by this their differences are decided, according to the rules of equity: the former is the juſtice of private individuals, the latter of princes and magiſtrates.

SECT. I.

Of Commutative Justice.

RECTITUDE, which is the baſis of communicative juſtice, may be divided into *ſincerity* in our diſcourſe, and *integrity* in our dealings. The effect of ſincerity is mutual confidence, ſo neceſſary among the members of the ſame community; and this mutual confidence is ſuſtained and preſerved by the integrity of our conduct.

ART. I. *Of* Sincerity.

IF our ſouls were pure ſpirits diſengaged from corporeal ties, our ſentiments would be intuitively known to each other; every thought would be viſible, and would be communicative without the aſſiſtance of language; nor would it then be neceſſary to make ſincerity a precept. It is to ſupply, as much as is neceſſary, the want of this intellectual intercourſe to which the body is an inſuperable obſtacle, that nature has enabled us to produce articulate

ſounds. The tongue is an interpreter, by which ſouls converſe with ſouls; and it is certainly guilty, if it performs this office deceitfully; as a linguiſt would be guilty of the moſt aggravated fraud who ſhould betray his truſt. Far from us be theſe refinements of falſhood, equivocal expreſſions, ſubterfuges, and mental reſervations, which rather multiply lies than prevent them. Whoever deſignedly leads another to believe that to be true, which he knows to be falſe; or to believe that to be falſe, which he knows to be true, is a liar, let the mode of expreſſion be what it will. Abraham lied, when by a ſtratagem of miſtaken prudence, he cauſed his wife to paſs for his ſiſter at the court of Abimelech and Pharaoh. If it be allowed that ſhe was of kin to him, his ſincerity was ſtill violated: to ſay that ſhe was his ſiſter, was to cauſe them believe, that ſhe was not his wife; which indeed was what Abraham intended. It is ſaid, that he feared one or other of theſe princes would have taken away his life, to have had the ſole enjoyment of Sarah's beauty. But had this father of the faithful ſo little faith, ſo little confidence in his God, as to think him unable to ſecure his life, if he did not co-operate with him in the good work by contributing a lie? And what kind of a lie did he contribute? A lie which would have delivered up his wife to the firſt that ſhould have deſired to have her. What the Spaniſh huſbands think of this ſubtle expedient of Abraham, I know not; but I believe it would find a greater number of advocates in France than Spain.

The law of nature, which requires the moſt ſcrupulous regard to truth in all our diſcourſe, has

not excepted the caſe, in which life itſelf would fall a ſacrifice to ſincerity. To lie, is to offend againſt virtue; and it is, therefore, to injure honour. But it is generally acknowleged, that honour is to be preferred to life: the ſame muſt, therefore, be affirmed of ſincerity. Nor let this opinion be deemed extravagant; though I ſhould be the firſt perſon in the world who adopted it, I would not for that reaſon give it up: it is however more generally received than it ought to be. It is the practice of almoſt every court of judicature, to make the perſon accuſed ſwear, before he is interrogated, that his anſwers ſhall be true, even when the crime with which he is charged is capital. They do him therefore the honour to ſuppoſe, that though he be guilty of a fact, he will notwithſtanding act ſo far like an honeſt man, as to depoſe againſt himſelf, though at the expence of life, and though his death will be violent and ignominious. But could this be ſuppoſed, if it was believed that ſincerity was diſpenſed with by the law of nature in this caſe? It is true, that the affirmation of the accuſed is attended with the ſolemnity of an oath; but this is a circumſtance of which I have not the moſt favourable opinion. To what purpoſe is his oath ſubſervient? A villain will not find it more difficult to ſwear falſely, than to lie; and an honeſt man, after the moſt dreadful imprecation, will not have a more ſcrupulous regard to truth, than if he anſwered a ſimple interrogation: there is no medium between truth and falſhood. The exaction of an oath is an uſeleſs inſult on mankind; it is to ſuppoſe them capable of a lie, and yet ſuperſtitious enough to

make a difference between lying and perjury: there are ſome, however, of whom this muſt be confeſſed to be true. Epiorcus is ſued for the payment of a ſum of money; but no written obligation can be produced againſt him; the demand is founded only on a verbal contract. He appears before the court: at firſt he equivocates; he is preſſed — he frames a plauſible ſtory, relates particular circumſtances to give it the greater reſemblance to truth, and cloſes it by poſitively denying the debt. Let us congratulate Epiorcus, out of court, upon the facility with which he has gained the cauſe: as he was not compelled to ſwear, he has only affirmed a falſhood in the preſence of his judges and the crowd that ſurrounded them. "I am well off," ſays he to his friends, as he departs, "if they had "put me to my oath, I ſhould have loſt my cauſe; "for I would not have been guilty of perjury." Let us not, however, draw any concluſion from this inſtance in favour of the eſtabliſhed cuſtom of ſometimes requiring an oath from the parties in judicial proceedings: for who can engage for Epiorcus, that he would rather have retracted his falſhood, than have confirmed it by an oath? But ſuppoſe that had been the caſe, which is not probably, this would be but a ſingle inſtance, from which no conſequence can be drawn; and is far from being of ſufficient weight, to prevent its being eſtabliſhed as a general truth, "That whoever "will lie without ſcruple, will alſo ſwear to a lie." The moſt effectual method to prevent perjury, is never to adminiſter an oath: nor would I, except in caſes of abſolute neceſſity, even interrogate a perſon whom I ſuſpected to be capable of lying,

and intereſted to conceal the truth; for this would be giving him an opportunity to do it.

The morals of the greater part of mankind with reſpect to ſincerity, are not very rigid: they make no difficulty of betraying truth to intereſt; and will lie without ſcruple, to exculpate themſelves, or to excuſe others: theſe they call friendly lies; they are told for the ſake of peace and quietneſs, to oblige ſome friend, or to prevent ſome accident. Wretched pretexts! which this ſingle ſentence reduces at once to empty ſound: it is never allowable to do evil that good may come of it. A good intention may juſtify an indifferent action, but can never render render an evil one lawful. Small account is alſo made of jocular lies, feigned ſtories, and fictitious news; "Theſe are waggeries that hurt no-body." What a ridiculous apology! is an action therefore innocent, becauſe it does not include two crimes?

Calumny, however, is abandoned to my reſentment: this is a deteſtable ſpecies of falſhood, which every one would condemn and abhor, if it were only thro' fear of one day becoming its object. But thoſe who condemn it are not always innocent themſelves: they have, perhaps, related facts unfaithfully; they have added, diminiſhed, or altered, without deſign, and merely through the habit of embelliſhing or exaggerating their narrations. There is one infallible method, and but one, to ſecure ourſelves from being guilty of calumny, and that is, never to detract.

Let fancy tranſport you to ſome imaginary world, in which words are always the faithful interpreters of thought; where the friend who

offers you his ſervice, feels his boſom glow with the benevolence he expreſſes; where a generous confidence ſhall not render you the dupe of falſehood; where truth ſhall dictate every declaration, every narrative, and every promiſe; where, conſequently, life ſhall be unimbittered by ſuſpicion and diſtruſt, and ſheltered from fraud, treachery, circumvention, perfidy, calumny, and falſe accuſation. How delightful the intercourſe of the beings who people this happy world! You wiſh, certainly, that the world which you inhabit enjoyed an equal felicity, and you wiſh well: but do not ſtop here; contribute your part to attain ſo deſirable an end, and begin the good work by being yourſelf juſt, ſincere, and inflexibly true.

ART. II. *Of* INTEGRITY, *or* FAIR-DEALING.

IT is not neceſſary to define what is meant by integrity or fair-dealing. Thoſe who practiſe it leaſt, well know what it is; and would be glad that every other perſon was endowed with this virtue, that they might cheat them with the greater eaſe; for they are not knaves for nothing: they never cheat nor over-reach you, but they have ſome private advantage in view. Why did thoſe impoſtors, the prieſts of dumb and lifeleſs idols, forge ſo many myſteries, oracles, and prodigies? why did they multiply ſacrifices, invent luſtral waters, holy cakes, and conſecrated bread?—By theſe inventions, they increaſed their revenues. Whatever doctrine contributed to fill their coffers, that they preached as the moſt ſacred and inviolable. Why have lawyers drowned right reaſon

and equity in a deluge of quibble, formality, and refined chicanery? Doubtleſs, to improve, to their own advantage, the differences which aroſe among their fellow-citizens, and to enrich themſelves by their quarrels. Why does the demure Aſtorgus walk with his eyes fixed on the ground, his head bowed down with an affected humility, buried under a large and ruſty hat, and cloathed with apparel that indicates an exceſs of ſeverity? Why that ſoft tone, thoſe affectionate expreſſions? Why that pretended zeal for the intereſt of heaven, thoſe hypocritical lamentations for the blindneſs of ſinners? It is to raiſe contributions on the too credulous female devotees who are the dupes of his grimace.

To put an end to a tedious law-ſuit which has been fruitful in turns and incidents, you compound with the litigious Eriſtes, even to diſadvantage: unavailing ſacrifice! under the ſpecious pretence of liſtening to an accommodation, Eriſtes has ſnatched this opportunity to gain ground againſt you. You have voluntarily given up part of what is your due, to ſecure the reſt; you ſhall, notwithſtanding, be deſpoiled of all: with the aſſiſtance of a knaviſh ſcrivener, he has foiſted equivocal terms into the deed, of which he well knows how to take advantage; and, thus without knowing it, you have ſigned your own deſtruction.

I go into that part of the city which is inhabited by drapers; and I ſee ſuch ſtrange and ridiculous cuſtoms, that I almoſt doubt whether I am not tranſported into ſome diſtant country by enchantment. The tradeſmen which I have ſeen in other places, have, for the vending of their

commodities, a room on the ground-floor which they call a ſhop; ſo have the ſhop-keepers here, but it is empty, and without any other furniture than the wife and daughters of the dealer, who, as they appear gorgeouſly dreſſed, ſit in an indolent poſture and are always idle, ſeem to anſwer to no other purpoſe than that of a ſign. I go in with a deſign to make a purchaſe: they introduce me to a diſtant hall, inacceſſible to perfect daylight, where the rays of the ſun never enter but obliquely and through a narrow crevice. They ſhow me ſome cloth, which they uncover and unroll: deceitful complaiſance, which ſerves only to impoſe upon me! the falſe light which they have artfully contrived, hides the blemiſhes and defects of the commodity: firſt remove theſe high ſhutters which exclude the light, and if you intend that I ſhould ſee, do not let me ſee by halves. There is in all profeſſions, ſome cuſtomary fraud with which the tradeſman never reproaches himſelf, becauſe it is univerſally practiſed: and thus a perſon will, without ſcruple, ſuffer a blind to be put up at the window of his warehouſe, who, perhaps, would faithfully diſcharge the office of truſtee to his nephew.

A captain of a company inſerts the names of many in his maſter-roll, who perform no duty; and ſcruples not to receive their pay, though he would be aſhamed of any other kind of robbery. A ſoldier will pilfer from his hoſt, and thinks whatever he can carry off from his quarters undiſcovered good prize, who, under any other habit, might be ſafely intruſted with uncounted treaſure. A monk, who in other reſpects is an

honeſt man, diſplays to the public, as objects of veneration, boxes of reliques, bones, Agnus Dei's, and ſcapularies, which in his heart he eſtimates at no more than their juſt value: but as this is a practice common to all his cloth, he would think himſelf a falſe brother, if he ſhould not aequieſce in the pious fraud The lawyers ſell their advice and aſſiſtance at a very dear rate: the moſt diſintereſted among them, indeed, expect to be paid only for what they do; but is this no more than is neceſſary to be done? It is become a cuſtom to charge their clients with a heap of impertinent writings, three fourths of which are of no other uſe than to increaſe the fees for draughts and copies: the lawyers, however, have no ſcruples of conſcience on this ſubject. Have we not a right, ſay they, to live on the follies of mankind? It is granted; live on them and welcome, but do not devour the men by whoſe follies you are ſupported.

I ſhall ſay nothing concerning open plunder and rapine. To take away the property of another by violence, is almoſt univerſally known to be an inexcuſable crime; for, except the conqueror of of nations, there are but few who are ſtrangers to this important truth: nor would I be thought to aſſume the office of a reformer of high-way-men or houſe-breakers; for gibbets and wheels are the only arguments by which they can be convinced: theſe alone can reſtrain them from acts of violence; and, indeed, to theſe alone the greateſt part of mankind are indebted for their honeſty.

That ſpecies of theft which is moſt practiſed, and of which men are leaſt aſhamed, is the contracting

debts which they never pay. It is a trite maxim, that an honeſt man may be in debt: it is notwithſtanding true, that theft conſiſts not only, in taking away, but in with-holding the property of others. Let us, however, diſtinguiſh between the different kinds of debts; for ſome are innocent, and ſome are criminal. The innocent debts are thoſe contracted through neceſſity, and which neceſſity alſo prevents from being paid. There are, beſides, debts of a middle kind; which are innocent with reſpect to the preſent time, the debtor being unable to diſcharge them; but criminal with reſpect to the time in which they were contracted, becauſe they were contracted unjuſtly by appropriating the money of others. Other debts are criminal with reſpect to the preſent time, though innocent with reſpect to the paſt; and of this ſort are thoſe which are ſuffered to remain unpaid, notwithſtanding an ability to diſcharge them, for whatever cauſe they were contracted.

Nicander having been ruined by fire, was reeſtabliſhed in trade by a ſum which his friends advanced him upon credit. His affairs began to wear a promiſing aſpect, when a ſeries of new misfortunes, law-ſuits, ſickneſs, ſhip-wrecks, and bankruptcies, plunged him into yet deeper diſtreſs: far from being able to diſcharge his old debts, he is neceſſitated to contract new, and thinks himſelf happy if he can find any that are willing to become his creditors. Pity Nicandor, but do not blame him: for though his ruin ſhould bring on that of all the friends who ſo generouſly aſſiſted him, he is ſtill innocent, if this extenſive calamity is not the effect of knavery or negligence, and

if he has exerted his utmoſt abilities to retrieve his loſſes.

He who riſques only the impoveriſhing himſelf, or at leaſt the becoming leſs wealthy, by neglecting his intereſt, may neglect it if he will: but for a man who is in debt to aſſume an air of magnanimity, by affecting a contempt of riches, is a crime; he is accountable to his creditors for all that he might have gained honeſtly, by his own induſtry and labour: and if theſe circumſtances be duly conſidered, there will not be ſo many debtors found innocent as is generally imagined.

Lyſippus, who had formerly a poſt in the ſervice of the government, and was by virtue of his office truſtee of the fortunes of many private perſons, conſumed by his luxury not only thoſe fortunes but his own. He confeſſes his iniquity at the foot of the altar with ſighs and groans, and hopes to expiate his guilt by faſting and prayer. Lyſippus, ſay the multitude, is become a penitent; he has quitted the world, and is perpetually on his knees. How prepoſterous a penitence! Pray a little leſs, Lyſippus: the beſt method of atoning for your faults, is to make reſtitution to the world, and apply yourſelf to buſineſs; ſpare no labour either of body or mind, nor ſuffer any proſpect of eaſe to allure you, till your creditors are ſatisfied. Go then and proſtrate yourſelf at the throne of grace; for then only you can hope to be heard.

Indigence itſelf does not acquit a perſon of the obligation to pay his debts, if they were contracted, or continued, by imprudence, indolence, or prodigality. A debtor poſſeſſes nothing as his own,

but which would remain after the payment of his debts; and whatever he expends more than this, is unjuſtly taken from his creditors. The mere neceſſaries of life, indeed, are allowed him by the laws of humanity, but nothing more; and even theſe, upon condition that he endeavours, with ſincerity and diligence, to pay what he owes.

How admirable is the tranquillity of Miſochreſtes! with what eaſe does he diſengage himſelf from a number of creditors, who importune him with a clamorous impatience! He has avoided them a thouſand times, by cauſing his ſervants to deny him: by what ſtratagem will he avoid them to-day? They have crouded into his hall before he is up: he reſolves not to ſtir from his chamber: they are obſtinately determined to wait till they ſee him. They are told by his order, that he is indiſpoſed, and can ſpeak to no-body; but they are not mollified by the news of his indiſpoſition: if the door is not opened, they declare they will enter his room by force: upon this he ſends word that he will ſurrender, and immediately comes to a parley. 'How now, gentlemen, 'ſays he, cannot a man be ſick in his own houſe? 'Give me leave to tell you, that your behaviour 'is very extraordinary. What have you to ſay, 'Mr. Rhedon? You made me a chaiſe about 'three years ago; and have not I paid you ten 'pounds on account? You have great reaſon to 'complain, truly! Go, go; don't be afraid of 'your money: no body loſes any thing by me. 'There is an honeſt man now that has ſerved me 'with bread theſe ſix years: he knows how to be-'have himſelf to a perſon of my rank: he has had

'great patience, and he ſhall loſe nothing by it. '—Rhedon, your ſervant—excuſe me now—I 'muſt ſpeak to theſe gentlemen—you'll call again. '—My good friend, Artopolus, I have a great re'ſpect for you, you ſerve me extremely well: how 'do you manage to make ſuch good bread as you 'ſend me? — it is excellent — no bread can be 'better.— Let me ſee what I owe you — an hun'dred and ninety-five pounds, ten ſhillings, and 'two pence three farthings.— I owe you this ſum '—I ſhall not ſcrutinize your account—I take it for 'granted that it is right— a hundred and ninety-'five pounds, and upwards— never fear, we ſhall 'be able to anſwer your demand—and I do aſſure 'you, Mr. Artopolus, that the firſt money I re'ceive ſhall be yours: I will ſave you the trouble 'of coming for it — it is but reaſonable that I 'ſhould; it is you that keep me alive. — Ah! 'yonder is my wine-merchant. My friend, I have 'long wanted an opportunity to take you to taſk; 'you know very well, Mr. Vintner, that the wine 'you ſend me is poiſon: what the devil do you 'put into it! I cannot drink three bottles of it 'without loſing my ſenſes; and yet, I ſuppoſe, 'you want money! Go, go about your buſineſs; 'thoſe who expect to be paid never ſerve their cu'ſtomers as you ſerve me: you ſhall have no mo'ney till every body elſe is paid, if it were only 'to teach you to ſell good commodities. As to 'you Mr. Guillaumet, I am really aſhamed that 'I have made you wait ſo long for your money: 'I know all the complaints you might juſtly make 'againſt me; you have cloathed me and my 'whole family theſe five years, and I have not

'yet paid you a penny. I promiſed you at the 'cloſe of the laſt year, and diſappointed you. Is 'not this what you would ſay? You know me 'well enough, Mr. Guillaumet: do you think I 'could be ſo cruel, as to ſuffer you to be diſtreſ-'ſed for the money that is due to you, when you 'have diſburſed ſuch conſiderable ſums for my 'uſe, if my tenants paid me my rents? I ſhould 'then be deſtitute of honeſty, as well as compaſ-'ſion: but they muſt pay me by-and-by; and 'then, Mr. Guillaumet, I will pay you — your ſer-'vant: give me leave now to ſay a word or two 'to that gentlewoman. Good-morrow t'ye, 'Mrs Pernelle — it is about thoſe thirty pieces of 'Holland which I had of you, is it not? — I can-'not pay you for them ſo ſoon — you ſee how 'many people I have promiſed already. But you 'can afford to wait. Ah! Mrs. Pernelle, you are 'warm, as they ſay.' — "Indeed, you miſtake, "Sir; my circumſtances are very ſtrait." — 'Oh! 'it is ſo much the worſe, my good friend; when 'people cannot afford to give credit, they ſhould 'not undertake to ſell. As to the reſt of you, 'gentlemen,' ſays Miſochreſtes, addreſſing him-ſelf to thoſe creditors who had not yet had an au-dience, 'I believe I do not owe you any great 'matters: you ſee I am endeavouring to regulate 'my affairs; and if I can do no better at preſent, 'I will at leaſt look over and ſettle your accounts.' Miſochreſtes, as he pronounced the laſt words, ruſhes by them, and vaniſhes like a flaſh of light-ening; leaving his creditors in ſuch aſtoniſhment at his effrontry, that he was at a great diſtance,

before they had recollected themſelves ſufficiently to return an anſwer.

SECT. II.

Of DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

IF all men were honeſt, there would be no need of diſtributive juſtice; for it is only a kind of intrenchment, thrown up to prevent the in-roads of violence and rapine. The greater part of mankind have confounded the uſeful with the pleaſant. Whatever gratifies their appetites or their paſſions, they immediately pronounce to be uſeful; and this indeed would be true, if theſe appetites and paſſions were always under the government of reaſon, and regulated by the laws of equity: but if this is not the caſe, that which gratifies the appetites and paſſions may at the ſame time be unjuſt; and yet, "That whatever is *unjuſt*, muſt, on the "whole, be *diſadvantageous*," is a maxim which I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh by the following arguments.

Nothing is advantageous or uſeful, but that which has a tendency to render us happy: the higheſt advantage, or abſolute utility, is compleat happineſs; and to this happineſs whatever is advantageous or uſeful, is relative as to an ultimate end; and nothing that is not thus relative to happineſs, can properly be advantageous or uſeful. But whatever is unjuſt, is ſo far from tending to promote that it deſtroys our happineſs; for whatever is unjuſt, is contrary to the divine will: but it is not poſſible that we ſhould become happy, by reſiſting that will; becauſe, of this will our

happineſs is the immediate object. God is not a tyrant proud of uncontroulable power, who impoſes capricious laws only as teſts of our obedience, and to make us feel the weight of his yoke; all his precepts are leſſons which teach us how to be happy. But it is the will of God, that we ſhould be juſt. From whence it follows, that no true happineſs can be acquired by thoſe who are unjuſt. An action, therefore, which is contrary to juſtice, being contrary to the will of God, muſt be inconſiſtent with our true intereſt; and conſequently, far from being uſeful or expedient, it muſt inevitably produce ruin and miſery.

But the ſenſual and brutal part of mankind, who regard only the preſent moment, who ſee no objects but thoſe which fall under the cognizance of the corporeal eye, and eſtimate the merit of every action by the gain which it produces; theſe wretches have always conſidered juſtice and utility as independent of each other. They put utility in the balance againſt honeſty every day, and never fail to incline the beam in favour of the former, if the ſuppoſed advantage is thought to be conſiderable; and they always judge, that its importance is in proportion to the ardour of their deſires: they have, therefore, no regard to juſtice but as they reckon to gain by it, or at leaſt not to loſe; and are always ready to deſert it, when it expoſes them to any danger, or threatens them with any loſs.

From this diſpoſition of mind proceed that avidity of wealth, and that habitual fraud which perpetually imbroil civil ſociety: from this fatal ſource, ariſes that deluge of iniquity which has overflowed the world; from this preference of intereſt to ho-

neſty, proceed every unjuſt litigation, and every act of violence. To prevent therefore the dreadful confuſion, which this miſtaken notion of intereſt introduced among mankind, it became neceſſary to have recourſe to the innate principles of juſtice; to ſuſpend the balance and diſplay the ſword, for the determination of differences, and the puniſhment of guilt. As it was alſo neceſſary, that the legiſlator ſhould not only be endowed with ſagacity and prudence, but inveſted with ſufficient authority to inforce the execution of his laws; this important truſt was conferred upon perſons, who were already diſtinguiſhed by an acknowleged pre-eminence above the reſt of mankind: and thus diſtributive juſtice became the appendage of ſovereignty. But, to prevent the execution of juſtice from degenerating into the wanton exerciſe of arbitrary power, certain general rules were eſtabliſhed with ſuitable ſolemnity, to adjuſt and determine the more ordinary differences which aroſe among numbers of the ſame ſociety; and to repreſs the inſolence of thoſe who dared to violate the public peace, by poſſeſſing them with the dread either of corporeal puniſhments or infamy. If any extraordinary caſe occurred which had not been foreſeen, it was decided by that natural equity from which the general rules or maxims had been derived. Princes then adminiſtered juſtice in perſon and without delay. But at length, being embarraſſed and oppreſſed by the multiplicity of buſineſs which increaſed with their dominions, or diverted from their attention to civil government by the command of armies; they put the execution of diſtributive juſtice into the hands of ſubordinate judges;

and, for this purpoſe, inveſted them with a part of their judicial authority. Theſe delegates of the ſovereign power were called magiſtrates; and theſe are the perſons by whom juſtice is, at this time, adminiſtered. Let us enquire how they execute their office, and how it ought to be executed.

Juſtice ought to be adminiſtered ſpeedily, impartially, and without expence to the parties. It is not denied in this country, more than in others, that juſtice ought to be adminiſtered without expence to the parties: it is a maxim that has always ſubſiſted; but at preſent it is unhappily reduced to a mere ſpeculative truth. With reſpect to this ſubject, in common with many others, exepedients have been found to elude the auſterity of practical virtue. The firſt ſtep was to prohibite the people from enjoying their undoubted birth-right, by forbidding them to plead each man his own cauſe: if this regulation proceeded from juſt motives, I confeſs I have no penetration ſufficient to diſcover them; but I can eaſily diſtinguiſh the inconveniencies which it has produced. What need have I of a mercenary ſubſtitute, whom I am obliged to pay for defending my intereſt, when I can be a better advocate for myſelf? It is anſwered, he ſtates my cauſe to the judges with greater accuracy and perſpicuity, and with leſs heat and paſſion: but if I am able to make my lawyer perfectly comprehend my caſe, ſurely I am able fully to explain it to the judge. And how can I be certain, that this ſubſtitute has perfectly comprehended me; that he ſees the particular circumſtance upon which the deciſion of my cauſe will turn; and that he has taken the pains to read all the papers that I

have put into his hands: who can engage for him, that he will apply himſelf to my affairs with a faithful aſſiduity; that he will repreſent them to the judge in the ſtrongeſt and moſt advantageous light; that he will urge it with all his force: how can I know, that he will not ſuffer himſelf to be bought into the intereſt of my adverſary, and aſſiſt in his triumph by making a weak defence for me? All theſe ſpecies of treachery are ſometimes committed; there is none, therefore, which I have not reaſon to fear. But permit me to defend my own property, and it is no longer poſſible that I ſhould ſuffer by any.

But let it be taken for granted, that I have found an advocate upon whoſe integrity and abilities I may ſecurely depend; of what advantage to me are theſe imagined qualifications? One defect obliterates them all; his price is too high for my purſe. Deſpoiled of all my ſubſtance by injurious power, juſtice in vain offers me her aſſiſtance to recover it, if the gate, by which alone I can have acceſs to her, is not to be opened but by a golden key. Suppoſe me, however, to have bought this entrance into the outward court; I am ſtopped by new obſtacles at every ſtep: the palace of Themis is a deſtructive cuſtom-houſe, where a hundred greedy miniſters of exaction ſucceed each other, to devour the ſubſtance of the unhappy client. The judge himſelf, at their head, authorizes the pillage, and ſtands ready to receive his ſhare of the booty. He is, however, ſomewhat delicate as to the manner in which it is to be accepted; he would bluſh to pollute his hand, by the acceptance of a gratuity; but the barbarian inſiſts, that his part

of the ſpoil be paid him as his due; and he not only ſets juſtice to ſale, but will ſell it to thoſe who pay him before-hand.

It is in vain to object, that theſe exorbitant expences are no more than a juſt puniſhment on the litigious and the knaviſh client, upon whom the whole burden will ultimately fall. For I reply, firſt, that I do not perceive the equity of theſe pecuniary puniſhments, the profits of which accrue to thoſe who afflict them; and I cannot but ſuſpect all intereſted juſtice to be of the falſe kind. Why ſhould my judge be ſo much a gainer by Harpaſtus's having unjuſtly commenced a ſuit againſt me? It is I, only, who ought to receive a recompence, not the judge who has ſuffered no injury; and who ought impartially to acquit or condemn, without drawing any advantage from the proceſs. I aſſert farther, that it is not true, that one of the parties muſt neceſſarily have been guilty of unfair dealing: the ſubject of debate may be doubtful in itſelf; and, in this caſe, he who loſes the cauſe, ought rather to be pitied than puniſhed. But let it be ſuppoſed, that the party upon whom the expences of the ſuit fall, ought to pay them as a mulct for having endeavoured to obtain that to which he had no right; his adverſary notwithſtanding, pays dearly for his victory: he muſt have ſatisfied a thouſand ſecret extortions, which he can never recover; and he muſt defray even the known expences of the ſuit, if the party who ought to bear them is unfortunately inſolvent. There is yet another caſe, in which the coſts may fall upon the party who ought not to pay them. I mean when a cauſe is determined contrary to equi-

ty, either by the ignorance or corruption of the judges. And of this there are many inſtances: for thoſe haughty arbiters of our fortunes are not endowed by heaven, either with an unerring conſcience or underſtanding.

Let us ſuppoſe the judges to be diſintereſted, they will, indeed, examine with more ſucceſs, and decide with more ſagacity; but this is not ſufficient, they muſt alſo be expeditious. To defer an act of juſtice which may be determined immediately, is to be unjuſt; time is precious to thoſe, whoſe fortunes are at ſtake. It is the common phrenſy of perſons in place, to make men ſolicit for that as a favour, which they owe as a debt by virtue of their office: it is expected that I ſhould purchaſe, by a ſervile ſupplication, what I have a right to demand as my due: but rather ſell me juſtice at the moſt exorbitant price, and let me have it now; whatever it coſts me, I ſhall gain by the bargain. The preſident Cenocephalus imagines, that to be followed by a crowd of ſuitors to the foot of the bench, is a circumſtance of ſtate that diſplays the dignity of his office. The trouble and anxiety which he diſcovers in their countenances, flatters his vanity, and gives him the moſt ſenſible delight; and he whiſpers to himſelf with a ſecret exultation, "It is upon my will, "that the fate of this multitude depends." He takes care not to diſpatch their buſineſs too ſoon, becauſe this would render his court leſs numerous.

I cannot conceive, how the firſt perſon that ſolicited a judge could venture on ſo deſperate an attempt; nor by what means judges have accuſtomed themſelves, patiently to ſuffer ſo bold an

inſult. For what is it to ſolicit a judge? It is to addreſs him, though in other terms, yet to this effect: 'I do not doubt, but that you would neglect my affair, if I did not preſs you to intereſt 'yourſelf in it. I know that you love eaſe and 'pleaſure, that you prefer them to the diligent 'and faithful execution of your office; but let me 'intreat you to do your duty on this occaſion, 'for my ſake: examine the ſtate of my caſe your-'ſelf, and do not reſt ſatisfied with only peruſing 'the extract of a ſecretary: and when you are per-'fectly acquainted with the merits of my cauſe, 'decide as equity and juſtice ſhall direct you. The 'lovely Hortenſia comes to ſolicit your intereſt 'againſt me; but turn away your eyes from the 'dangerous ſplendor of her beauty: ſhe will come, 'recommended by ſeveral noblemen of the firſt 'rank; but remember that theſe recommendati-'ons do not add the leaſt degree of equity to her 'cauſe: they will endeavour to pervert your 'judgment by promiſes, and perhaps by bribes; 'but act uprightly and maintain your integrity. 'In one word, do me the favour to behave like 'an honeſt man.' But how much more injurious would be the ſolicitation of a perſon, who was endeavouring to obtain what was not his right! To ſolicit his judge in order to gain an unjuſt cauſe, is to tell him to his face, that you take him either for a knave or a fool.

In my opinion, to thank a judge after gaining a cauſe, is alſo to inſult him; it ſeems to render him ſuſpected of having, in ſome degree, ſoftened the ſeverity of rigorous juſtice in your favour. If he had not done this, for what do you return him

thanks? If he has regulated his decree by the rules of ſtrict equity, he has no more claim to your thanks, than a tenant who pays you a quarter's rent when it is become due; neither of them have done any thing that they could have neglected to do, without prevarication and injuſtice. Eſteem, as highly as you pleaſe, an upright judge; he merits eſteem, but he deſerves no thanks. He may, on the contrary, notwithſtanding the moſt untainted integrity, deſerve reproach, if he has ſuffered the parties to languiſh in a long and anxious expectation of a decree, which he might have pronounced immediately. A magiſtrate is accountable for every moment of his time, ſo long as there are any cauſes remaining on his hands undecided. Is it not enough that a ſuitor has ſuffered the tedious delay of all the petty officers of the court? muſt the ſovereign diſpenſers of juſtice, themſelves, prolong his miſery by endleſs procraſtination?

After many years of attendance, anxiety, and ſolicitation, at length a decree is obtained: but to obtain a decree, is to obtain nothing; for the adverſe party, to prevent its taking effect, proceeds by ſucceſſive appeals from one court to another. And let no man think himſelf certain of recovering that for which he ſues, becauſe his right to it is inconteſtable: the rites of Themis ſubject her clients to ſo many trifling formalities, upon which their fortune depends, that it is difficult to arrive at her tribunal without making a falſe ſtep; and in her aweful temple, ſubſtance is the daily victim of form; and the moſt indubitable right is ſolemnly

proſcribed, for the omiſſion of a word, letter, or the moſt trivial circumſtance.

But if all theſe rocks and quickſands are happily paſſed, the bark may be loſt in the very port, by the injuſtice or incapacity of the judge. Of all profeſſions, that of a magiſtrate is, in my opinion, of the greateſt importance to the public; and yet I know not any other, for which leſs evidence of ability is required: every one who has taken his degrees, and is able to defray the expences of his admiſſion, is deemed fit to become a judge.

I do not know whether the young Adraſtus is a good judge: he does not take upon him to decide, he only declares his opinion, and even in this, perhaps, he does too much. But I know his morals, his pleaſures, and amuſements: he is ſportful, ſprightly, amorous, volatile, and indolent. He conceived an averſion to books in his infancy, which has continued ever ſince; eſpecially law-caſes, reports, and precedents. He is ſomewhat leſs prejudiced againſt pamphlets; he has turned over Acajou, Grigri, the Sopha, and the Etrennes de la S. Jean. He loves good cheer, and above all long ſuppers: he is fond of gaming, dancing, arms, and horſes: no amuſements but thoſe which are ſedentary, come amiſs to him. You perceive I had my reaſons for acquainting you at firſt, that Adraſtus was a magiſtrate; ſince, if you had judged of him only by this picture, you would doubtleſs have taken him for a young officer, or a page of the back ſtairs.

Cloſe to Adraſtus ſits the gouty Menalippus; an ancient judge, whoſe knack at determining cauſes by rote, acquired by ſixty years practice,

ſerves to ſupply his want of capacity. He knows what a young barriſter would ſay at firſt ſight: he therefore indulges himſelf in a profound ſleep while the cauſe is pleading, and yet gives his opinion of the merits of it when it is over. His age and infirmities ſecure him from being perverted by the ſolicitations of the fair; and, on this ſide, his integrity is invulnerable. If any charms have the power to ſeduce him, they muſt be the charms of gold: but when the ſum muſt be equivalent to the ſervice; his virtue diſdains the temptation of an ordinary bribe. There is no reaſon to fear his being influenced to neglect his duty, by tenderneſs or compaſſion; or that the remorſe, the anguiſh, and deſpair of the criminal, ſhould melt his zeal for juſtice into pity. When a convict is to be ſentenced to capital puniſhment, aſſure yourſelf that he will not loſe the opportunity of doing it; this is an act of that authority of which he is jealous. His heart has been ſo hardened againſt prayers and tears, he has been ſo long an intrepid ſpectator of torture and executions, that he would rather ſend twenty innocent perſons to the gallows, than ſuffer one guilty to eſcape. If there were on the bench twenty ſuch judges as Adraſtus and Menalippus, can it be imagined that innocence would be a ſufficient ſecurity againſt condemnation? and yet our courts of juſtice are not always ſupplied with better magiſtrates than theſe. For one judge who is worthy of the ſeat which he fills, there are thirty who deſerve no other employment than that of cryer of the court.

It is a common cuſtom, to decide cauſes by the plurality of voices; a method which, in my opinion,

reflects too great an honour on our magistrates: for it is founded on a supposition, that the greater part of them are sufficiently endowed with integrity and penetration. On the contrary, I am of opinion, that it would be better to regulate the decision by the judgment of the minority; for is it not more reasonable to suppose, that in twenty-five brothers of the bench, the five only should be properly qualified for their office, than the twenty? —sagacity is not the accomplishment of the many. Notwithstanding the paradoxical appearance of my position, it was long ago advanced by the Jewish legislator. He warns the Israelites, not to form their judgment by that of the majority in judicial proceedings *. I should prefer the suffrage of a single judge whose opinion is the effect of thought, to that of fifty who determine by mere instinct.

The most delicate, and consequently the most dangerous temptation to a magistrate, is that which arises in his own breast; I mean an ill-placed generosity, a desire to oblige his friends which cannot be gratified but at the expence of justice. The man who is proof against the largest promises, and the most alluring offers, is frequently seduced by the pressing solicitations of a friend. He imagines that the motives which urge him to a breach of duty, extenuate his guilt. He would be self-condemned, if he suffered himself to be perverted by the sordid allurements of gain, or by any views of private interest: but tenderness, friendship, love, gratitude, are sentiments so noble!—and noble they certainly

* Non in judicio plurimorum acquiescès sententiæ. Exod. xxiii. 2.

are, in the higheſt degree, when they operate in aid of virtue; but when they are employed againſt her, they are not only mean, but criminal. Not only cuſtom, but duty, forbids a magiſtrate to act in his public capacity with reſpect to a cauſe, in which a perſon nearly allied to him by affinity or by blood is a party: but ſociety is connected by many other ties which have an equal influence upon our actions, and againſt which we ſhould, therefore, be equally upon our guard. You could not pronounce ſentence againſt your friend, but with the greateſt regret; do not, then, become his judge.

God, and the ſovereign princes as his vicegerents, are the only beings in the univerſe who have the power of mitigating deſerved puniſhment, and of favouring thoſe whom they love in the exerciſe of judicial authority; and neither God nor ſovereigns can do either, to the injury of the oppoſite party. But an inferior magiſtrate has no right to favour either party, whether the other be injured by it or not; he has no authority but that which he derives from the law, of which he is no more than the depoſitary and inſtrument: if he deviates from the law, from whatever motive, he exceeds his power and forfeits his integrity.

But if the law is not explicit with reſpect to the ſubject of diſpute between the parties, may not the judge give ſuch an explication of it as will favour his friend? No, certainly, the moſt tender friendſhip muſt ſtand for nothing in this explication: conſequences drawn from the law are a part of it, and ſhould be deemed equally ſacred and inviolable.

CHAP. IV.

Of TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe, is a prudent moderation, which reſtrains our appetites, paſſions, and deſires, within due bounds. But it will here be conſidered in a more confined ſenſe, as a virtue which bridles our corporeal appetites; and by preſerving them in a medium equally diſtant from two oppoſite extremes, renders them not only innocent, but uſeful and laudable. Among the vices which are repreſſed by temperance, incontinency, and exceſs in eating and drinking, are the chief: all the others flow from theſe, as ſtreams from a common fountain; and, conſequently, temperance may be properly divided into chaſtity and ſobriety.

SECT. I.

Of CHASTITY.

CONTINENCE ought not to be confounded with chaſtity, as is too frequently done; the indiſcriminate uſe of terms never fails to introduce a confuſion of ideas: as perſons may be chaſte witho ut obliging themſelves to continence, they may alſo oblige themſelves to continence without being chaſte. Chaſtity may be violated even in thought; but by thought alone there can be no breach of continence. All mankind, with-

out exception of circumſtance, age, ſex, or quality, are under an indiſpenſable obligation to be chaſte; but none are obliged to be continent.

Continence conſiſts in an abſtinence from the pleaſures of love; chaſtity, in confining theſe pleaſures within the bounds preſcribed by the law of nature. Continence, although voluntary, has no merit in itſelf; and becomes meritorious, only in proportion as it accidentally contributes to the practice of ſome virtue, or the execution of ſome generous purpoſe: for, except in one of theſe caſes, it more frequently deſerves cenſure than commendation. Whoever is formed with abilities to propagate his ſpecies, not only has a right, but is obliged to it as a duty: ſuch is the voice of nature; and her voice merits more attention and deference than all human inſtitutions which ſeem to contradict it. I know of no reaſons which oblige to perpetual continence; at moſt there can but be ſome of the prudential kind which render it neceſſary for a time.

Every one has a right, by the law of nature to diſpoſe of whatever is his own property. It is not however an act of injuſtice, to reſtrain a minor, a prodigal, or a lunatic, from the exerciſe of this right, which they would otherwiſe infallibly abuſe: and thus, although the commerce of the ſexes is permitted to all mankind, there may be certain circumſtances in which it may be expedient to reſtrain particular perſons for a time, in order to procure a greater good. It is lawful, for inſtance, that children, who are of too tender an age to form a right judgment on ſo important a ſubject, ſhould be reſtrained from contracting an

indiſſoluble union without the conſent of their parents or guardians. On the contrary, it would be a moſt flagrant inhumanity, to abandon them to the thoughtleſs temerity common to the inexperience of youth, when they are about to determine by marriage, whether life ſhall be happy or miſerable. Thoſe to whoſe charge they are by nature committed, may, without encroachment on their rights, prevent them from engaging, or from carrying an engagement already made into execution, if they think it imprudent and diſadvantageous. To a young perſon in theſe circumſtances continence is certainly a duty, till a marriage ſhall be duly contracted. It muſt however be noted, that parents, on their part, ought to provide for the ſettlement of their children, and not capriciouſly refuſe them in marriage when a ſuitable match is propoſed.

The ſtory of Proxenes and Cloris is already ſo well known, that it can be no ſcandal to relate it. Cloris, who was under the guardian-ſhip of an avaricious father, had long and patiently expected him to put her into poſſeſſion of her mother's fortune; when the agreeable Chariton, by his aſſiduity and affection, made a conqueſt of her heart: his fortune and his rank were ſuch, that Proxenes might, without bluſhing, have accepted him for a ſon-in-law. The propoſition was made, and he rejected it: he did not declare the motives of his refuſal, but they were eaſily to be conjectured; his invincible reluctance to part with the money was the cauſe of his unreaſonable conduct. He deſired Chariton to deſiſt from his addreſſes; and this prohibition, as uſual, increaſed the paſſion of

the two lovers, who by mutual conſent took the method which they imagined would be the moſt effectual to extort the conſent of the father: they were however miſtaken; this pleaſing expedient, of which ſo many daughters have experienced the efficacy, did not ſucceed upon Proxenes: although his daughter's diſgrace would neceſſarily be reflected upon himſelf, yet he broke out into tranſports of rage; and not confining himſelf to invective and reproach, he delivered her up, with his own hands, to the infamy and horror of thoſe mournful retreats which are conſecrated to repentance and tears. To which of the three actors of this ſcandalous ſcene, ſhall we impute the fault? Doubtleſs, to all. A father deſtitute both of pity and juſtice, a lover whoſe duced the miſtreſs whom he profeſſed to love, a daughter who contemned the parental authority, are all guilty characters.

But does this law of nature then, you will ſay, the excellence of which is ſo much boaſted, require all that vain apparatus of diſguſting ceremony, which is now made eſſential to the union of two lovers? I anſwer in the negative. Nothing more is required by the law of nature, than the free conſent of the parties: the moment this has taken place, the marriage is regiſtered in heaven, if there is no other reaſon to the contrary than the want of ceremony. But the noble ſimplicity of this excellent law has not forbidden human legiſlators, to regulate the ſolemnity of marriage by poſitive inſtitutions; and even poſitive inſtitutions are venerable and obligatory, when they are not repugnant to the law of nature, and intended only as comments and explanations. They are in-

deed obligatory, only as by-laws of a particular community; but to all the members of that community, theſe laws are binding.

It is of great importance to the order of ſociety, that marriage ſhould be an engagement for life; and this, indeed, ſeems to be a precept of the law of nature: the perpetual obligation which it impoſes upon huſband and wife, reciprocally to love each other, is an indication that this union was intended to continue till it ſhould be diſſolved by death; for how can we quit a ſpouſe whom we love? The neceſſary dependance of children, both on father and mother, for their protection and aſſiſtance, muſt be wanting, if marriage was no more than a temporary engagement. It is from conjugal affection, blended with ſelf-love, that the parental tenderneſs proceeds: ſo that the poſitive laws which have appointed the ſolemnities of marriage, only enforce the law of nature with reſpect to its perpetuity; by adding a new ſanction to the tie, they render the diſſolution of it more difficult. A private and ſtolen engagement may eaſily be broken; but when it is entered into in the preſence of creditable witneſſes, confirmed by the parental authority, authenticated by the law of the ſtate, and conſecrated by that religion, what a complicated validity and ſtrength does it acquire!

I would not, however, be underſtood to cenſure thoſe nations among whom divorces are permitted, and accuſe them of infringing the law of nature by this permiſſion. A law is not violated, when its rigour is ſoftened by a prudent moderation: juſtice ſometimes degenerates into injuſtice, merely by its becoming too rigid: diſpenſations

and exceptions, when they are not too frequent, rather confirm than invalidate a law. On the contrary, to extend it to caſes in which it would be impracticable, would be to endeavour its abrogation; and it not only may, but does ſo happen, that oppoſition of temper renders a mutual affection and harmony between man and wife impoſſible: in theſe caſes, nations, which are the moſt remarkable for the ſtrictneſs of their laws, have allowed a kind of diſunion, which has been called the ſeparation of the body: the bond of marriage, ſay they, is not broken; this ſeparation only deprives the married couple of all the delights ariſing from the conjugal union; and this, indeed, is the very inconveniency with which it has been reproached. Wherefore, becauſe Pamphilius is haſty, brutal, and impetuous, ſhould the ſorrowful Sophoniſba, ſeparated from this worthleſs huſband, endure the pain which he ought to ſuffer? Becauſe he is unworthy of her, is ſhe worthy of no other? To compel her to languiſh in a ſtate of auſtere celibacy, a thouſand times more unhappy than the moſt forlorn widowhood, is to compel her to wiſh the death of the author of that miſery from which a divorce would have delivered her. The members of the human body are intended to remain united to each other, ſo long as the body continues to live; and yet that union, although naturally indiſſoluble, does not prevent their ſeparation when any of them mortifies or becomes gangrenous: ſo, without reducing marriage to a mere temporary eſſay, ill-matched couples may, in deſperate caſes, be diſengaged from the fatal tie which unites them and miſery together.

This abſolute indiſſolubility of marriage, which in ſome parts of the world is made a point of conſcience, only inſures its continuance: but ſo far from engaging the married couple in the exerciſe of their reciprocal duties, it contributes, perhaps more than any other cauſe, to the breach of them. Diſſatisfied with each other, and perceiving their misfortune to be irreparable, they think of nothing but how it may be palliated; and to aleviate their ſufferings, they ſolace themſelves, one in the arms of a miſtreſs, the other in thoſe of a gallant. It is undoubtedly to the ſame cauſe, that the criminal correſpondence, called keeping, ought to be imputed: for men tremble at the thoughts of tying an indiſſoluble knot.

Hermogenes and Junia, both at their own diſpoſal, have cohabited as man and wife during ten years, without being united by any other bonds, than thoſe of a mutual and conſtant affection. The poſſibility of a parting alarms them, and keeps them conſtantly upon their guard; he fears to diſpleaſe Junia, and ſhe to offend Hermogenes. From this mutual apprehenſion, tempered by the aſſurance of mutual love, ariſes that reciprocal deference, condeſcenſion, and aſſiduity to pleaſe, which are conſtant fuel to the tender fire that has been ſo long kindled in their breaſts. They are only the more ſtrongly united, by the poſſibility of a ſeparation: no action that we perform voluntarily gives us pain: but pleaſure itſelf is diſtaſteful when it becomes a duty. "But if this be what is called "keeping, under what pretence is it ſtigmatized "as a crime? This is a laſting union of two faith-"ful lovers, who have but one heart, one will,

" and one ſoul; and does the inſtinct of pure na-
" ture require any thing more? What is there
" in the galling yoke of marriage preferable to
" this?—its indiſſolubility? Is not a union found-
" ed on mutual tenderneſs, more pure, more ho-
" ly, and more honourable, than that which is
" ſecured only by ſevere neceſſity?" I will readily acknowlege, that Hermogenes and Junia are united by a bond that nature approves, eſpecially if it be ſuppoſed that they have no intention to break it. The marriages of our forefathers, which it does not become us to cenſure, were contracted with no other ſolemnity. The two lovers conſented to take each other as huſband and wife; they acted as ſuch, and from that time the mutual relation was eſtabliſhed. But in our times the legiſlature of almoſt all nations has, for political purpoſes, rendered theſe marriages infamous, not only to the parents but to the children; and if our love is mingled with eſteem, can we poſſibly propoſe to the lovely object of this paſſion, a union which will diſhonour her? And if we love ourſelves in our poſterity, can we think, without ſhuddering, of giving ſuch children to our country as ſhe will deſpiſe and diſown? Wretched outcaſts of ſociety, whom injurious prejudice renders accountable for the crime charged upon their father! But how much more criminal are thoſe voluptuous inconſtants, the only object of whoſe love is pleaſure! who like brutes, when they have gratified a ſordid appetite, deſpiſe and abandon the lovely mourner who contributed to their delight, and the unhappy though innocent offſpring of the tranſient embrace: nature herſelf, all indulgent as

ſhe is, condemns this guilty flame. Her ultimate end in every union which ſhe forms, is the procreation of children; which, on the contrary, is the dread of thoſe who look no higher than the mere caſual enjoyment.

But this ſhameful licentiouſneſs, however culpable, is but a venial fault in compariſon of adultery, which includes a more complicated and dreadful degree of guilt than all other breaches of chaſtity. I repeat the moſt dreadful; for inceſt itſelf, with which alone it can be put in competition, is far inferior in point of turpitude. To violate the chaſtity of a ſiſter, a mother, or a daughter; or to yield to the guilty ſolicitations of a brother, a father, or a ſon, are the only actions which are truly inceſtuous: nature knows no other; and familiarities between more diſtant relations are inceſtuous only in name. But I do not put inceſt, thus defined, in competition with adultry; for beſides that the inſtances of it are very rare, the idea of it is ſo diſguſting, that I ſhall wave the ſubject: I ſhall here mention only that ſpecies of inceſt which is of human invention, and by which marriage is confined within narrower limits, for the ſake of alliances or kindred; nor can there ſure be any proportion, between the fictitious crimes which have their origin only in arbitrary prohibitions, and the direct violation of the pure inſtincts of nature which is implied in adultery. To the exceſs of incontinence and ſenſuality, which it has in common with other offences againſt chaſtity, muſt be added injuſtice, perjury and perfidiouſneſs.

Adultery is either ſimple or complex: it is ſim-

ple, when one of the parties by whom it is committed, is not under the ties of marriage; it is complex, when they are both bound by that ſolemn engagement; for then, beſides the crime of which each of them is guilty as principal, they incur the additional guilt of being accomplices in the offence of each other.

If Pallades and Thais were free from all prior engagements, yet the mutual familiarities in which they indulge themſelves, are not innocent; becauſe theſe are not permitted, but to thoſe who have entered the marriage ſtate. But Thais, being the wife of Euryalus, is yet more criminal; becauſe, to unchaſtity ſhe adds perjury and injuſtice: perjury, in violating the fidelity which he vowed to her huſband; injuſtice, by bringing him, or rendering herſelf liable to bring him, intruded heirs; who, notwithſtanding their illegitimacy, will ſucceed to a participation of his eſtate, to the prejudice of his own offspring or the collateral branches of his family: and in all the circumſtances which aggravate the fault of Thais, Pallades has an equal ſhare; and although he is not bound by the nuptial tie, he is, equally with her, guilty of adultery, injuſtice, and perjury: for every man is ſuppoſed to commit the crime, in which he concurs. But let us ſuppoſe Thais to be ſingle, and Pallades married, they are both equally culpable; the guilt of Pallades, on one ſide, is now equal to that of Thais when ſhe was ſuppoſed to be unfaithful to the bed of Euryalus; for conjugal fidelity is equally incumbent on huſband and wife: and if the wife who violates it, may bring her huſband illegitimate heirs; the huſband may with-hold legi-

timate iſſue from the wife: Thais on the other ſide, being an accomplice with Pallades, contracts an equal ſhare in his guilt—and both of them would be yet more guilty, if their adultery had been complex. Of two faults which are equal in other reſpects, that is the moſt heinous by which another is injured; and if both are injurious to another, that is the moſt enormous which injures in the greateſt degree, or affects the greateſt number: and according to this maxim, the complex adultery is more criminal than the ſimple, and ſimple adultery is more criminal than any other unlawful familiarity between the ſexes.

The laſt, but not the leaſt complaint that I have againſt adultery, is, that it deſtroys the peace both of huſband and wife; and if their hearts have been united by love, adultery, by extinguiſhing that love, divides them for ever. He only who has loved, can conceive the pangs of this dreadful ſeparation. I will venture to affirm, for I know it by a happy experience, that life has no enjoyment equal, at leaſt in the eſtimation of tender minds, to that of loving and being beloved. Fortune, honours, riches, and diverſions all are names and ſhadows, in compariſon of this ineſtimable felicity, and of this ineſtimable felicity we are deprived by adultery. For want of liſtening to the internal voice of nature, which inveighs againſt adultery, it is generally believed to be but an excuſable gallantry, upon the credit of wretches, who having wholly extinguiſhed all ſenſe of honour and virtue by habitual debauchery, inſtead of bluſhing at this horrid enormity, glory in the commiſſion of it. But pirates and banditti glory alſo in

their violence and rapine; and a grenadier becomes a raviſher without remorſe, in a town taken by ſtorm: we are then to determine the turpitude of a particular crime, by the opinion of the criminal!

SECT. II.

Of SOBRIETY.

TO give the young Lacedemonians a reliſh for ſobriety, ſlaves were expoſed before them who had been made drunk on purpoſe; and this ſpectacle, which exhibited a faithful and ſtriking picture of the infamous brutality which is the effect of drunkenneſs, made a deep and laſting impreſſion upon their minds. We are not reduced to the neceſſity of having recourſe to this whimſical expedient; we have no need to make our ſervants drunk, to give leſſons of temperance to our children; many of our fellow-citizens, of all ranks, very willingly take upon themſelves to perform the office of the ſlaves of Sparta: and ſome perhaps who have preached againſt intemperance in the morning, will generouſly illuſtrate their doctrine at night, by exhibiting, in perſon, an inſtance of the abſurdity and brutality which are the effects of the vice againſt which they have declaimed. If nothing more were neceſſary to inculcate temperance than the practice of the contrary vice, we ſhould not want preceptors.

We have indeed loſt one inſtructor, a certain lord, more famous for his drunkenneſs than his nobility, which was but of modern date. Wine, that treacherous liquor in which he had placed the ſupreme delight of his life, proved his poiſon;

" but being dead he yet ſpeaketh," and is a perpetual preacher of ſobriety: his memory alone will teach thoſe who know how he lived, how deſpicably low even the great may fall, whom nothing ſtimulates to emulation but the ridiculous praiſe of being able to drink well, or more properly to drink much. But there ſtill remains a ſufficient number of apoſtles who are under the direction of the ſame ſpirit, to prevent our regreting the loſs of one among a thouſand. We have ſtill before our eyes the judge Eupotimus, that organized caſk, who knows nothing more than to drink, to ſleep, and to try cauſes. Behold him totter to the bench; hear him ſnore when he has taken his ſeat; follow him, when in the middle of a cauſe, the particulars of which he thinks tediouſly impertinent, he quits the court to wait in the neighbouring drinking-room till the counſel ſhall have done pleading; obſerve him in his paſſage from the tavern to his houſe, when, in the middle of the night, he is carried home dead drunk, without motion, ſenſe, or pulſe; bruiſed, livid, and bloody, by the falls which he has received. Is any thing elſe neceſſary to excite an abhorrence of intemperance and a contempt of the intemperate? Behold the illuſtrious Diogenetes, a prelate diſtinguiſhed both by his rank and his birth, enervated, debilitated, and having little more left of life than the name, who is ſcarce able, ſo great is his weakneſs, to trace in the air, with two of his fingers, thoſe ſacred hieroglyphics which devout perſons call benedictions! His legs which bend under him, his arms that dangle a uſeleſs weight at his ſides, will ſufficiently inſtruct you in the dreadful effects

of exceſſive drinking. Would you inſinuate, that the exceſs of the table alone has not reduced him to this deplorable condition? I grant it; his example, therefore, includes yet another leſſon.

But becauſe I have inſiſted ſo much on the injury which our health receives from intemperance, let me not be accuſed of conſidering the law which preſcribes ſobriety, as a mere prudential maxim, and wholly indifferent with reſpect to morality. No preſcription of the law of nature can, in this reſpect, be indifferent; and I am proceeding to prove, that to be temperate, is an expreſs precept of this law. Nature has determined the quantity of aliments which we ought to take, by the degree of heat and the capacity of the ſtomach; and the quality of them, not only by the agreeable or diſagreeable ſenſation which they excite in the palate, but by the good or ill effects which they produce with reſpect to our health.

Health is that conſtitution of the body, in which the breath of life that animates it, acts with greateſt energy. To impair health, is to diminiſh life: a man is leſs and leſs alive, in proportion as his health declines; and when it is totally deſtroyed, he dies. The ſame law which reſtrains us from putting an end to our lives, forbids us, alſo, voluntarily to deſtroy our health. Let whoever will call it, in this reſpect, a prudential maxim; what does it ſignify how it is denominated, if it be confeſſed to be indiſpenſable. From theſe principles it follows, that voluntarily to deſtroy health, in whatever manner, is to infringe the law of nature, which enjoins its preſervation. Sobriety, therefore, like all other virtues, is the mean between

two oppoſite extremes: to deſtroy the conſtitution by exceſſive abſtinence, is not a leſs culpable exceſs, than to ſhorten life by intemperate eating and drinking. Is he who takes a ſlow poiſon, leſs a ſelf-murderer, than a more reſolute wretch who ſtabs himſelf? As this criminal is condemned without heſitation, why ſhould the other be acquitted?

If it be diſputed, whether ſuicide be contrary to the law of nature, I believe it will not be difficult to prove it. This law, as I have before obſerved, does not require us to treat other perſons better than we treat ourſelves: and it is generally agreed, that we are forbidden to take away the life of others, at leaſt by our own private authority; much leſs, therefore, are we allowed to take away our own. 'But,' ſay you, "if life is rather a burden than a benefit, ſince the inſtinct of nature itſelf has our happineſs for its object, why may we not in this caſe cut it ſhort?" Why? becauſe life, belonging to God from whom you derived your being, you have no right to diſpoſe of it without his permiſſion. Beſides, we are not ſufficient judges of our own intereſt, eſpecially when blinded by ſome violent paſſion, to determine with certainty, even in the circumſtances of the greateſt diſtreſs, whether life is rather a burden than a benefit. It is on the contrary certain, even in thoſe circumſtances, that it is worth preſerving, if not with reſpect to the preſent time, yet with reſpect to the time to come: for we continue to live, doubtleſs, only becauſe it is the will of God that we ſhould not yet die; and God wills nothing with reſpect to us, which has not a direct tendency to our happineſs; this being the ultimate end

of our creation: to become our own murderers, therefore, is to counterwork his purpoſe, and not only to neglect, but to renounce the felicity which he intended us. But even ſuppoſing that life was really become a burden, we ſhould no more have a right to lay it down, than we have to take away the life of another when it becomes an obſtacle to our advantage: our own life is no more at our diſpoſal, than that of others.

That an action is great and generous, in proportion as it requires a more ſevere degree of ſelf-denial, and is performed in oppoſition to ſtronger inſtincts and paſſions, is a maxim that, altho' generally received, is yet always falſe, if not underſtood with proper reſtrictions; and from this maxim, many perſons eminent in hiſtory have inferred, that to deſtroy themſelves was to merit the applauſe of poſterity; and indeed they have not been deſtitute of admirers in ſucceeding ages. But to plunge the poignard in the breaſt of a parent, muſt certainly cauſe great ſtruggles in the parricide; nor could the pleadings of nature be ſilenced, but by the ſtrongeſt and moſt painful efforts. But can theſe ſtruggles and theſe efforts convert ſo horrid an enormity into a meritorious action? To ſtruggle with natural propenſities, is not a virtue, except ſuch propenſities are vitious: to meet death with intrepidity, is courage; but to inflict it on ourſelves, is cowardice. No man becomes the author of his own death, but to deliver himſelf from ſome calamity which he deems unſupportable. Men kill themſelves, becauſe their fortitude is not equal to their ſufferings: the violence of the remedy by which a man endeavours to put an end to

his calamities. if it does not include the preſervation of his life, rather proves the exceſs of his impatience than the greatneſs of his courage. Fortify yourſelf with theſe prudent maxims founded on right reaſon and humanity, and the moſt dreadful misfortunes will never induce you to lay violent hands on yourſelf. Let the Perſian Uſbek in vain attempt an apology for ſuicide, to his friend Ibben; regard his captious ſophiſtry only as frivolous palliatives of the blindeſt fury: and convinced that to deprive yourſelf of life is a crime, conſider the preſervation of it is a duty. And nothing contributes more to the preſervation of life, than ſobriety.

Sobriety is of two kinds: one conſiſts in the moderate uſe of meat and drink, which we have already conſidered; the other in diſintereſtedneſs, and the good uſe of riches: this is with reſpect to the ſoul, what the other is with reſpect to the body; the reſult of the former is health, and of the latter virtue.

Among all the different claſſes of the rich, the leaſt culpable are thoſe, who, during a long ſucceſſion from father to ſon, have always lived in eaſe and plenty, and ſcarce know that there are wretches in the world who want the neceſſaries of life. They are, indeed, generally inſenſible to the miſeries of others, and, excepting this, they would be irreproachable; for it is no crime to be rich.

Thoſe upon whom riches produce the worſt effects, are the Croeſus's of yeſterday, who carry the ſum-total of their poſſeſſions written on their foreheads: the diſdain of their eye, and the arrogance of their behaviour, ſeem to increaſe every

day in proportion as their coffers fills. That which ought to comfort the man of merit who is expoſed to their inſults, is the reflection, that theſe prodigious heaps of wealth which were ſo ſuddenly amaſſed, are as ſuddenly melted away.

To accumulate immenſe riches, and to diſſipate them, is ſeldom the work of more than two generations: the father hoards, and the ſon ſquanders; the father grows rich, the ſon becomes neceſſitous. Such is the ordinary courſe of things; and this it is that facilitates commerce: without this, the wealth of individuals would never circulate and enrich the community.

Yeſterday you ſaw Phylargyris riſe on the wheel of fortune, with incredible ſwiftneſs; and you ſee his ſon Scorpiſon deſcend with equal rapidity to-day. Phylargyris was born without wealth, but with an ardent deſire to acquire it: he did not amuſe himſelf with ſcience, a ſteril ſoil! which, to thoſe who cultivate it with the greateſt aſſiduity, produces only flattering honours and empty praiſe: he was neither geometrician, poet, grammarian, nor aſtronomer; but he was, ſucceſſively, commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, caſhier, director, and undertaker for ſupplies. There ſtill remained one ſtep between him and his utmoſt wiſhes; but this ſtep was at length ſucceſsfully taken: twenty thouſand pounds well applied, procured the honour of a place among the opulent Forty, and he became receiver in chief. Perhaps you imagine, that he then wiſhed for nothing more; on the contrary his deſire increaſed with his wealth, and his wealth increaſed almoſt in proportion to his deſire: for when he died, ten principalities might have been

formed out of his eſtate. The year of mourning was ſcarce expired, when Scorpiſon, although he was ſole heir to theſe vaſt poſſeſſions, was leſs wealthy by one half than his father; the keeping a miſtreſs, gaming, the re-payment of loans with exorbitant intereſt, building and demoliſhing, a paſſion for pictures, medals, and cockle-ſhells, and, above all, his inattention to his domeſtic affairs, ſo greatly diminiſhed his patrimony in ſo ſhort a time. But he has made conſiderable progreſs ſince; for he has now not only diſſipated the remainder, but has brought himſelf deeply into debt.

But perſons frequently think themſelves good œconomiſts, when they barely keep on this ſide prodigality: they never dream of retrenching ſuperfluous expences, provided they do not exceed their income; they have never thought it a duty to relieve the diſtreſſes of the unfortunate, nor do ſo much as know that it can be a pleaſure.

I know not by what fatality it happens, that the more perſons are diſtinguiſhed by the bounty of fortune, the leſs they are inclined to relieve thoſe to whom this bounty is denied: the poor derive more aſſiſtance from perſons who are almoſt equally indigent, than from thoſe who abound in wealth. Men ſeem to pity thoſe evils only, which they themſelves ſuffer in ſome degree: I ſay, in ſome degree; becauſe a perſon who is overwhelmed with calamity, exhauſts his ſenſibility on himſelf; and the exceſs of misfortune renders us as incapable of commiſeration as the exceſs of proſperity.

Another ſingularity which appears equally a-

ſtoniſhing, is, that few perſons are more inſenſible to the miſery of others, than thoſe whoſe profeſſion it is to preach charity to the reſt of mankind: perhaps they think themſelves excuſed from aſſiſting the unfortunate, in conſideration of the care they take to exhort others to do it; and imagine they have done enough, by interceding only for the wretched.

It is commonly ſaid, that perſons make a noble uſe of their fortune, who keep a ſplendid table, have vaſt apartments, rich furniture, and coſtly jewels, a numerous retinue and ſumptuous equipages; or, in other words, live as luxurioufly as they can, without mortgaging their eſtates, or breaking in upon their principal. But I muſt take the liberty to correct this abuſe of language. That which I call making a noble uſe of an affluent fortune, is to uſe it like an honeſt, or rather like a beneficent man. Does the generous and pious Demophilus then uſe his fortune otherwiſe than nobly, becauſe, having renounced mean and ſenſual gratifications, all trifling amuſements and vain ſuperfluities, he ſhowers his bounties, with a liberal hand, upon the indigent and unhappy? If wiſdom can derive any advantage from wealth, it is only by procuring the ſublime ſatisfaction of communicating happineſs.

MANNERS.

PART III.

Of SOCIAL LOVE.

IN the firſt part of this work, we have aſſerted, that the love of God will produce a chearful obedience to his laws: in the ſecond, that love to ourſelves, when guided by reaſon and wiſdom, will enſure our own happineſs: and may we not now ſay, that if we love our fellow-creatures, we ſhall never be wanting in the performance of our duty to them? "Love," ſaith St. Paul to his new proſelytes, "is the fulfilling of the "law." Love alone can ſecure a faithful obſervance of all our duties; it is the root from which all our engagements ſpring, and the bond within which they are all comprehended. Without this, all intercourſe between man and man would degenerate into artifice and diſſimulation; ſociety would retain only the ſhadow of virtue, a deluſive appearance of friendſhip, humanity, and generoſity; which would produce more dreadful effects than avowed hatred and open abuſe. We have already deſcribed the characters and effects of that love which man owes firſt to his God, and then to himſelf; let us now delineate the characters and effects of that love, which man owes to man.

Every kind of union among the human ſpecies, in proportion as it is more or leſs limited, is ce-

mented by ſtronger or weaker degrees of affection. We give the name of love to that paſſion which unites two lovers, or the wedded pair; and alſo to that which attaches the child to the parent, and the parent to the child. Friendſhip is that affection which proceeds from choice; not derived from the difference of ſex, nor yet dependant on the ties of blood. And we give the name of humanity to that affection, which as men we feel for all our own ſpecies. Some degree of difference between theſe ſeveral affections, is allowed. Love, in its own nature, is more lively and ardent than friendſhip; and we may lawfully do more for an approved friend, than we are obliged to do for the reſt of mankind. But theſe three kinds of affection differ only in degree: they are, indeed, ſubordinate to each other, but they have this property in common, that they incite us to do good to thoſe whom they render dear to us, and to procure them all the happineſs in our power.

CHAP. I.

Of LOVE.

THOUGH the term love is applied in general to all affections which ariſe from nature, and which incline the heart almoſt involuntarily towards the object beloved; ſuch as the tenderneſs of lovers, that of the huſband and wife, the filial and much more the parental affection: yet cuſtom has determined it more particularly to ſignify, that ſtrong ſympathy which perſons of different

ſexes feel for each other. And of this we ſhall ſpeak in the firſt place, as being that which has the moſt abſolute empire over the heart. The other three ſhall alſo be the ſubject of diſtinct ſections.

SECT. I.

Of Love, *properly ſo called.*

CALISTA was young and beautiful, bleſt with an uncommon ſhare of ſolid ſenſe enlivened by the moſt ſprightly wit. Agathocles exceeded her very little in point of age; he was well-made, brave, and prudent. He had the good fortune to be introduced at Caliſta's, where his looks, wandering indifferently over a brilliant circle, ſoon diſtinguiſhed and fixed upon her. But endeavouring to recover himſelf from the ſhort extaſy which this firſt glance produced, he immediately reproached himſelf as being guilty of rudeneſs and diſregard to the reſt of the company; and this fault he endeavoured to repair, by looking round on other objects. Vain attempt! they are attracted by an irreſiſtible charm, and again turned towards Caliſta. He bluſhed as well as ſhe, whilſt a ſweet emotion, hitherto unfelt, played about his heart, and diſconcerted all his looks. They both became, at the ſame time, more timid and more curious. With pleaſure he gazed at Caliſta, and yet could not do it without trembling: whilſt ſhe, ſecretly pleaſed with this flattering preference, looked at him by ſtealth. They were both afraid, but eſpecially Caliſta, of being caught by the other in fact;

and yet both were ſo almoſt every moment. The hour of ſeparation came, and they thought it came too ſoon. They made painful reflections on the rapidity of time. Imagination, however, did not ſuffer a total ſeparation to take place: for the image of Caliſta was deeply engraven on the mind of Agathocles, and the lineaments of his perſon were as ſtrongly impreſſed on that of Caliſta. They both appeared leſs chearful the reſt of the day; a lively and intereſting ſentiment, whatever it was, employed their minds, which no amuſement could baniſh.

It was two days before they ſaw each other again: and tho', during this interval, their whole time had been filled up, either by buſineſs or recreations; they both felt a languid anxiety which rendered every thing inſipid, a void in their minds which we want words to define, and of which they knew not then the cauſe; but diſcovered it the very inſtant of their meeting: for the perfect contentment, the ſoothing delight, which they taſted in the preſence of each other, would not ſuffer them to be longer ignorant of the cauſe of their melancholy. Agathocles now collected himſelf, and aſſumed the courage to addreſs Caliſta; he accoſted her with the moſt polite and obliging expreſſions, and for the firſt time enjoyed the happineſs of a particular converſation with her. He had hitherto ſeen only her exterior charms: he now diſcovered the beauty of her mind, the integrity of her heart, the dignity of her ſentiments, and the delicacy of her wit; but what ſtill more delighted him, was the pleaſing hope, that ſhe did not think him unworthy of her eſteem. From

this time his viſits became very frequent; in every one of which he diſcovered ſome new perfection. This is the characteriſtic of real merit; it is a gainer by being laid open to the inſpection of a judicious eye. A man of underſtanding will ſoon be diſguſted with the wanton, the fooliſh, and the giddy: but if he has conceived a paſſion for a woman worthy of himſelf, time, ſo far from weakening his attachment, can only ſerve to encreaſe and ſtrengthen it.

The fixed inclination of Agathocles made him now ſenſible, that what he felt for Caliſta was love; and that of the moſt tender and paſſionate kind. This he knew; but Caliſta was ſtill unacquainted with it, or at leaſt had never learnt it from his lips. Love is timorous and diffident: a bold and daring ſuitor is not the lover of the lady whom he addreſſes; the only object of his love is pleaſure. At laſt he took the reſolution to lay open his heart to Caliſta, but not in the ſtudied language of a romantic paſſion. "Lovely Caliſta," ſaid he ingenuouſly, "it is not merely eſteem that engages me "to you; but the moſt paſſionate and tender af- "fection. I feel that I cannot live without you. "Can you, without reluctance, reſolve to make me "happy? I have hitherto loved without offending "you; this is a tribute that your merit demands: "but may I flatter myſelf with the hope, that you "will make me ſome ſmall return?" A coquette would have affected to be diſpleaſed; but Caliſta not only heard her lover without interruption, but anſwered him without ſeverity and permitted him to hope. Nor did ſhe put his conſtancy to a tedious trial. The happineſs for which he ſighed, was

deferred no longer than was proper to make the neceſſary preparations. The marriage-ſettlements were eaſily adjuſted, for, in theſe, ſordid intereſt had no ſhare; this ſolemn contract chiefly conſiſted in a mutual exchange of hearts, and this was already performed.

What will be the lot of this newly wedded pair? I will venture to foretel, that it will be the happieſt that mortals can enjoy on earth. No pleaſure is comparable to that which affects the heart; nor can any other, as I have already obſerved, affect it with ſuch exquiſite delight, as the pleaſure of loving and being beloved. To this tender union of ſoul we can never apply the words of Democritus, that "the pleaſure of love "is only a ſhort epilepſy." He, without doubt, had merely that ſenſual gratification in his thoughts, which is ſo different from love, that the enjoyment may be without the paſſion, and the paſſion without the enjoyment. Their love will be conſtant. This I dare propheſy, and I know the cauſe: their paſſion is not founded on the dazzling charms of beauty; they are both the friends of virtue; they love each other on this account; their love, therefore, will laſt as long as their virtue, and the continuance of that is ſecured by their union: for nothing can ſecure our perſeverance in the paths of wiſdom ſo effectually, as having inceſſantly a loving and beloved example walking before us. Their felicity can never be diſturbed, unleſs by thoſe diſaſters and misfortunes from which their mutual tenderneſs cannot ſhelter them But ſuppoſing that theſe ſhall fall to their ſhare, they would then only partake of the com-

mon lot of mankind. Thoſe who have never taſted the tender delights of love, are equally expoſed to diſappointment; and the lover is at leaſt a gainer, with reſpect to thoſe pleaſures which are of great account in the eſtimation of the value of life. Add to this, that love will greatly diminiſh the ſenſe of their misfortunes. It has the peculiar virtue of rendering the ſufferings of two well-paired hearts leſs acute, and their delights more exquiſite. It would ſeem as if, by communicating their diſtreſſes, each one felt but half their weight: while, on the contrary, their ſatisfactions are doubled by the participation. As a ſquadron of ſoldiers is more difficultly-defeated, in proportion to its cloſeneſs; ſo the happy pair reſiſts the attacks of trouble and adverſity, with ſo much the more ſtrength and ſucceſs as they are more firmly united.

Ye ſenſual lovers, whoſe pleaſures are merely corporeal, the repreſentation of theſe chaſte delights is to you an incomprehenſible enigma, a ridiculous paradox? Love, whoſe ſtandard you profeſs to follow, is to you unknown. You are in his eyes the profane, who do not deſerve to be initiated into his myſteries. What have you performed in his ſervice? by what exploits have you merited his favour? You have ridiculouſly affected frivolous geſtures, and theatrical attitudes; you have minutely conformed to every riſing mode; you have practiſed in your glaſs the complaiſant and inſinuating ſmile, the lively glance, the ſoft and paſſionate look; you have exhauſted the delicacy of your taſte, and the ſtrength of your imagination, in the frivolous employment of adorning your

perſons with all the pride and extravagance of dreſs. Elated with theſe noble advantages, you ſtrut in every aſſembly with an air of triumph. The greateſt beauty, you imagine, muſt upon the firſt attack reſign her arms, and ſurrender at diſcretion. You practiſe every method, either to ſeduce or ſurprize; and ſpare neither flattery, nor lies, nor gifts, nor promiſes, nor pretences, nor diſſimulation. It is true, ſome have ſerved as trophies to your odious vanity. One has been prepared for her fall, by a looſeneſs of manners, or a warmth of conſtitution. Another has been dazzled with the luſtre of gold and jewels. The innocent Agnes fell into the ſnare, through ſimplicity; the young Hebe, by an indiſcrete curioſity.—But confeſs that you bluſh at your conqueſts. None of them could ever render you happy. This is plain, from your repeated inconſtancy and infidelity, from your perfidy and perjuries, from your diſguſts and diſappointments. Your love is turned into hatred; you blaſpheme what you once adored; there is no woman upon earth who can ſhelter herſelf from your outrageous declamations; you vilify and defame that lovely ſex, which was formed for the felicity of ours. But how is it poſſible that you ſhould conceive an eſteem for it, while you form a judgment of all from the worſt patterns?

No ſolid happineſs can be reaſonably expected from this paſſion, except you love with delicacy a perſon worthy of your tendereſt affection; without this condition you will infallibly be unhappy, either by the inconſtancy of the perſon beloved or by your own: and then you will find by experience, that what you thought to be love, was not really

ſo; for love is always conſtant: yours was nothing more than a conformity of taſte for pleaſure.

Love being the ſympathetic bond of two minds, it is in the qualities of the mind that we muſt ſearch for the foundation of this ſympathy. And here, the firſt and principal, and by which indeed we are to judge of all others, is the love of virtue: for there can be no preſent more fatal to a man of honour, than a heart that is a ſtranger to virtuous ſentiments; ſince this he cannot accept without riſquing his own innocence. In a union ſo ſtrict as that of lovers, ſentiments and habits are communicated imperceptibly; and, as we are too well informed by experience, the bad are more eaſily caught than the good. The diſorders of the mind are much more contagious than thoſe of the body; its ſpots defect and defile all thoſe, who are ſo imprudent as to touch, or approach too near.

Add to the danger of incurring this fatal conſequence, the intereſt even of your love itſelf; for what are the perfections that can fix the heart of a woman, who is inſenſible to the charms of virtue? Will you adopt her charms? will you become an accomplice? You will then ſacrifice your honour, but not promote the intereſt of your love: for the fair ſeducer, herſelf, will loſe her eſteem for you; and it is infallibly certain, that what we deſpiſe we can never love. If you behave towards her with inflexible virtue, you then become an object of fear. If you ſubmit to baſe condeſcenſions, ſhe will abuſe them, and at the ſame time be inſenſible of the obligation; and this will, one time or other, be the foundation of ſome bitter reproaches, when ſhe will not fail to reflect back her own

guilt upon you; and as you have favoured her crimes, you will then be charged with being the author of them. What medium can you take between theſe two extremes? Spare yourſelf theſe dangerous embarraſments, cultivate a love of virtue in your own mind, and deſpiſe her that wants this great accompliſhment.

With what views does Beliſa careſs the young Lindor? ſurely with no other than that of becoming the Minerva of this lovely Telemachus. She could but ill perform the part of Circe. He is a youth ſcarce freed from the terrors of the rod, nor has he yet ſhook off the duſt of the college. Beliſa, on the contrary, is of full age; ſhe has ſeen the beginning of the preſent century, and ought now to have laid aſide the trifling vain amuſements of gallantry and intrigue. Full five and forty years experience, and ſome mortifying anecdotes not yet effaced from her memory, ought for ever to keep her on her guard againſt the follies and indiſcretions of the juvenile part of our ſex. She is the friend of Lindor's mother, and takes him under her care as a pupil. Slanderers however ſay, that ſhe herſelf has a very warm concern for the ſucceſs of her leſſons. Nothing is more common, ſay they, than for a young man to loſe his innocence in the arms of theſe ſuperannuated ladies. The timidity natural to youth would be his ſecurity, if theſe dangerous ſeducers did not undertake to break down this fortreſs by licentious diſcourſe, and to finiſh the conqueſt by indecent fooleries. But let us, ourſelves, examine the behaviour of the miſtreſs and her diſciple, and try if our own obſervation will juſtify theſe ſuſpicions. Why are they always

in cloſe and private conference, ſecured by the unſeemly protection of locks and bolts? Is there no other ſeat for Beliſa, than a couch? does no other attitude become her, than a reclining poſture; no other dreſs, than the looſely negligent and alluring? Does mere friendſhip animate the countenance with ſuch a glowing ardor? does its eye ſparkle with ſo much fire? is its zeal expreſſed in kiſſes, given with all the fervor of deſire, and repeated almoſt without intermiſſion? But let us draw a veil over the reſt of this ſcene: I deſign to inſpire my readers with the ſtricteſt morals, and yet I have alarmed their modeſty.

Encalpus is not wholly unlike Beliſa; for he ſeeks to attain the ſame end, tho' by very different means. His long cloak, his venerable character, the wrinkles multiplied on his brow, and an air of piety and devotion, inſpire every one with an unbounded confidence. The young and beautiful go to him, to bluſh at their own weakneſs; to reveal to him their ſecret inclinations; and to tell him, how greatly the empire of appetite prevails over that of reaſon; to lament the aſcendency of their irregular deſires, and to learn how they may be ſubdued. Heloiſa has told him her unconquerable propenſity to tenderneſs, and the indiſcretions into which this weakneſs has betrayed her Before he preſcribes the remedy, he muſt ſearch into the nature of her diſeaſe. He queſtions, he examines, he expatiates on the diſtemper; and leſt he ſhould omit any material circumſtance, he raiſes a number of obſcene ideas, adapted much more to defile her imagination than to fix and confirm her wavering chaſtity. And,

indeed, the more of truth and ſincerity there is in her replies, the better this impoſtor will be enabled to ſeduce and triumph over her. He knows already the weakneſs of the place, and will be ſure to make his attack where it is leaſt capable of reſiſtance. The young Almanzor, though of a bold and enterprizing genius, has in vain ſtrove to overturn that modeſty, which, though wavering, has hitherto been impregnable; but this traiterous guide is better qualified to accompliſh his views. He has ſhewn her the dreadful precipice, and her very fears will help to precipitate her fall. And thus, what a young lover, tenderly beloved, could never obtain by all his endearments; this venerable ſpiritual director will accompliſh by his ſacrilegious artifices.

Do you give the name of love to the guilty fondneſs of Beliſa, and the criminal deſires of Encalpus? Can love teach a man to rob the dear object of his paſſion of her moſt valuable treaſure, her innocence? to ſully her ſoul with a crime the moſt ignominious of all others? Does love teach you to plunge the poignard into the unguarded boſom? or do you give the poiſonous draught, thro' exceſs of tenderneſs?

The intentions of Eraſtus are very honourable; he has a paſſionate fondneſs for Iſabella, which is eaſily diſcovered in the advantageous picture he gives of her; yet there appears one feature wanting to finiſh the portrait: he ſays nothing of the character and diſpoſition of her mind. Theſe are not what affect him. Her beauty, her graceful air, her lively gaiety, have irreſiſtible charms; theſe are enough for him; and he imagines, that there

can be no greater happineſs than the poſſeſſion of ſo lovely a perſon. While under the beams of her eyes, he is tranſported with extaſy; but, when ſhe is abſent, languiſhes and pines in reſtleſs uneaſineſs. Is not this love? Eraſtus thinks it is; and believes that he is more paſſionately in love, than any other man upon earth. But I ſee from whence this error ſprings; he miſtakes for love, what is only the deſire of enjoyment.

If you are ſincerely deſirous of diſcovering by which of theſe you are led, conſult the eyes of the fair one who holds you in her chains. If her preſence intimidates you and holds you in a reſpectful ſubmiſſion, you then know what it is to love. This paſſion baniſhes from the mind every ſenſual idea, every excurſion of the imagination, by which the delicacy of the object beloved might be offended, were it poſſible for her to know it. Love is chaſte, even in our dreams. But on the contrary, if the perfections which you admire, make a greater impreſſion on the ſenſes than they do upon the mind; in that caſe it is not love, but a corporeal appetite.

This generous paſſion, when it is perfectly ſincere, will never excite us to the commiſſion of any fault which may wound either our conſcience or our honour; for whoever is capable of love is virtuous: and, on the other hand, I dare affirm, that whoever is virtuous is alſo capable of love; for all the virtues have a cloſe connexion with each other, and the tenderneſs of the heart is one of them. As an incapacity for propagating the ſpecies would be a fault in the ſtructure of the body,

ſo to be incapable of love is equally a defect in the mind.

I am in no pain for the morals of the lover, ſince the tender paſſion has a natural tendency to improve and exalt every virtue: it renders the heart leſs fierce, the temper more pliable, humane, and generous. The lover is accuſtomed to bend his will to that of the dear object of his affection; and, by this means, he has the happineſs of contracting the habit of commanding, controlling, and even ſuppreſſing his deſires; and of conforming his taſte and inclinations to places, times, and circumſtances. But it is quite otherwiſe, when a perſon is hurried away by thoſe impulſes of a wanton appetite, which theſe groſs feeders confound with love.

SECT. II.

Of Conjugal Love.

THE marks of conjugal love are not ſo equivocal. A lover may be made a dupe by himſelf, and believe that he is in love when he is not: but a married man cannot be deceived; for enjoyment is the touch-ſtone of love. The true from hence derives a new flame; but the falſe is here extinguiſhed.

If after the experiment is made, a perſon finds himſelf miſtaken; I know no other remedy for his misfortune, than patience. If it be poſſible, however, ſubſtitute friendſhip in the place of love; but I dare not flatter you that this will be practicable.

Friendſhip between the married pair, is the fruit of a long and ſettled affection, when time and poſſeſſion have calmed every tumultuous paſſion. When love deſerts the married ſtate, hatred generally ſucceeds; at leaſt coldneſs and indifference is the beſt that can be expected, even from tempers of the fineſt mould.

Behold Alcippus and Celimena, who have been married theſe ſix months! Though their apartments are at ſome diſtance, they viſit every day; and even go ſo far as to embrace each other. This is certainly true; for it never happens but in the preſence of the moſt credible witneſſes. You will never ſee them guilty of the childiſh careſſes and ridiculous toying, for which young married people are ſometime cenſured; but they behave with politeneſs, reſpect, aſſiduity, attention, and, above all, the moſt perfect decency. Yet they never made an expreſs agreement to live together in this manner; but each reſolved upon it, by a happy kind of ſympathy.

It is much more ſurprizing, to ſee the extreme coldneſs which ſubſiſts between Lyſander and Daphne, after a thouſand ſeeming proofs of the moſt violent paſſion. Never did love appear more ardent. Innumerable obſtacles ſtood in their way, over which their courage enabled them to triumph. Bolts, bars, and walls, ſecured the fair priſoner. Three or four prudiſh jailors with a devout twang of the noſe exhorted her to continence; and, propoſing themſelves for an example, invited her to ſigh, like them, for no other huſband than the ſpouſe in the Canticles: but a ladder delivered her, at once, from the cloiſter and theſe lectures. Lyſan-

der, whoſe father at the ſame time was endeavouring to diſinherit him, preferred the intereſt of his fortune, and the poſſeſſion of Daphne to the ties of blood. He fled with her, to vow at the foot of the altar an eternal fidelity. The firſt year is not yet paſt, and Lyſander is already falſe. Daphne weeps, ſighs, and laments: however ſhe has comforters, who may one day help her fully to revenge his perfidy. But what can be the cauſe of this ſudden change? The ſame which froze the paſſions of Alcippus and Celimena. Lyſander and Daphne too had miſtaken for love, the powerful impulſes of a warm conſtitution. This deceived them: and as they are both of impatient and impetuous ſpirits, their vexations and diſappointments are as keen as their appetites were violent.

It would be too great an undertaking, to endeavour to trace the infinite number of different ſcenes which the marriage-ſtate would offer to our view, if the darkneſs which conceals the ſecrets of that ſtate was ſuddenly diſſipated. What a variety of humours, caprices, freaks, and wild contradictions, would ſo many diſunited pairs furniſh; who, ſo far from being led aſtray by a falſe conception of love, have never thought this paſſion at all neceſſary to the forming this important engagement?

Beauty and coquetry have, in all ages, given birth to ſo many abſurd paſſions, to ſo many troubles, commotions, and wars; that ſuperficial thinkers, without ſparing even that kind of love which is moſt juſt and rational, that which is founded on eſteem, have dogmatically pronounced it an unpardonable weakneſs. Avarice, finding in this ill-judged fantaſtic opinion ſomething to

flatter his partiſans, did not fail to ſpread it abroad, and give it the ſtamp of faſhionable authority: and, by his aſſiſtance, it made ſuch progreſs, that it ſoon became an almoſt univerſally received maxim. It was then inſtituted, that, for the future, no man ſhould take a wife inferior to himſelf; and the equality of their ſtation was extended even to goods and chattels. Love was by this means proſcribed and baniſhed from marriage, and confined entirely to romances: ſo that if any one, either through inadvertency or a peculiar taſte, ſuffered his heart to be inflamed by this paſſion; it became neceſſary for him to conceal it as much as poſſible, to treat his ſpouſe in public with the coldeſt civility; and, whenever he happened to be in company with other ladies, to entertain them with much more reſpect than his own, on pain of incurring the cenſure and ridicule of the polite world. And as ill-choſen matches are by far the moſt numerous, they eaſily led the faſhion; and this regulation, ſo conformable to their plan, has been ever ſince ſcrupulouſly maintained. Upon this footing marriage ſtands at preſent; except only, that ſuch perſons as have a ſincere hatred for each other, are allowed to behave much worſe. I have nothing to ſay to perſons of this laſt claſs, on the duties of huſbands and wives; for in wanting love, they want the moſt eſſential: how then ſhall they fulfil the reſt?

A marriage contracted without tenderneſs, is a kind of rape; for to poſſeſs, when the mind does not conſent, is to violate the laws of nature. The gifts of Hymen ought only to be diſpenſed by the hands of love; and whoever receives them from

another, is no better than an uſurper. I might here exhort theſe inconſiderate raviſhers, to repair this fault by an after-act; that is, by endeavouring to love; and thus, to do that after marriage, which they ought to have done before. But it would be as abſurd to adviſe, as to command a ſenſibility of mind. Thoſe who do not love, and thoſe who hate, ought to be regarded as incorrigible ſinners; it is not, therefore, to theſe that I would addreſs what I have to ſay on conjugal affection.

But would theſe hints be better addreſſed, if I propoſed them to thoſe, who having from the firſt inſtant properly cheriſhed the glowing ſparks of this paſſion, have extracted from that intimate knowlege which this union has reciprocally given them of each other, new motives to increaſe their mutual affection? Theſe ſeem to have no need of a lecture on the continuance of love; for a tenderneſs thus ſtrengthened by reflection, ſeems from its very nature to be formed for an eternal duration. But alas! the human heart is ſo variable, that no one can, without preſumption, promiſe, that his flame ſhall always burn with an equal and conſtant ardour. Love is a fire, and will be extinguiſhed either if water be thrown upon it, or if fuel be not ſupplied.

Euriſthenes loved his wife, and this love rendered him the happieſt of men. He was ſenſible of his happineſs; and one day in the fulneſs of his heart opened his whole ſoul to an old Druid, the depoſitary of his moſt intimate ſecrets; who, being himſelf weaned from the pleaſures of which he now heard a recital, conceived a deſign, under a

pretence of promoting the glory of God, to disengage him from those carnal ties which, he said, bound him to the world. "Brother," said this Enthusiast, "I groan for your blindness. You "sigh, but not for the Lord. Are you ignorant "that it is written, he that hateth not his father, "and his mother, his wife and his brethren, for "God, is unworthy of God? Before the fall of "the first man, your love, perhaps, might not "have been a crime: but sinful man ought to eat "his bread dipped in tears. Your spouse is a "daughter of Eve, that cruel mother who ruined us all: and yet, alas! you love her. Dread "the fate of your first father: it was love that "ruined him. You are pleased and touched "with her tender affection and care, and yet this "ought to be the chief ground of your fear; "since by this she binds you to herself, and ravishes from God a heart made for him alone. "Consider seriously,—hell opens under your feet." At the word hell, the simple Euristhenes trembled: his troubled imagination saw nothing but dæmons, fire and sulphur. A fanatic zeal took possession of his mind; he regarded his wife as his enemy, took her caresses for snares, and her remonstrances for attempts to seduce him. And if any remains of affection pleaded for her in his heart, he fasted, prayed and mortified himself, in order to stifle it.

As for Methysus, it is not by fasting that he has freed himself from conjugal affection. Three parts of his time are spent, with the glass in his hand, in those licentious retirements where intemperance and riot reign with absolute dominion,

and where the waves of intoxicating burgundy ſwallow up at the ſame time his health, his honour, and his ſubſtance. There, every refined ſentiment is treated as an idle chimera; tenderneſs is inſipid; complaiſance, ſlavery; and reſpect, meanneſs of ſoul. Methyſus has at length learned the dialect of theſe deſpicable haunts of drunkenneſs: at firſt he ſpoke it by rote, as a kind of jargon that contributed to his amuſement, not as a language that communicated his ideas; but he has now made farther advances, he has imbibed the ſpirit of it, and it is become expreſſive of the ſentiments and diſpoſition of his mind; he has loſt all reliſh for thoſe pleaſures which are authorized by reaſon. As to the ladies, he is perfect marble, eſpecially to the modeſt, the wiſe, and diſcreet; and, unhappily for him, his wife is of this number.

The tender paſſion of Polydore laſted twenty years; and at the end of this ſeaſon had ſuffered no other alteration, than that which is neceſſarily produced by length of time, and the indolent eaſe of a heart that has nothing left to deſire. This kind of affection is not properly love, but friendſhip; though it is a friendſhip too tender, ever to ſubmit between perſons of the ſame ſex. But as it irritates the deſire leſs, it expoſes married perſons to great danger: and I adviſe thoſe, whoever they are, that enjoy this dangerous tranquility, to keep a watch over their eyes and their hearts, leſt ſome new object again rouze their deſires, and lead them by degrees to the blackeſt perfidy and ingratitude. Polydore became guilty. He confided in his being ſo long habituated to cheriſh no other

object than his wife; and it was this confidence alone, that expoſed him to betray her. Love, when it is ſatisfied, does not increaſe with age. The ſweet tranquility which he enjoyed under the empire of Hymen, made him imagine that his paſſions had loſt their power; and therefore, being deſtitute of fear, he tempted danger, and perceived not the precipice till he fell from it.

Vicious habits, capricious humours, and oppoſite opinions, may diſturb the beſt eſtabliſhed love. Thus, a niggardly avaricious huſband will conceive a diſguſt for that wife, who, thinking more nobly, imagines ſhe ought to regulate her expences by their joint income. On the contrary, a prodigal will deſpiſe his wife, merely for being a good œconomiſt.

Callas, who is as beautiful as Narciſſus and as proud of that beauty, expreſſes by his looks, his diſcourſe, and behaviour, that Elvira ought to think herſelf under great obligations to him for having condeſcended to give her his hand.

Phorbas having read in ſome Turkiſh hiſtory an account, and perhaps an exaggerated one, of the deſpotic power which the deſcendants of Mahomet exerciſe in their ſeraglios, behaves at home with the inſolence of a ſultan. He loves Artemene in his ſoul, but thinks it inconſiſtent with his dignity to confeſs it; and had rather receive her humble ſubmiſſions, than her moſt tender careſſes.

The devout Theotimus believes the church to be in the extremeſt danger; he laments its approaching ruin; he viſits the faithful, and exhorts them to ſupport their tottering religion. The clergy have betrayed the good cauſe, and the truth

will ſoon have none left to defend it. He looks upwards himſelf, as a ſecond Atlas, formed to ſupport the heavens which he thinks juſt ready to fall. How ſweet would be the conſolation, if at leaſt his wife did but help to bear the mighty load! But the thoughtleſs infidel is untouched by his pious groans. She blindly follows the broad path, pointed out to her by her remiſs guides; and believes that her ſalvation depends on her ſincerely following the laws of her religion, and the advice of her paſtor. Theotimus has laboured, with all his might, to make her his convert; but finding it to no purpoſe, he at laſt burſts into reproaches: they revile, they anathematize, and in ſhort, they hate each other.

What madman is that whom I ſee ſwelled with anger? What ſudden emotion has enflamed his countenance? Why thoſe fierce looks, that interrupted voice, thoſe threatening geſtures? Alas! whom does he menace?—A tender wife, the faithful Artemiſa, who loves him, and whom he himſelf loves: at leaſt, till this moment, they have both given conſtant proofs of the greateſt tenderneſs. Can we thus paſs in a moment from love to hatred, from eſteem to contempt; from complacency and ſmiles, to abuſe and outrage? Yes, when tranſported by jealouſy; and this is the madneſs of Argantes: like the miſer, who, the more he is enamoured of his treaſure, is the more fearful of being robbed. Argantes ſuſpects his friends, his relations, his domeſtics; even old men and children offend and diſguſt him; they all ſeem capable of ſeducing his wife; and this he dreads more than all the misfortunes that can fall upon

him: and yet it is a misfortune that he believes moſt near. His fears troubling his ſenſes, he miſtakes his diſtruſts for infallible preſages, his ſuſpicions for realities. He has heard her, at a diſtance, talking to ſome one in a familiar manner, and from hence proceeds this furious rage. He advances with the utmoſt precaution, in order to ſurprize her: but he ſucceeds only by halves. He finds her alone in that chamber, in which he had heard two voices: but immediately caſts his eyes on a pair of man's gloves. He is diſtracted at the ſight; he ſeizes them, he tears them to pieces. She endeavours to ſpeak, but he is deaf. He prevents all explanation by a torrent of bitter execrations, followed by menaces which are, perhaps, on the point of being put into execution; when an unexpected witneſs of her innocence enters, whoſe ſudden appearance at once diſconcerts and condemns him. It is his father-in-law, who ſtepping from the cloſet where he had concealed himſelf, on purpoſe to give an agreeable ſurprize to his ſon, comes forth to demand his gloves, and juſtify Artemiſa.

How terrible a paſſion is jealouſy! the deadly poiſon of all conjugal felicity! better were it that it ſhould utterly deſtroy love, than thus change it into fury. There is, nevertheleſs, a kind of jealouſy, which is the inſeparable companion of a tender and delicate affection; a paſſion which excludes not eſteem, a paſſion that neither injures nor offends: and this is a fear of loſing the affection of the perſon beloved, from a thorough ſenſe of its value. Thus, the fair-one may fear to diſpleaſe the man ſhe loves, without calling his con-

ſtancy in queſtion; ſhe may dread his growing cold, and yet be perfectly aſſured of his fidelity. This tender apprehenſion is a mighty ſpur, that awakens love, and gives it activity and precaution: and without this, it would languiſh through too great a ſecurity.

But a jealouſy without love, appears a paradox not eaſy to comprehend; and yet nothing is more common. Dorimena married Cliton, rather from complaiſance than inclination; yet ſhe falls into a rage, if he does but ſmile upon an amiable woman. An obliging word or action, an affable and polite behaviour to any other lady, is an offence, a crime which ſhe can never pardon. If he be long abſent, "he is falſe; and ſhe has long been very ſenſible, "that he neglected her; tho' ſhe really thought "ſhe deſerved better treatment at his hands." Is Dorimena become enamoured of her huſband ſince their marriage? This would be a miracle indeed, and there is no room for ſuch a conjecture. Marriage can never warm thoſe hearts with the beams of love, which were before chilled with indifference: it confirms its purity, but kindles not the flame itſelf, and very rarely augments it: or, in other words, it is the crucible to refine, not the cradle to rear it up to ſtrength and activity. From whence then proceeds Dorimena's jealous tranſports? Not from love; but a paſſion, which in ſome ſort reſembles it.

The paſſions of the men are moſt frequently excited by a particular object: before their hearts can be inflamed, they muſt find an object proper to inflame them. But as to the women, the melting ſoftneſs of that tender ſex is inborn; it is an

appendage of their very frame: they love before they know it. To us, love in an amuſement; to them, it is a capital affair. But if this innate tenderneſs is fixed on a particular object, and the glowing fire excited to a flame by the attracting charms of pleaſure: like the rays of the ſun collected by the burning-glaſs, it becomes more ardent, and its ſcattered beams, thus concentring in a point, acquire a greater force and activity. It is alſo ſaid to have this prerogative above ours, it increaſes by enjoyment; and for this reaſon the ſex never experience that ſatiety and inappetency, which weigh down our hearts when our deſires are gratified.

Women, in general, love better than men. Nature, whoſe operations are always conducted by the rules of infinite wiſdom, has purpoſely imparted to them an almoſt inexhauſtible fund of tenderneſs, mixed with the moſt exquiſite reliſh of pleaſure, that the conſequences of marriage might be rendered leſs uneaſy to them; their ſufferings being ſoothed, and their pains compenſated, by the ſweet allurements of delight: and theſe, for the moſt part, hold the place of a love built on reflection. We never love but from choice; but we frequently ſee them diſcover an ardency of affection, even to that huſband whom they have taken blindfold. This ſenſation, which is ſo like love, that it is not eaſy to diſcern the difference, ſometimes alſo inſpires tranſports of jealouſy; and from this ſource proceeds the rage of Dorimena. But what pretence has Amyntas to be jealous? Has he any right to command the heart of Emilia? He hates and deſpiſes her. What then is her love

or indifference to him? Love, indeed, is not what he requires of her; but as he thinks his honour affected by her behaviour, he would have her faithful; and judging of her by himſelf, he cannot believe that ſhe is ſo. Ridiculous prejudice! how contrary to juſtice and reaſon! Shall Amyntas think himſelf diſgraced, if Emilia violates her conjugal faith? and ſhall he, who boaſts that he has betrayed it an hundred times, triumph in his perfidy without the leaſt imagined diminution of honour? How long is it ſince honour contracted an alliance with guilt? is it like gold and ſcepters, the prey of the ſtrongeſt?

Love, and more particularly that of the conjugal kind, is nouriſhed by love. When a lover endeavours to gain a heart, the leaſt degree of hope will keep his flame alive; but when this heart is become his conqueſt, he has a right to expect a conſtant return of affection. The ſacred bond of marriage ſtrengthens the obligation, and conſtitutes the duty of love between the huſband and the wife, a duty of religion: but then it muſt be ſuppoſed, that this love is reciprocal; for God never commands impoſſibilities. It is ſo general a maxim among all nations, that love is eſſential to marriage; that there are very few who do not allow of a divorce, when contrariety of temper raiſes an invincible obſtacle to love.

If you would live happily in the marriage-ſtate, never enter into it without loving and being beloved; and render this love genuine and durable, by founding it on virtue. If it has no object but beauty, a graceful air, or the bloom of youth, it will be as frail as theſe fleeting advantages, and

like them it will ſoon vaniſh: but if it is fixed by the perfections of the mind, it will then ſtand the teſt of time.

In order to acquire the right of demanding love, endeavour to deſerve it. After a union of twenty years, be as attentive to pleaſe, and as careful to avoid offence, as if you were now endeavouring to inſpire that paſſion: for there is as great an advantage in keeping poſſeſſion of a heart, as in firſt conquering it. I dare anſwer for the happineſs of that union, where there perpetually reign love, honour, and mutual condeſcenſion. But the tye will be greatly weakened by the want of any of theſe three requiſites; and if the firſt be wanting, it will be totally deſtroyed.

SECT. III.

Of PATERNAL LOVE.

DID not the reaſon of man, or rather the abuſe of it, ſometimes ſerve to deprave his natural inſtincts, we ſhall have nothing to ſay on this ſubject. The brutes have no need of our treatiſes on morality to teach them to love their young, to nouriſh and bring them up; becauſe they have no other guide than that of inſtinct: and inſtinct, when it is not perverted by the ſophiſms of a captions reaſon, will conſtantly anſwer the views of nature, and do its duty with unerring perſeverance. If man, then, was in this point like other animals; as ſoon as the child ſhould ſee the light, the mother would nouriſh it with her own milk, attend all its wants, preſerve it from every acci-

dent, and think no moments of her life better employed than those spent in these important duties. The father, on his side, would endeavour to form the manners of his son; he would study his taste and inclinations, in order to employ his talents to the best advantage, and to prepare him early for the service of his country in that station, for whom he should appear best fitted by nature. He would, himself, cultivate this young plant, and think it the most criminal negligence, to abandon it to the discretion of an ignorant, or, perhaps, vicious governor.

But the power of custom, in spite of the impulses of nature, disposes parents to a very different conduct. The child is scarce born, when it is separated from its mother; she is too weak, or too delicate, or her circumstances too affluent, for her to suckle her own child. In vain has nature diverted the course of that fluid which nourished it in the womb, and carried to the breast of the insensible parent, two rivers of milk destined for its sustenance. The voice of nature must not be heard, her gifts are despised and rejected; those whom she has enriched, destroy, at the hazard of their own health, what she bestows, by drying up the voice of this voice-sustaining nectar: and the tender infant is delivered up to a foreign and mercenary mother, who will proportion her care to the profit that attends it.

As for the father, he has too much business upon his hands to think of forming the manners of his son. His affairs will not permit it; and it is a care, from which he chuses to be entirely exempted. So many persons are ready to supply

his place, who will be contented with a moderate ſallary, that he would think it a bad piece of œconomy, not to accept of their ſervices; for they deſire no more of his eſtate than the income of a day or two, to ſatisfy them for their labours.

Many writers have already enforced the neceſſity of theſe two indiſpenſable duties; that of the mother to nurſe her own child, and of the father to take the charge of his education: but all they have ſaid has been ineffectual. And will any thing I can ſay meet with better ſucceſs? certainly not. However, I have at leaſt given my voice, and proteſted againſt an abuſe which I cannot but condemn.

"Suckle my own child! cries Clelia, a fine employment, poſitively! a moſt agreeable paſtime! "I love to ſleep quietly; or if my ſlumbers muſt be "interrupted, let it be by pleaſure. In the day-"time I receive viſits, and return them. I dreſs; "and to ſhew a gown in a new taſte, I go to the "polite circle, to the opera, and ſometimes to "ſee a comedy; I dance, I play; in ſhort, all my "moments are ſpent agreeably. Why, don't you "perceive, that I muſt bid adieu to all this, "if I become ſuch a fool as to take upon me the "odious employment of a nurſe." Yes, it is eaſy to perceive, lovely Celia, by the plan you have drawn of your amuſements, what it is that gives you diſguſt to this duty; but from that beautiful breaſt of alabaſter, which you with ſuch complaiſance expoſe to view, I ſee much better thoſe reaſons which ſhould prevail on you to diſcharge it.

What mother would conſent to receive of another, a child which ſhe knew to be not her own?

and yet, can that infant be truly hers, which, when it was newly born, was ſent far from her; whilſt for ſeveral years that continual loſs of ſubſtance which every moment attends all animal bodies, has been repaired by the milk of a ſtranger, which has metamorphoſed and transformed it into a new child? No, this is no longer the ſon of Clelia; it is Claudina's, and is, as it were, born a ſecond time from her milk. I am at a loſs to diſcover what he can gain by this change; but I am ſenſible what he may loſe. The milk he has ſucked was not made for his organs; this, then, muſt have been an aliment leſs proper for him than the milk of his mother. Who knows but his conſtitution, originally robuſt and healthy, has not been weakened? Who knows but this transformation may have reached his heart, and that, as the body and the mind are ſo dependant on each other, he may not, merely on this account, become one day a coward, a cheat, a robber, a murderer? That fruit which is the moſt delicious when flouriſhing in its proper ſoil, will ſoon degenerate if tranſplanted to another. It is the ſame with animals: thoſe dogs, ſo famous in England for their ſtrength and fidelity, no ſooner paſs the ſea, than they become the moſt ſtupid of all animals, without inſtinct, without ſtrength, and without any ability for ſervice.

Let us change the ſcene: let us ſearch into the heart of the father; or rather, without ſearching into it, judge of it by his conduct. Trimalcio is preſident of a court of juſtice. The ſlowneſs and majeſty of his gait, the haughty ſternneſs of his brow, a gravity unalterable, and more eſpecially the am-

ple ſize of a judge's peruke, and the number of his ſervants, expreſs in legible characters, the quality of this great perſonage. One would imagine, that the ſalary of an office of judicature had the ſupernatural virtue, of giving the ſolemn dignity and majeſtic ſtep of a hero. All the wit of Moliere, or the buffoonry of Scarron, would be inſufficient to ſmooth the wrinkles of his front. But the moment arrives, when he is to be ſtripped in ſome meaſure of this magiſterial air, this thick covering which obſures his countenance. His ſon is brought from nurſe. "See, my lord!" cries a fooliſh governante at a diſtance, "we have "brought you little maſter." He riſes, advances a few ſteps, and walks, for the firſt time, to meet a human creature. He takes him in his arms, fancies he traces his own features in the child's, and condeſcends even to embrace him. The infant returns his kiſſes and endearments with uſury, and liſps the word, Papa; a name that ſounds agreeably in the ears of Trimalcho. The more uncertain the right is that people have to this appellation, the more they love to hear it given them. The child thus fondly careſſed, anſwers by wanton fooleries. Thus he grows bold and free from conſtraint; and the young chevalier drags about without mercy, tumbles, and unpowders that venerable peruke, which a little before had filled the bar with a reſpectful reverence.

From this fond reception, you are perhaps apt to conclude, that Trimalcio loves his ſon: but this circumſtance is too ſlender to form a judgement upon. You will think more juſtly, if you examine what care he has taken to improve his un-

derſtanding, to adorn his mind, and regulate his manners. But the whole extent of his tenderneſs was expreſſed on his ſon's firſt arrival, nor could it riſe to a higher pitch. Can a preſident condeſcend to puzzle his brains with the education of his child? No, no; it is almoſt abſurd to imagine it. The governor is already choſen, one who is neither a Seneca nor a Burrhus; nor is he a man modelled by thoſe illuſtrious maſters, who, towards the end of the laſt century, formed the tender minds of our princes; but a perſon of the extremeſt complaiſance, who is content with a ſalary of twenty pounds a year, who will take care not to fatigue his pupil, and will humour him in all his caprices and follies: theſe are the articles of the agreement: "You muſt treat my ſon with "tenderneſs, Monſieur L'Abbe, with great ten-"derneſs," ſaid Trimalcio: "I would not have "him kill himſelf with ſtudy. He may learn a "little latin, I am not againſt that: but not a "word of greek; greek is bad for the ſight. Look "you, I don't intend to make him a man of learn-"ing: I will have him a preſident like myſelf. "But ſhould I make a biſhop of him, believe "me, Monſieur L'Abbe, your biſhops are no "conjurers."

The Abbe exerted himſelf accordingly. What a happineſs did he think it, thus to proceed under the inſpection of a dunce, and to have nothing more to do, but to render the ſon equal to the father! And yet, eaſy as this undertaking may appear, it was indeed the utmoſt he was capable of. Trimalcio has many advocates, who will, I imagine, murmur againſt me: "A man poſſeſſed

" of a public employment," they will ſay, " will " have enough to do to turn preceptor to his own " children." But is this a reaſon that will ſufficiently excuſe him? A rich financer would, doubtleſs, have much to reſtore, ſhould he reſolve to return all the wealth he had unlawfully gained: muſt he therefore keep it?

Though a father be the inſtructor of his ſon, he may be aſſiſted in this important taſk by men of approved merit; and this is highly reaſonable, ſince they will render his labours much more ſucceſsful: but he ought always to be governor in chief, inſpector, and ſuperintendant. Bubalcus is, you will ſay, a father. He is an ideot, who like other animals has contributed to the production of a being formed like himſelf: but he is incapable of any thing more. He is without knowlege, without ſenſes, without ideas. What ſhare can a wretch, thus formed, have in the education of his ſon? Doubtleſs, the beſt thing he can do, is not to interfere in it. I am of the ſame opinion; and if any one of my readers can alledge a like excuſe, I ſhall in that caſe be ſo far from conteſting his point with him, that I will freely give him my diſpenſation: but I cannot, on this account, hold him exempt from endeavouring to ſearch for the beſt maſters to ſupply his defect, from encouraging them by a liberal ſalary, and from carefully enquiring into the progreſs of their pupil. If he has carried his ſtupidity ſo far, as to prevent his taking any concern in an affair of this moment, he is a monſter whom the deformity of his ſoul can never excuſe.

Ariſtides, indeed, deſerves greater indulgence.

He is abroad in the ſervice of the ſtate, without any fixed abode or ſettled habitation. A valuable member of the commonwealth will be always ready to ſacrifice his deareſt intereſts, his fortune, his health and repoſe, to the good of his country; but even more than this is required of Ariſtides: his whole time is employed; he is obliged to wean himſelf from his family, and to forego the ſweeteſt, the moſt delightful employment, of forming with his own hand the minds of his children. I do not blame, but I pity him. I know the full extent of his tenderneſs. Without murmuring, he would abandon his houſe to the diſcretion of a ſervant, his eſtate to the mercy of a ſteward, and even his life itſelf to the dangers of war, did but the public welfare demand it: but to be a father, and at the ſame time to ſee himſelf deprived of an opportunity of performing the duty of a parent! this he cannot think of, without the moſt tender and affecting concern. A father who is capable of inſtructing his ſon, is the beſt maſter he can poſſibly have: and the capacity of Ariſtides is ſufficiently ſhewn, by the judicious choice he has made of thoſe to whom he has committed this important truſt. But why, alas! does it ſo frequently happen, that abilities are given to thoſe who cannot exert them, and leiſure for exerting them to thoſe who have no abilities!

The duty of parents to their children, does not terminate in giving them exiſtence: on the contrary, as long as they ſtand in need of their aſſiſtance, they have a right to demand it; for they are tender plants, that muſt be nurſed with the extremeſt care till they have taken root: and here

nature has ſufficiently pointed out the ſeparate offices of the father and the mother; for the ſame duties are not required of both. Nature ſeems to have peculiarly aſſigned to the mother, the nouriſhment of the animal frame, and all the various cares which relate to the body. But the employment of the father is of a much more noble kind; for to him is devolved the care of rearing the thinking immortal ſubſtance. But, alas! too frequently, both theſe duties are but ill performed! The mother having with unavoidable pain carried the infant in her womb, is at laſt delivered from this by other pains peculiar to her ſex. The obligation of nurſing the new-born infant then ſucceeds, an obligation as indiſpenſable as the other; but this trouble it is poſſible for her to avoid, and therefore the obligation is violated. The father on his ſide, is as defective in fulfilling the intentions of nature. He takes upon himſelf the office of the mother, and concerns himſelf only about the corporeal advantages of his children, their health, their eaſe, their table, and their pleaſures; whilſt the culture of their minds, a concern in itſelf ſo important and ſo ſuperior to all others, is by both neglected. Upon this plan was Lycidas educated. He dances well, rides the great horſe, and is a tolerable maſter of the ſword. But as to every thing elſe, he is a compoſition of ignorance and vanity; qualities which are almoſt always inſeparable. Tho' he has a low and grovelling mind, he expreſſes himſelf with an air of haughty ſufficiency: he is filled with prejudices, and at the ſame time has the two oppoſite extremes of impiety and ſuperſtition; without a rule to guide,

without a bridle to reſtrain, without morals to regulate the impetuoſity of his paſſions. His manners are the copy of his preſent inclinations, whilſt almoſt in every inſtance theſe inclinations are depraved. "Who is it he takes after," cries Dorimont his unhappy father, who, as fifty years have ſlid away ſince his being a young man, has had time enough to forget his own youthful extravagances; "I am ſure it is not me. I have been "young as well as he, but I was never ſuch a "rake. Ah! youth in my time behaved quite "in another manner.

If what you ſay be true, Dorimont, fathers were not then the corrupters of their children; and that was becauſe they loved them better. "Alas!" replies he, "if I have any thing to reproach my-"ſelf with, it is for having loved my Lycidas "too well. It is this love, carried indeed a little "too far, that he has made me blind to his faults "and extravagancies; it is this love which ſoften-"ed my mind, when I ought to have been reſo-"lute; this has held my hand, when I was going "to puniſh him." What a ſtrange idea muſt you then have formed of paternal love, if you are indeed ſo weak as to imagine, that it has made you fail in the moſt important duties of a father!

Julia ſees Araminta. A fluttering joy ſparkles in her eyes, ſhe runs to meet her, ſhe ſpeaks to her with inexpreſſible eagerneſs, ſhe careſſes and aſks her a hundred queſtions almoſt in a breath. From whence proceeds this ſudden fit of tenderneſs? She hates Araminta, and with her every amiable woman. Liſten to her: "O my dear! "where did you get this gown? Who is your

" mercer? What is his name? Let me ſee, let " me embrace him. O the incomparable man! " What a rich brocade! What beautiful flowers! " What a regularity of deſign! What a choice of " colours! What a variety in the ſhades! O Ara- " minta, I am—I am poſitively in love with this " gown. I cannot expreſs how well it becomes " you." You imagine, Dorimont, that Julia is a very ridiculous character: but turn your eyes from Julia, and view yourſelf. You love your ſon, you ſay; but what is this ſon? A being compoſed of body and mind, an image, an emanation, a ray of the Deity, encompaſſed with a terreſtrial veil, which ſerves to render him viſible to the ſight and firm to the touch. Now, which of theſe two oppoſite ſubſtances is the object of your affection to Lycidas? Is it his ſoul, that ſpiritual being whoſe origin is ſo noble and illuſtrious? But in order to juſtify this love, can you diſcover in it any marks of its native dignity? Is it not wretchedly ſunk and degenerated? Where is its reliſh for virtue, its love of truth? If it ſtill retains the luſtre of its original grandeur, it is by theſe traces only that we can diſtinguiſh it: but, alas! theſe are all effaced. It is ſo obſcured, that its very exiſtence can only be preſumed from the covering of clay which conceals it. We ſee there organs, lineaments, and proportioned members, the ſame as in other bodies where we know a ſoul reſides; but we have no better proof.

However, deformed as it is, perhaps you will ſay you love it ſtill. I ſhould more readily believe you, if you had conſulted its happineſs with greater zeal; if you had made uſe of all your endea-

vours to reſtore it to its native purity, innocence, and virtue; but this was the leaſt of your thoughts: you yourſelf were the occaſion of their being deſtroyed; you dreaded leſt the body of Lycidas ſhould become emaciated, conſumptive, and languiſhing, if you reſtrained his follies and caprices, if you repreſſed his anger, if you moderated his deſires, if you enlightened his underſtanding. You might as juſtly refuſe to dreſs a wound, for fear of ſpoiling the patient's cloaths. You have been in pain for the body, though it is little more than the garment of the ſoul; when the firſt and moſt eſſential concern ought to have been for the mind. Once more let me enquire, what is it in this ſon that is the object of your love? You love what is not himſelf. This organized matter with which he is cloathed, is only a machine formed for his uſe; without which he can ſubſiſt, and which without him would be nothing but a little duſt: but this is not your ſon; it is only his outward covering. Let us return to Julia. Does ſhe now appear ſo ridiculous, in being paſſionately fond of Araminta's gown? or if ſuch a love is fantaſtical, is yours much more rational?

Kings have, with the ſtricteſt juſtice, been compared to fathers of families; for this compariſon is founded on the very nature and origin of natural authority

The happy Soldier firſt the ſcepter ſway'd.

ſays a poet* of the preſent age; a maxim unworthy of an equitable prince! But it muſt be obſerved, that this ſentiment is put into the mouth of a

* Voltaire, in his tragedy of Merope.

tyrant, an uſurper, and the murderer of his king: any other than a Polyphontes would have ſaid,

The tender Parent firſt the ſcepter ſway'd.

The father was naturally the head or chief of the family: this family by multiplying, became a people; and, conſequently, the father of the family became a king. His eldeſt ſon, without doubt, thought himſelf heir to his authority; and thus the ſcepter was perpetuated in the ſame houſe, till a happy ſoldier, or a rebellious ſubject, became the firſt ſtem of a new race.

As a king may be compared to a father, ſo we may with equal juſtice compare a father to a king; and thus aſcertain the duties of the monarch by thoſe of the chief of a family, and the obligations of the father by thoſe of the ſovereign. To love, to govern, to recompence, and to puniſh, are all the duties both of the father and the king. A father who loves not his children, is a monſter; and a king who loves not his ſubjects, a tyrant. Both the father and the king are the living images of God, whoſe boundleſs dominion is founded on love. Nature made the father, that he might promote the intereſt of his children; policy made the king, that he might give happineſs to his people. A man in his infancy is ignorant of his true intereſt, is unable of himſelf to furniſh out the means of happineſs, or to provide even for the ſupport of life; ſo a blind, giddy, and turbulent people, without a chief to govern them, will form none but the moſt vain and ridiculous projects: their views will be confuſed; they will neither know what they ought to wiſh for, what to love,

or what to fear; and they will ſeldom engage in any ſchemes, but thoſe which will naturally tend to their deſtruction. It is as neceſſary, therefore, that both the family and the ſtate ſhould have a chief, as that an arch ſhould have a principal ſtone; which, placed in the centre, connects, ſtrengthens, and ſecures the whole aſſemblage. But if this chief ſhould look upon the reſt of the members with indifference, which can only proceed from an immoderate ſelf-love, every thing then will be conſidered as having a relation to himſelf; their intereſt will be always ſacrificed to his own; by their labour and toil he will increaſe in power and opulence; to confirm his tyrannic reign, he will hold them in bondage; and will look upon them as creatures formed for no other purpoſe, than to contribute to his happineſs. But when, on the contrary, benevolence and love reign in the mind of the chief, and dictate all his commands, there will thence ariſe between him and the members a free and eaſy circulation, diffuſing to every individual health, vigour, and ſtrength; and all will zealouſly concur in promoting the common good of the whole body. The chief himſelf will here find a ſolid advantage; ſince he cannot better promote his own intereſt, than by treating his family, or his ſubjects, with lenity; for the head, tho' the principal ſeat of life and ſenſation, will always ſuffer when joined to a weak and emaciated body.

There is the ſame reſemblance between the government of a kingdom and a family. The maſter who preſides over either of theſe, has two obligations to fulfil: the one, to promote the practice of virtue and piety; the other, to ſhield his chil-

dren, or his ſubjects, from troubles, diſaſters, and indigence. He ſhould be conducted by the love of order, and not by that tyrannical ſpirit which delights in putting the moſt ſubmiſſive tempers to the ſevereſt trials. Both the child and the ſubject have their views too much contracted, to be capable of governing themſelves; but yet they are clear-ſighted enough, to diſcover the faults of thoſe who govern ill.

A power to recompenſe and to puniſh, is the very ſinews of government. God himſelf thus inforces all his commands; he terrifies by his threatenings, and invites by his promiſes; and every legiſlator ought to behave in the ſame manner: for it would ſeem hard and unjuſt, to threaten the rebellious, without encouraging, at the ſame time, the loyal ſubject by the moſt engaging promiſes. The Roman laws, which in this point were conformable to thoſe of all other nations, in providing againſt the commiſſion of murder by annexing to it the moſt ſevere penalties, beſtowed the civic crown on him who ſaved the life of even a ſingle citizen.

The two ſprings of the human heart are hope and fear. Ye fathers, and ye kings! you have every thing in your hands that can poſſibly move theſe two paſſions: but remember, that even juſtice demands, that you ſhould be as careful to recompenſe, as you are ſtrict in puniſhing. God has eſtabliſhed you as his terreſtrial ſubſtitutes and repreſentatives, not only to diſpenſe his thunders, but to diffuſe around the genial bleſſings of dewey miſts and falling rains.

SECT. IV.

Of FILIAL LOVE.

A FATHER, whoſe diſpoſitions correſpond with the views of nature, is a tender and beneficent maſter; his children, conſequently, owe him an affectionate eſteem and a reſpectful obedience. Their ſubmiſſion is not like that of a ſlave to an imperious maſter; for though it is as indiſpenſable as this, yet it ought to proceed from the free unconſtrained dictates of a grateful heart. They obey, becauſe they love their father, and from a conſciouſneſs of being beloved by him.

In the firſt ages of the world, the power of the father was unlimited: for as parents were never known to abuſe their authority, it was not ſo much as ſuſpected that they ever would do ſo. The father then enjoyed all the prerogatives of the ſovereign; and indeed what hazard could there be, in leaving children to the diſcretion of a judge, whoſe ſeverity was tempered with the tendereſt affection? But as monſters will ſometimes ariſe, ſome fathers were found without affection, and conſequently cruel; nay, ſome were known to ſtain their unnatural hands with the blood of their own offspring. Their power then was reſtrained: a father was permitted to be an accuſer; but was no longer allowed to be either a judge or executioner. Indeed the laws of nature forbid all harſhneſs, violence, and tranſports of rage: but it is beyond the province of human laws, to regulate or take cognizance of mere domeſtic affairs.

Here the parent being free from conſtraint, wicked unnatural fathers ſunk into tyrants, and taught their children to hate them, by ruling them with a rod of iron, and by making that life inſupportable which they had given them. This race is not yet extinct; the preſent age furniſhes too many inſtances of parents of this character. But I do not addreſs myſelf to the children of ſuch fathers, when I preſs the neceſſity of filial affection: for here I ſhall confine myſelf to the expreſs terms of the law which Moſes impoſed on the children of Iſrael; "Honour," ſays he, "your "father and mother:" he does not ſay, "Love "them." He ſpoke to obdurate wretches, a people who were hardly capable of feeling any of the tender ſentiments, or of exciting them in others. He durſt not, even in his famous tables, enjoin the love of God. And, indeed, how could he do this? He had painted the Deity ſo terrible, ſo cruel, and ſo jealous, that the people who had imbibed his doctrine, were ſtruck with fear, and could no otherwiſe revere him, than as the Romans honoured the fever, a malevolent Deity whom it was dangerous to put out of humour.

Soſtratus married Sophronia, a lady young, beautiful and rich; but his heart was only touched with the laſt of theſe perfections. And, indeed, were all the charms, all the commanding graces, which nature has diffuſed through that enchanting ſex, united in one perſon, he would not have been more deeply affected; for as he believes himſelf formed in a much nobler mould, his vanity renders him incapable of love. The children whom he has had by Sophronia, the fruits of a

commerce in which love had no ſhare, raiſed not the leaſt tender emotion, and only ſerved to indulge his inclination for arbitrary power. In them he beheld ſubjects whom he might rule at pleaſure; and he fancied that his reign began the inſtant he became a father; a reign the moſt odious and tyrannical, which was felt by its children in all its rigour, without deriving from it the leaſt advantage. With what cruel barbarity did he daily increaſe the weight of his yoke! To what capricious humours, to what unjuſt and ridiculous commands were they obliged to ſubmit, even without complaint! He was enraged at their remonſtrances; which, even when moſt reaſonable, were ſo far from being heard, that they were puniſhed as moſt flagrant inſtances of diſobedience. This imaginary monarch, not content with theſe ſeverities, by a number of ridiculous projects, by his luxury, his pleaſures, and above all his indolence, ſoon exhauſted his moderate fortune; his eſtate became mortgaged, Sophronia's jointure as well as her jewels were ſwallowed up in the general ruin. Yet his great ſoul, inſtead of being humbled by poverty, became only more fierce; vexation and diſappointment ſerved to increaſe the natural malignity of his temper. His children were unprovided for, without education, without a fortune, and without friends, for who had ever been a friend to Soſtratus? In vain did they attempt, by ſeveral couragious efforts, to free themſelves from the horrors of indigence: it was all to no purpoſe, ſince their father always took care to prevent their ſucceſs. For he was ſo jealous of his own offspring, that he would have been diſ-

tracted to ſee any of them more proſperous than himſelf.

What now are the ſenſations, which theſe unhappy, abandoned, children ought to feel for their unnatural father? I have already told you; the lawgiver Sinai ſays, "Honour thy father:" nor can there be any caſe, any circumſtance in life, in which children may be exempted from the performance of this duty. Submit yourſelves to him becauſe he is your maſter; even at the expence of your private intereſt; but never at the expence of your honour, or your conſcience. Render him all the good offices in your power: for this is a duty which you owe to your moſt cruel enemies; and a father has, at leaſt, this advantage over every object of hatred, of being a perſon with whoſe intereſt you are moſt nearly concerned: the hardneſs of his heart will not excuſe yours. I am ſenſible, that you can have but a ſmall degree of filial affection; nor do I think, that I ought to reproach you for this: but there is a kind of love which is due to all men; and this your father, as a man, has no leſs a claim to than others; and where all things elſe are equal, you certainly owe him the preference. But as to filial love, which is a much more warm and tender affection, it is not an obligation ſo univerſally binding as not in ſome inſtances to be diſpenſed with. No other affection is due to a father from whom we receive nothing but proofs of hatred, than that which we to our enemies themſelves; he is indeed to be treated as an enemy whom we reſpect, but this is all the diſtinction he can claim.

If children do not diſcover an ardent affection

for thoſe that brought them into the world, if they do not prevent their deſires, and adopt their ſentiments; this is not, of itſelf, a ſufficient reaſon to condemn them. Obſerve, before you judge, how they behave in other reſpects: do they walk in the paths of honour and virtue? If ſo, their coldneſs has without doubt a lawful excuſe; and it is to be preſumed, that as they feel not the delightful tranſports of an ardent affection, the crimes of the parent, his barbarity, or his baſeneſs, has extinguiſhed it in their hearts. Examine alſo the manners of the father; and if you find theſe irregular and corrupt, the apology for the children is already made.

If a perſon, on the contrary, who joins to an irreproachable life all the tenderneſs of a parent, finds the repeated proofs of his affection vain; if he receives no return from his ungrateful offspring, their crime is too evident: whatever be the foibles of his temper, his underſtanding, or his conduct, theſe are no excuſe for their ingratitude! Bend your ſtubborn knees, unnatural children! and let your obdurate hearts melt into tenderneſs; he is virtuous, and he loves you: and, if thus entitled to your affection, you refuſe it to him; can you tax him with injuſtice, if his love ſhould be converted into hatred?

As for thoſe perverſe families, where they ſtrive to out-do each other in vicious exceſſes, where the father gives the example, and the children even ſurpaſs their model; we ought not to be ſurprized, if, every one following his particular bent, the trunk and the branches ſhould become divided in their intereſts: for union, love, and concord, are

gifts only reſerved for the ſocieties of the virtuous. Virtue is, like truth, uniform, ſimple, and invariable; for this reaſon, thoſe that are attached to it, are confirmed in a ſteady and uniform concord: but a union among the vicious, can ſubſiſt no longer than while their intereſt is united: for, thirſting after every thing that flatters their appetites, and having no certain object to fix their deſires, nor any ſteady rule to direct their courſe, ever jealous, gready, and inſatiable; how is it poſſible, that with ſuch various and ſeparate intereſts they can long agree together.

Virtue is tranſmitted from father to ſon, with much more eaſe than the goods of fortune. Theſe are ſubject to revolutions, which the utmoſt extent of human prudence can neither forſee nor prevent. But the ſeeds, of honour, of virtue, and religion, early ſown in the hearts of children, take root there, grow ſtrong, and bring forth fruit: their effects are ſtable and permanent; and if, in ſome heedleſs unguarded moment, their virtue ſhould become eclipſed or obſcured, they will ſoon pierce through the cloud and appear again with all their luſtre. If fathers were more careful to enrich their children with this invaluable patrimony, filial love would be much more prevalent. A virtuous ſon would not fail to love his virtuous father; and when he himſelf, in his turn, became a parent, the ſame charm acting upon his children, would ſecure their tenderneſs to him. Filial love, and the love of virtue, would mutually aſſiſt each other: the child would follow virtue, from love to his father; and

his love of virtue would ſtrengthen his filial affection.

Periander is aſtoniſhed, that not any one of his three children love, or even pretend to love him. "I have neglected nothing," ſays he, "to "promote their intereſt. For twenty years have "I toiled: I have watched, I have ruined my "health, I have ſhortened my life to make theirs "happy. I have planted, they will gather: I "have ſuffered the fatigue of labour, they will "enjoy the fruits of it. I was without wealth, "they will be rich. For whom then do theſe un-"grateful creatures reſerve their affection? What "would they have me do elſe for them? Have I "forgot any thing that can contribute to their "happineſs?" You have forgot nothing, Periander, but to teach them how to live well; or, in other words, to inſpire them with virtue. If an exceſs of frugality, or ſordid avarice, be their fault, you may well be ſurpriſed; you have ſecured them from all temptations to this vice, by giving them wealth: but wonder not, that you cannot find in their hearts any reliſh for virtue; this you never inculcated, and it was doubtleſs from a fear leſt they ſhould become vicious but by halves, that you have thus plunged them in opulence. Blind, deluded parent! not to know, that to entruſt riches to baſe and corrupted minds, is to put a ſword into the hands of a madman. What can now oppoſe the torrent of their impetuous paſſions? As they are void of every ſentiment of honour and virtue, nothing could preſerve them from the moſt ſcandalous exceſſes but an inability of committing them. Your paternal care has ſet

them free from this obſtacle, by giving them riches. Admirable fruit of your wakeful hours, and all your boaſted labours! with how much leſs trouble might you have inſpired them with virtue! and this you certainly would have done, had you not been a ſtranger to it yourſelf: but gold appeared to you to be the only ſource of happineſs; and therefore this you procured for them. They are not leſs fond of it than you; and though they do not love you, they will at leaſt imitate you.

Time changes the duties of a ſon to his father. Whilſt he is in his infancy, he ought to pay him an unbounded ſubmiſſion; for he has no right to diſpute, while he is incapable of a rational examination. In the age which follows infancy, he begins to have a glimpſe of things, his underſtanding opens; and he ought not then to be denied the liberty of making reſpectful remonſtrances: but if theſe repreſentations ſhould prove fruitleſs, he has nothing elſe to do but to ſhew his obedience. When he, in his turn, becomes a man, he is then a competent judge of his own conduct, though he does not on this account ceaſe to be a ſon; he ſtill owes to his father reſpect and deference, but not a blind ſubmiſſion. Our laws themſelves have provided againſt this: for the ſon, being of age, paſſes under a new kind of government; his country takes cognizance of his manners and behaviour; he begins to be inrolled among the citizens; and if he is under a monarchical government, the king is then become his father.

But the diſtinction of three ages has no exiſtence under the reign of this abſolute father.

All the ſubjects of his government are inceſſantly under his tutelage, and are divided only into two different claſſes, people and magiſtrates. Thoſe who compoſe the firſt are always reputed children, deſigned only for obedience; their advice is not taken, and it would be eſteemed highly criminal if they ſhould preſume to give it. Magiſtrates, under which title I comprehend all thoſe to whom the prince gives a ſhare in the government, are the youth; and with theſe he will ſometimes condeſcend to adviſe. Their ſuffrages are collected, but are regarded by the king no farther than as they pleaſe him. It is he that makes the law, and, as ſoon as it is publiſhed, all muſt be ſilent and obey. A father is frequently beloved only from inſtinct, or a ſenſe of duty, if duty can ever be ſaid to beget love: but a king who is beloved by his ſubjects, has much more reaſon to be pleaſed with their attachment; for he is never beloved but from reaſon and choice: this is rather friendſhip than filial love; or, more properly, it is a mixture of both: it reſembles filial love, in the reſpect and veneration which accompany it; and it partakes of friendſhip, as it is free and diſintereſted, and proceeds from reflection; qualities which, being united, characterize what is called friendſhip, as we ſhall ſee in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

I HAVE eſtabliſhed it as a maxim in the preceding chapter, that no love can be ſolid and permanent, which has not virtue for its baſis; and the ſame may be ſaid of friendſhip. It is cemented not only by a conformity of taſte and manners, but alſo by probity and ſincerity.

It is highly proper, that we ſhould diſtinguiſh the friend from the companion. A conformity of taſte for pleaſure, and for any thing beſides virtue, may conſtitute a club, but cannot make a ſociety of friends. That table-companion, who while he holds his glaſs ſeems to glow with ſuch cordial friendſhip, if truſted with a ſecret on which even your honour depends, will thence take occaſion to be merry at your expence; and you will ſoon, by his means, be rallied, abuſed, and affronted: deliver up your intereſt to him, he will ſacrifice it to his own. After this you complain, that you have been betrayed by a friend; when it was only by a man who frequently eat and drank with you, and joined in the ſame diverſions.

Neither ſhould we confound the relation with the friend: we are connected with the firſt, by neceſſary ties which reach not the heart; while the other is united to us by the ſtronger chain of a voluntary engagement, the effect of a perfect

ſympathy. It is a free and deliberate choice which conciliates friends; but relations are derived from nature.

Gratitude itſelf is not friendſhip. We are affected with the generoſity of our benefactor; we take a pleaſure in letting him ſee that we are ſenſible of our obligations; and we ardently deſire to have the power of proving this, by real ſervices: yet, at the ſame time, it is poſſible that we may be far from liking either his temper, his character, or his conduct. Friendſhip is, indeed, a ſource of good offices; it brings them forth without pain, and feels the moſt extatic delight while it is pouring them out with profuſion: yet it is not produced by good offices alone, though they ſometimes give riſe to it: they inſinuate, it is true, a prejudice in favour of the benefactor, and we are therefore diſpoſed to love the perſon from whom they proceed; and we actually do ſo, if, after ſtudying his character, we find nothing in it incompatible with our own: but we ſhould have loved him in like manner, had any other leſs intereſting and leſs ſelfiſh cauſe given us an opportunity of thoroughly knowing his value. Gratitude is a duty: the antient Perſians enjoined it even by a formal law; and decreed that certain puniſhments ſhould be inflicted upon the ungrateful: but, on the contrary, freedom and unconſtraint are the very eſſence of friendſhip. It is a diſintereſted affection founded only on eſteem, and of all the paſſions moſt nearly reſembles love: nor is there the leaſt difference, if we ſuppoſe this laſt independent of the ſex of the perſon beloved. If Platonic love is not a mere chimæra, a queſtion

which I ſhall not pretend to reſolve, it is nothing elſe but a friendſhip, which is neither increaſed nor diminiſhed by the difference of ſex of the two friends.

As man is compoſed of two parts, ſoul and body; ſo friendſhip is compoſed of two alſo, which in ſome meaſure reſemble theſe, the internal ſentiment, and the outward proofs and effects of it. I ſhall lay down no rules with regard to the ſentiment itſelf, or the degree of it's force; for an attempt to teach men to love, would be as great an abſurdity as an endeavour to teach them to breathe: theſe actions are both equally natural, and it is the degree of men's ſenſibility which will regulate the ſtrength of their friendſhip. But that which can more eaſily be taught, and what moſt men are ignorant of, is this, that he but ill ſerves his friends, who endeavours to do it by proſtituting his honour and conſcience. A friend cannot be too dear to us; for an exceſs of friendſhip never leads us into guilt: this muſt ever proceed from a miſtaken affection.

Has that officious lord, who is generally thought to have made ſo noble a uſe of his credit and influence, been of any real ſervice to Calais? Did he act like a friend, in giving that honourable poſt to a man, who, on account of his incapacity, was ſoon deprived of it? By attempting to ſerve him at the expence of his king and country, he drew upon him the moſt mortifying diſgrace. Will Arideus, if he ſhould ever be reclaimed from that ſhameful debauchery into which Lyſias has plunged him, have reaſon to thank him for his pernicious counſels and infamous ſervices? He that

procures for another unlawful ſatisfactions, is a baſe corrupter, not a friend,

The firſt rule in the choice of a friend, is, not to love him before you know him; and the next, which is not leſs important, is to chuſe him only from among the ſociety of the good and virtuous. The moſt long-lived plants are not thoſe that grow the faſteſt: thus it is with friendſhip: that is commonly the moſt firm and durable, which grows up but ſlowly; while that, which is haſtily contracted, is more liable to be diſſolved.

In general, they ſuffer moſt from pretended friendſhip, who leaſt deſerve to ſuffer. It is very rare for the honeſt heart to prove diſtruſtful; and more rare ſtill for him not to be deceived, who is a ſtranger to ſuſpicion. There are men of a character ſo open and generous, that there is no one but would be a gainer by making them their friends: but when theſe contract a friendſhip they riſque more than others; for ſo many advantage ariſe from aſpiring after their eſteem, that they can never be certain that it is not courted with a view to intereſt; and a ſelf-intereſted friend is never a true one. It is to theſe upright and ſincere hearts, that I eſpecially addreſs my counſels on friendſhip; for what matters it if deceivers are deceived? It is to theſe that I recommend my advice, of proving the character before they place their affections. Lovers of virtue ſhould have none but virtuous men for their friends; and on this point the proof ought principally to turn.

Almoſt at firſt ſight, we may know if a man be of quick or ſlow parts, if he be gay or ſerious, clowniſh or polite, talkative or reſerved, witty or

ſtupid: we ſee almoſt all this in his eyes, in his attitude, in his geſtures, and in his diſcourſe: but we cannot ſo eaſily diſcover whether he has virtue and probity. It requires more time to be certain with reſpect to this laſt point; and till we are as well aſſured of it, as it is poſſible for us to be, we ought not prodigally to beſtow upon him, from equivocal appearances, the precious title of friend. Are we at laſt well convinced that he deſerves it, then there muſt be no reſerve; we ought to enter with him into an intercourſe of ſentiments, of taſtes, pleaſures, and intereſts. Friendſhip is a ſpiritual marriage, which eſtabliſhes, between two friends, a mutual intimacy and perfect correſpondence.

The neceſſary appendages of friendſhip are confidence and benevolence. The purſe and the heart ought to be ever open to a friend; and in no caſe can we ſhut them, except in ſuch as will juſtify our having no longer any regard for him. And, indeed, we run no hazard in truſting to a well-choſen friend either our ſecret or our ſtrong-box; for we are certain, that he will uſe them both with diſcretion.

I. Confidence produces two effects. The one is ſuch a perfect reliance on the prudence, the probity, the conſtancy, and affection, of the perſon beloved, as prevents every injurious ſuſpicion: the other effect, which is indeed a natural conſequence of ſuch a reliance, is that openneſs and unreſerve with which two friends diſcloſe their moſt intimate ſentiments, their thoughts, their projects, and in a word every thing in which either the one or the other may appear concerned: and

this frequently extends even to trifles; because, between friends, trifles themselves become interesting. Nothing ought to be concealed, but the secret of another friend. That which we cannot, consistently with prudence, trust to an indifferent person, we may and ought to repose in the bosom of a friend. He has a right to read all that is written on your heart. You may reveal your faults to him, without being chargeable with imprudence; and enumerate your laudable qualities, without being guilty of an assuming pride: for the good you say of yourself, when talking to an assured friend, is rather the overflowing of your heart than vanity and boasting. A conversation with your friend is almost the same as the silent reflection of your own mind, or a conversation with yourself.

II. As to the benevolence which friendship inspires, it also produces two effects; indulgence and good offices. 1. Such faults only as are inconsistent with the sincerity of friendship, ought to be deemed unpardonable: overlook, in your friend, all the faults in which his heart is not concerned, all those which do not prove that his affection for you is extinguished. An instance of neglect, of forgetfulness, a mistake, a witty sarcasm, should be disregarded, and reckoned as nothing: for to break with a friend, to betray, or insult him, are the only faults which friendship cannot pardon. Take care, however, of hating a perfidious friend; for all the vengeance which you can lawfully take of him, is to withdraw your affection. To continue to live with him on the foot of a friend, would be indeed imprudent; but to hate him, would be a crime: his having offended you, does not make

him ceaſe to be a man; and there is no man whom you are permitted to hate. If death had ſnatched him from you but one hour before you had diſcovered his treachery, you would have lamented his loſe: a baſe action has robbed you of him; lament his having committed it, but do not hate him for it. He has done himſelf a greater injury than you; for to prejudice your intereſt, he has ſacrificed his own honour. 2. Tho' friendſhip has nothing in it of a ſelfiſh nature, yet it is pleaſed with kindneſs and good offices: theſe are to friends, what careſſes are to lovers: not reaſons for beginning to love, but motives to love more affectionately: like a breath of wind, which, though it produces not the flame, renders it more ardent. There are ſo many ways of obliging a friend, that in what ſituation ſoever we find him, ſome one of theſe is always practicable: ſeize, therefore, every opportunity that offers, and, if it be poſſible, wait not till he himſelf tells you in what inſtance it is in your power to ſerve him. Endeavour to know his wants, and provide for them before he himſelf has perceived them; and thus he will always be ready to foreſee and prevent yours. What an agreeable contention, what a noble jealouſy, is that of two friends who ſtrive to prevent each others wants and deſire by mutual good offices! We may indeed receive, without mortification, the ſuccour of a friendly hand; for a bluſh would indicate a doubt injurious to the generoſity of the benefactor: but it muſt be confeſſed, that the part which he acts is truly worthy of being envied: it is delightful to receive a proof of friendſhip, but how much more ſo to give it? Have a regard, however, to the delicacy of your

friend, leſt he ſhould be confounded by too great a profuſion on your part, and the impoſſibility of making a return; for you may, perhaps, diſoblige, through a deſire to oblige too much. Cover, therefore, your ſervices, with appearances that may ſeem to diſpenſe with his gratitude. Put him not to confuſion, by the exceſs of your civilities: who knows but his gratitude for theſe obligations, may be a burden too painful for him to bear? There are certain minds which are high-ſpirited even to fierceneſs; and imagine, that the favours with which they are loaded, degrade them as much as they enoble him that confers them. We have ſeen ſome; and could we ſearch into the ſecret receſſes of the heart, we ſhould, perhaps, find many more, who hate a benefactor from no other cauſe than his generoſity itſelf. However this be, it is much better to offend by too much aſſiduity and bounty, than to confine yourſelf, either thro' avarice or want of affection, to barren proteſtations of friendſhip. But would you give your friend a proof of friendſhip as ſtrong as it is rare, be ſincere with him in all your diſcourſe; let the advice you give him, the remonſtrances you make him, be the faithful expreſſions of your thoughts and ſentiments. Dare to ſhew him truth entirely naked; or, if through condeſcenſion, you adorn her with ſome cloathing, let it be ſuch as will ſet off her beauties without diſguiſing them.

CHAP. III.

Of HUMANITY.

BY HUMANITY, I underſtand the concern men feel for the human ſpecies in general, for this ſingle reaſon, that they are men like themſelves; without being united, either by the ties of blood, of love, or friendſhip.

It is juſt that we ſhould have a ſuperior tenderneſs for a father, a wife, or a friend; but there is a ſort of affection which we owe to all mankind, as being members of the ſame family, of which God is the creator and father. Let us illuſtrate this, by the circular undulations which the fall of a ſtone cauſes on the ſurface of a clear and tranquil water. The agitation in the center, by communicating itſelf a far off, forms a great number of trembling circles, the faintneſs of whoſe impreſſion is in proportion to the largeneſs of their circumference, till the laſt ſeems to eſcape from our ſight. Here is an image of the different degrees of our affections. We love, principally, that which touches us the moſt nearly; and leſs and leſs, in proportion to the diſtance. We conſider mankind, with relation to us, as divided into different claſſes; every one of which, increaſing gradually, conſiſts of greater numbers than the former: we place ourſelves in the ſmalleſt, which is ſurrounded by others more extended; and from thence we diſtribute to the different orders of men

which they contain, different degrees of affection, more or leſs ſtrong, in proportion to their diſtance from us; in ſuch a manner, as that the laſt has hardly any ſhare of it. Theſe different claſſes may be ranked in the following order: a wife, children, friends, relations, men of the ſame religion; but this laſt claſs is nearer or more remote, according to the degree of fanaticiſm which prevails in the perſon who determines its place: next are thoſe of the ſame trade or profeſſion as ourſelves: the other claſſes comprehend our neighbours, fellow-citizens, and countrymen: the laſt, which incloſes all the reſt, is the univerſal claſs of mankind; but this is moſt commonly reckoned as nothing. When the Spaniards, without the leaſt colour of reaſon, maſſacred millions of Americans, they doubtleſs never imagined that they ought to make any account of men, whom they had met with by chance in an unknown hemiſphere; who were neither their couſins, nor their friends, nor Caſtilians, nor Catholics, nor Chriſtians.

To love men, and to behave towards them with kindneſs, only from the ſingle conſideration of their being of the human race, is properly humanity. This ſentiment engraven on the heart, aſſures us of the other ſocial virtues, and proves that they alſo are imprinted there. He who loves another man, tho' he is in all reſpects a ſtranger to him, for no other reaſon but becauſe he is a man, certainly will not fail to love him to whom he is bound by cloſer engagements, and who joins to the quality of a man, that of a friend, a relation, or a countryman. This temper will be an effectual reſtraint from any fatal exceſs of reſentment,

when we break with persons whom we have loved with a superior kind of affection. If we are highly offended by a wife, or a son, or by any other for whom we have a peculiar tenderness, we may lose that love we have hitherto felt for them; but we shall never cease to love them as our fellow-creatures. And thus a man of the greatest humanity, may cease to be a friend; but he will never become an enemy. Humanity is, with respect to the other social affections, what the first layer of colouring is to the picture; it is the ground on which are painted all the different kinds of love, engagement, and friendship: and, therefore, whoever wants humanity, will be a bad father, a bad son, a bad husband, and a bad friend. The sentiment of humanity, or the love of our fellow-creatures, may be discovered two ways; either by real effects, or by simple testimonies of affection. We have not always an opportunity of being of service to mankind; but we have it continually in our power, to let them see that we love them by exterior marks of kindness. Humanity manifested by real effects, I call Goodness; and when it is only discovered by exterior signs, I call it Politeness.

SECT. I.

Of GOODNESS.

MORAL Goodness consists of two parts: the first of which is to do no evil to others: the second, to serve and do good to them.

1. We must not do that to another which we

would not have him do to us. This is the rule which determines what kind of treatment is forbidden by nature, with reſpect to the reſt of mankind: every thing which, were it done to ourſelves, would appear hard, barbarous, and cruel, is compriſed in the prohibition. But this maxim, ſo extenſive in its uſe, is very much reſtrained in our practice of it; for moſt men behave one to another, as if they were perſuaded, that it ought never to take place except among friends. The particular inclination which the members of every body of men have for each other, is uſeful and neceſſary, as it promotes the common good of ſociety. It is proper that the inhabitants of the ſame city, the ſubjects of the ſame prince, and the followers of the ſame religion, ſhould be united in intereſt and ſentiments; but it is inconſiſtent with humanity, to confine all their affection to their aſſociates, and regard all thoſe who are not ſo as enemies. I do not wonder that a Norman ſhould love a Norman; for who are better ſuited to each other? A Pariſian may have an affection for a Pariſian; I have no objection to this; for where will he find men of more candor and ingenuity? But ought a Frenchman born at Domfront, at Vire, or at Caudebec, to hate another for no other reaſon, but becauſe he was born at Paris; or this laſt have an averſion to every Norman? Theſe hereditary hatreds of the inhabitants of one province or country towards thoſe of another, have an infallible influence on all their proceedings. We who are born in France, believe ourſelves ſuperior to all the nations upon the earth in the perfections of the heart and underſtanding: the moſt

favourable ſentiment we entertain for our neighbours, is compaſſion; we pity them for being ſo far beneath ourſelves. The French have a lively wit, they are bold and courageous, of a gay humour, of a friendly and beneficent character; they give ſtrangers a better reception than they meet with themſelves in other countries. But why then do this people, ſo extremely hoſpitable, in virtue of I know not what right which their lawyers call *aubaine*, ſeize upon the effects of a German, an Italian, or an Engliſhman, whom death has prevented from returning to their native country?

Permit me for a while to digreſs from my principal deſign, which is the improvement of manners, to examine a practice ſo contrary to humanity in a political light: it will then, I believe, appear as unprofitable, as it is unjuſt: for the benefit which ariſes from the execution of ſuch a law, is very inconſiderable compared with that which would accrue from the abolition of it. The inconteſtable advantages by which France excels all the neighbouring ſtates, are the agreeable temperature of its climate, the fertility of its ſoil, and the wealth of its inhabitants. If it was not for this oppreſſion which is practiſed towards ſtrangers, we ſhould ſee, without doubt, in conſequence of theſe advantages, a concourſe from all parts of an infinite number of artificers, merchants, and men of all conditions: hence the number of inhabitants would be conſiderably increaſed; emulation in commerce, and in arts of every kind, would receive freſh vigour; and by this means the kingdom become more flouriſhing. Let it not be imagined, that this multitude of ſtrangers which would flock

into our provinces, would be a burden to the natives. In a country naturally fertile, and where labour and industry are in full vigour, the number of its inhabitants must increase its riches: since one man is sufficient for the nourishment of ten, what would then be the case if all were employed? The recruits which would come from abroad would be such, whose interest would not suffer them to be idle through a necessity of procuring a commodious establishment: for if we examine with the least attention, we shall find that all the vagabonds and useless hands we have among us are natives, whilst the foreigners who have settled here are diligent and industrious.

A blind attachment to that exterior worship in which we are educated, is another source of hatred between those of different professions. This abuse arises from hence, that the various religions which divide mankind are not founded on the religion of nature. For want of having drawn from this pure source those sentiments of humanity which would form the whole universe into a society of friends; the different religionists make a pleasure and a merit of the most cruel persecutions, covering, with the name of a holy zeal, what most frequently is nothing else but a fondness for their own opinion, prejudice, bigottry, cruelty, and a religious madness. If we could reasonably hate any part of mankind on account of religion, it would be those who make an open profession of hating God. The declared enemies of a monarch are the enemies of his subjects. But in what system of religion shall we find this shocking sentiment inculcated? All have the honour of God in view,

and all conſequently honour him. If ſome mingle with the homage which they pay him, prophane, ſuperſtitious, or criminal practices, reaſon does not forbid our rejecting this impure allay: but it will not permit us to hate, but only to pity thoſe who adopt them. Can there be any thing more ridiculous, than to hate a perſon only becauſe he is deceived, eſpecially when his intention is right?

There is a body of men whom we make no ſcruple of uſing roughly; theſe are malefactors, a term by which we commonly underſtand robbers and murderers. As to the laſt, we never heſitate to judge them worthy of death, in virtue of the law of retaliation, which we regard, upon I know not what foundation, as deducible from the law of nature; for I cannot believe that this ſacred law, which, with reſpect to the duties of ſociety, inſpires nothing but tenderneſs, goodneſs, and indulgence, allows us to ſuppreſs wickedneſs by wickedneſs, and to puniſh homicide with murder. And indeed I have never yet been convinced, that God has permitted men to deſtroy one another. Does a citizen break in upon the peace and order of the ſociety? You may hinder him from doing it, without hanging him on a gibbet. As to thoſe robbers who do not kill, it is certain that they do not deſerve death, even if judged by that law of retaliation which is thought of ſuch weight againſt murderers; ſince there is no proportion between a robbery which is ſometimes of a very trifling nature, and that life which is unmercifully taken from them. But it is ſaid, they are ſacrificed to the public ſafety: employ them, then, as ſlaves, in ſome uſeful labour: the loſs of their liberty

will be a puniſhment rigorous enough for their crime, will ſufficiently ſecure the public tranquility, will redound at the ſame time to the good of the ſtate, and will ſave you the reproach of injuſtice and inhumanity. But men have thought fit to make robbery the moſt ignominious and unpardonable of all crimes; for this reaſon, doubtleſs, becauſe money is the god of this world; and, next to life, there is commonly nothing more dear. When paſſion hurries you on to commit violence on another, inſtantly caſt your eyes on him, to ſee the impreſſion of the Divine Hand and your own reſemblance; and this will be ſufficient to calm your anger. Say not to God what we are told Cain ſaid to him, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, without doubt, God has committed him to your care; and not only forbids your doing him an injury, but commands you to ſerve him to the utmoſt of your power.

II. A perſon who is friendly and beneficent to his relations, his benefactors, or his friends, may imagine himſelf generous, tho' he is inſenſible and indifferent with reſpect to the reſt of mankind, and has not even charity; a virtue much inferior to that of generoſity, which is the ſummit and completion of all the other ſocial virtues. For the practice of theſe, we need only avoid the faults which are manifeſtly contrary to them; but generoſity removes us to a much greater diſtance from vice; ſince it leaves, in the interval between that and itſelf, all the virtues of mere precept and obligation. Generoſity is a degree of perfection added to virtue, over and above the indiſpenſable preſcriptions of the law: unleſs we go farther

than theſe ordain, we ſhall be only free from blame, but not generous.

Charity, or, which is the ſame thing, that general affection which is due to all mankind, is not a virtue of ſupererogation. You meet with an unknown perſon wounded by aſſaſſins, you draw near and dreſs his wounds: but in this you only fulfil the dictates of humanity; for the need he ſtands in of your aſſiſtance, is a law which obliges you to aſſiſt him. An indigent perſon is preſſed by the calls of hunger: but the relieving of his wants is only the payment of a debt: the poor are committed to the care of ſociety, and have a right to be maintained by the ſuperfluities of the wealthy. But complain not of the ſuccour you lend them, tho' it be the price of your ſweat and labour. It coſts you ſomething, it is true, but it coſts them much more; ſince to receive it under the title of an alms, is to buy it very dear. But would you learn in one word, how far thoſe good offices which are due to mankind, ought to be extended; let this be your rule: 'Whatſoever ye 'would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even 'ſo unto them.'

SECT II.

Of POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is that continual attention which humanity inſpires in us, both to pleaſe others, and to avoid giving them any offence. The ſurly plain-dealer exclaims loudly againſt this virtue, and prefers to it his own ſhocking blunt-

neſs and Gothic freedom. The courtier and the fawning flatterer, on the contrary, ſubſtitute in its place inſipid compliments, cringings, and a jargon of unmeaning ſentences. The one blames politeneſs, becauſe he takes it for a vice; and the other is the occaſion of this, becauſe that which he practiſes is really ſo.

I addreſs myſelf to Arnolphus: he ſuffers me to advance, while he ſits immoveable in his chair. I bow: he ſurveys me from head to foot, and then cuts ſhort the ceremonial, by crying out at a diſtance, "Who are you? what do you want?" 'Your advice upon an affair, Sir, ſays I.' "Let "us ſee, ſays Arnolphus; come to the point; for "I am in haſte." On this I begin. 'You know 'Euphemon, I believe.'—"No; how ſhould I "know him? 'He is a gentleman of the younger 'branch of the family of'—"What ſignifies what 'family, and what branch he is of? What is 'your diſpute with him?" 'I have a piece of land 'contiguous to his.'—"What of that land?"—'He pretends to appropriate it to himſelf.'——"Would he buy it, or exchange with you for it? 'He will do neither.' "In one word then, what "would he have!" 'He would confiſcate it to 'his own uſe, and pretends, upon I know not 'upon what foundation, that I am his vaſſal; and 'that, having failed in doing him homage, my 'fief devolves to him.' "Is it my fault, if you "have neglected it?" 'But it is falſe that I am 'his vaſſal.' "That may be; but do not imagine "that you will be believed on your bare word." 'I have records to vouch it.' "So much the better 'for you. Produce them." 'There they are.'

" I have not time to look them over now." 'You 'may do it, Sir, when you are at leiſure.' 'Well, 'I will conſider of it." 'When may I wait on 'you, Sir, for your advice?' "I cannot tell." 'But, Sir, Euphemon threatens me with a vigo-'rous proſecution, and that quickly.' "Does "he ſo?—Well, you muſt both wait then." Arnolphus is a man of integrity, and a judicious lawyer: but of what ſervice can his probity and capacity be to his fellow-citizens, while he is thus auſtere and inacceſſible.

Biblius is a grave and ſtudious man; he has the happineſs of being acquainted with all the ancient authors, and is paſſionately fond of them. He came one day to the lovely Lucinda's, whom he finds ſurrounded by a circle of wits and admirers. He enters with a monſtrous felt-hat in his hand, bows with a very ill-grace, walks awkwardly up to Lucinda, treads on her ſlipper, rumples her gown, and then ſtepping heaſtily back, throws himſelf on a large couch. The company ſmiles—this puts him out of humour: they take no more notice, but reſume the converſation where it was broke off. It turned upon a queſtion of gallantry, of which, upon the arrival of Biblius, they had, ſuſpended the examination. Every one now enters into the debate, and decides according to his particular taſte; and, at laſt, they aſk Biblius what he thinks of it. 'I am not accuſtomed, ſays 'he bluntly, to employ my thoughts on ſuch ſilly 'ſtuff: but, in ſhort, ſince I am forced to ſpeak, 'I muſt own to you gentlemen, that none of your 'deciſions pleaſe me: I ſee plainly that you have 'read but little of Ariſtotle, though I can tell you

'he was the fineſt genius of antiquity; and to con-
'fute you, I need only borrow one ſyllogiſm from
'him.—No, no, Mr Biblius, for Lucinda's ſake,
'ſays the young Clitander, excuſe us from hear-
'ing, your ſyllogiſm, and ſpeak plain French.'
Biblius however purſues his point, begins a long argument, and ſupports it with Greek and Latin citations from Homer, Euripides, Cicero, Seneca, and Lambinus; quarrels with every one of the company; laments their ignorance, and upbraids them with it. But a burſt of laughter now breaking forth as in concert, from every corner of the room, interrupts our orator, who was already out of breath. On this he loſes all patience, grows abuſive, clinches his fiſt, and, ſhaking his head, leaves the room and runs to ſhut himſelf up in his college.

But Arnolphus and Biblius may perhaps be unpolite, only for want of a proper education; the one has ſeen nothing but briefs, counſellors, law-books, and records; the other only claſſes of boys, raw ſcholars, maſters of arts, and grammarians. Let us hear Cteſiphon, an enemy from principle to all the reſpect and complaiſance uſed in ſociety: he is going to make an ingenuous apology for his clowniſh bluntneſs, and to expatiate on the inconveniencies of politeneſs. 'You may think as
'you pleaſe, ſays he, of my addreſs, my counte-
'nance, my attitude, and all thoſe artificial rules
'of behaviour which are called Civility; I am in
'no pain about it: I leave thoſe important trifles
'to our young ſenators or our court abbes. I
'would have people judge of me by my actions
'and not by my gait; for I do not viſit my friends

'to do honour to my dancing-master. As to my 'manner of living with mankind, I reduce it to 'this, to speak the truth, to be serviceable to my 'fellow-creatures, and never to injure them. 'These being my principles, I know how to con-'strain and deny myself, if necessary to do any 'useful services. I give my advice when it is ask-'ed, in affairs that come within my knowledge; 'I freely employ my credit and influence, and 'sometimes my purse, to assist my friends, or 'whoever has need of them: but I think myself 'justly dispensed from a frivolous complaisance, 'which can afford no solid advantage to those 'who demand it. I am invited to dinner, to take 'a walk, or to a concert; just then I had rather 'stay at home, and I accordingly stay there. 'Play is proposed, I do not like it; and therefore 'I refuse to play. A poet reads to me his verses; 'they tire me, and I yawn without ceremony. A 'ball is proposed; I find myself inclined to sleep, 'and therefore go to bed. I hate that studied com-'plaisance, that constrained respect, which, if not 'contrary to sincerity, are at least inconsistent with 'a frank and open temper. I seldom praise others, 'and would never have them praise me; because 'praise is a kind of poison. I contradict the man 'who asserts the false fact, or advances a false 'principle; because he must be a liar, or a de-'ceiver, who will not confute a lie, or an error: 'and this I do, with a vehemence that adds weight 'to my refutation. The rank of the person I at-'tack encourages, instead of intimidating me; be-'cause the more considerable the adversary is, the 'more important it is to humble him. Damon

'is vain, I mortify his pride; Laura is a coquette, 'I reproach her with her intrigues; Leander is a 'hypocrite, I pull off his maſk; Bertholda is fil-'ly and affected, I rally and mimic her; Gorgi-'as loves his glaſs, I make him aſhamed in pub-'lic; Cydaliſa delights in ſcandal, I lay open and 'expoſe her other faults in order to cure her of 'this; Lyſimon affects to be thought learned, I 'examine and diſconcert him. Theſe perſons 'would have been cured long ago, had every one 'behaved like me; but the diſſimulation of the 'world renders them blind to their vices and pre-'vents their becoming virtuous by making them 'believe that they are already ſo.'

Cteſiphon, in this portrait, has not belied the frankneſs of his character: but is not this frank-neſs, for which he profeſſes ſuch a value, carried too far? Any other, except a Cynic or a flatterer, knows how to join frankneſs with politeneſs; and without abandoning the one, to account the other, as it truly is, a duty. But in proving this, let us, for the ſake of method, follow the plan which Cteſiphon himſelf has pointed out to us, and divide, politeneſs, as he has done, into three branch-es; civility, complaiſance, and reſpect.

ART. I. *Of* CIVILITY.

CIVILITY is a ceremonial agreed upon and eſtabliſhed among mankind, with a view to give each other external teſtimonies of friendſhip, eſteem, and regard. This ceremonial varies with the different cuſtoms of nations; but all have

one, of ſome kind or other. And it may reaſonably be preſumed from this univerſal practice, that it has its foundation in nature. Whence I conclude, that civility is a duty preſcribed by the law of reaſon. It is with reſpect to men, what external worſhip is with regard to the Deity; a public teſtimony of our internal ſentiments, the form of which is in its own nature indifferent; for the manner of addreſſing ourſelves to perſons in various ſtations, of ſaluting them, of expreſſing our reſpect, the terms we make uſe of in ſpeaking to them, the titles which are to be given them, are all, originally, mere arbitrary formalities which cuſtom only has eſtabliſhed. Theſe two things then are certain: the one that right reaſon and good ſenſe require us to practiſe ſome kind of civility; the other, that neither good ſenſe nor right reaſon determine in what particular acts it ought to conſiſt. The beſt manner of ſhewing our friendſhip and regard to mankind, as well as the leaſt liable to ſuſpicion, is that of ſerving them by all the good offices in our power; but an opportunity for doing this does not always offer: it was therefore neceſſary, that certain ſigns ſhould be agreed upon, certain demonſtrations, by which we might habitually ſhow that we love, eſteem, and honour them; and every nation has choſen thoſe which are moſt conſiderable to the ideas and taſte of the people: and therefore as all are originally indifferent, our choice muſt be determined by the various cuſtoms of the countries we inhabit. The Frenchman, the Turk, and the Perſian, ought all to be civil: but there is one kind of civility for the Frenchman, another for the Turk, and ano-

ther for the Perſian. If men were pure ſpirits, capable of communicating their thoughts and ſentiments without exterior ſigns, civility would be ſuperfluous: what renders it neceſſary, is, their not having this power. In vain do the Cynic and clown declaim againſt civility, in vain do they treat it as a falſe and deceitful commerce, only proper to maſk and diſguiſe our true ſentiments; for if they really had, as they ought, that affection which well-bred perſons expreſs by reciprocal ſigns, their civility would not be impoſture. It is true, there are more men who obſerve the rules of civility, than who pay a proper regard to the duties of ſociety; but even by this counterfeit civility they furniſh, though involuntarily, an argument in favours of the ſocial virtues: for he who affects the outward appearance of virtuous diſpoſitions, confeſs that he ought to have them in his heart. Nay, they who openly declare againſt civility, do not deny that we ſhould feel for our fellow-creatures, friendſhip, benevolence, and reſpect: how unaccountable then is it in them, that we ſhould conceal ſentiments ſo juſt and indiſpenſable.

Hermodactus is, nevertheleſs, of this character. You may live ten years with him, before he favours you with a bow, or an obliging word or look. You would judge by the ſeeming indifference of his air, that he believes himſelf the only human creature upon earth. However, dare but to encounter his forbidding temper, do but aſk him to do you a piece of ſervice, and you will to your great aſtoniſhment, find him truly generous: but favour being done, he will continue to live

with you upon the ſame footing as before; always cold, conſtantly reſerved, ever alone. Penetrated with a ſenſe of your obligation, you break out into profeſſions of your attachment, eſteem, and gratitude; but theſe are all loſt, for he ſees nothing, hears nothing, and anſwers nothing. In ſhort, Hermodactus would have been a complete miſanthropiſt, had he not been naturally beneficent.

ART. II. *Of* COMPLAISANCE.

COMPLAISANCE is an honeſt condeſcenſion, by which we bend our wills to render them conformable to thoſe of others. I ſay, an honeſt condeſcenſion: for baſely to give way to the will of another in criminal inſtances, is to be an accomplice in his vices rather than complaiſant.

The complaiſance of which I here ſpeak, conſiſts then, only in not contradicting the taſte and ſentiments of any perſon, when he can forbear with innocence; in complying with the inclinations of others, and even anticipating them as far as we are able. This is not, perhaps, the moſt excellent of all the virtues; but it is, at leaſt, extremely uſeful, and very agreeable in ſociety.

See how greatly Alcidamus is beloved, courted, and careſſed. It is for his probity? This virtue only raiſes our eſteem, without engaging our affection. Is it for his beneficence and readneſs to do ſervice to others? Thoſe who are fond of his company, have not all been in want of his good offices. Is it becauſe he is ſprightly, humorous, and diverting? This could only make him

agreeable, in thoſe moments when gainty is ſeaſonable. No; he is believed on account of that eaſy engaging diſpoſition which makes his will not his own, while he bends, turns, and faſhions it, ſo as to oblige all his friends. As he diſcovers what will give you pleaſure, he almoſt prevents your deſires; and does this with ſuch a graceful eaſe, that in the very moment when he has no other end in view than your delight, you would imagine that he only followed his own choice and inclinations.

We may give pleaſure to mankind by a curteous behaviour, by a gaiety of temper, or by ingenious ſallies of wit and humour; but not any of theſe ways of pleaſing is of ſuch univerſal uſe as complaiſance. You can be courteous only to equals or inferiors; there are a thouſand occaſions in which your gaity would be ill-placed; points and repartees do not always preſent themſelves ſo readily to the mind as you could wiſh, nor are they always reliſhed: but if you are of a good-natured and yielding temper, if you take a pleaſure in contributing to the pleaſure of others, I can anſwer for the friendſhip of thoſe about you; for this is a perfection that will be valued at all times, in all places, and on all occaſions.

Rodolphus is a man of merit, and both a poet and a philoſopher; and would not fail of being ſupportable in all companies, in ſpite of theſe two qualities, could he deſcend ſo far as to become complaiſant. But how can he do this? Complaiſance ſuppoſes eſteem: now, whoever cannot make verſes, or has never read Newton or Deſcartes, is in his own opinion no better than a piece of clock-work; an idiot, of which at moſt we can

only make a labourer, a monk, or a farmer of the public revenues. He imagines himſelf of a ſpecies ſuperior to other men, and glories that he is diſtinguiſhed from them by the peculiarity of his maxims, ſentiments, and inclinations. To condeſcend to humour them, would be to enter into their ſociety; it would be mixing with them whom he regards as profane.

Aglaura has an amiable perſon, ſhe has wit, underſtanding, and is naturally formed to pleaſe; yet, with all theſe accompliſhments, ſhe is ſhunned and hated. But why is this? The reaſon is, ſhe has neither will nor ſentiment of her own: before ſhe can determine what to do or ſay, ſhe muſt wait till ſome one has declared his thoughts or wiſhes; as ſoon as this is done ſhe is of a contrary opinion, and will act in a quite oppoſite manner.

ART. III. *Of* RESPECT *.

BY *Reſpect* I hear mean, that regard and deference which is founded on the circumſtances, genius, and quality of perſons. We ought not, for example, to ſatirize lawyers in the preſence of a gentleman of the law, eſpecially if his probity is ſufficient to protect him from reproach. And even ſuppoſing he deſerves it, it is not always ſufficient that a charge be well founded, to juſtify him that makes it; ſince it may be done at an improper time, and with a malicious

* The French word EGARDS has no one word to anſwer it in our language. The proper meaning of it is ſufficiently explained at the beginning of this ſection.

bitterneſs: for though Truth is commonly painted naked, ſhe has nevertheleſs diſagreeable nudities, which it is ſometimes proper to conceal.

You are in the preſence of a great man, and every one is aſſiduous in ſhewing him marks of reſpect: conform yourſelf to the rules of cuſtom; honour him like the reſt; and behave not with the confidence of a quaker, who would addreſs him with *thee* and *thou*, and ſpeak to him with his head covered. But you will revere him only in proportion to his virtues, abilities, and perſonal merit; for all the pomp and luſtre which ſurround him you conſider only as ſmoke and wind. I grant that they are ſo: but what are the honours that I deſire you to beſtow on him, but wind and ſmoke? I deſire you not to praiſe him, if he is only worthy of contempt; to flatter his taſte, if he has none; to applaud his wit, if he is a fool; to extol his knowlege, if he is ignorant. You will run no hazard of forfeiting your ſincerity, by beſtowing upon him only a mute kind of homage. This is abſolutely neceſſary; for that ſubordination which is ſo requiſite for the government of the ſtate, would ſoon be deſtroyed, if people, eſpecially in public, were to honour the great only in proportion to their real merit.

Hippias is, you ſay, a ſtupid wretch, without either genius, probity, or diſcernment. Clothed in a poor monkiſh frock, he crept into an obſcure cloiſter, where he was juſtly confounded in the throng of the recluſe: at laſt the government of the monaſtery became vacant by the death of their chief; when an imprudent female devotee, of

whoſe conſcience he was become the director, undertook to decorate him with this poor pre-eminence: but her ſcheme failed; Hippeas was not thought worthy to govern even a ſociety of monks. The humble penitent, piqued at this provoking diſappointment, contrived to avenge herſelf in a very ſingular manner; and that was in procuring for him a biſhopric. Take away from Hippias, you may ſay, his croſier and his mitre, and he will then be a finiſhed blockhead, unworthy of the leaſt attention from a man of ſenſe. This I readily confeſs: but he is now actually in poſſeſſion of this croſier and mitre, he deſerves at leaſt a reſpectful bow. Do not diſpute ſuch a triffle; I allow you liberty enough, when I diſpenſe with your giving him your eſteem.

Affect not an air of contempt before the afflicted, who are lamenting over their loſſes or diſaſters. Or if you groan yourſelf under ſome dreadful calamity, go not to fatigue, with your ſad lamentations, thoſe favourites of fortune who cannot remove the cauſe of your diſtreſs. It would be inſulting over the the grief of an afflicted widow, drowned in tears and lamenting the loſs of a huſband tenderly beloved, to come to tell her with an air of ſatisfaction, that your love will ſoon be crowned, and that ſpeedily you ſhall be the happieſt of huſbands. You are running to inform Menalcas of the favour the king has done you, in preſenting the ribbon of a certain order of knighthood: turn back; this favour has been juſt refuſed to him, and he will not be in a humour to partake of your joy. Some degree of wit, or ra-

ther of judgment, is neceſſary to render us capable of this manner of ſhewing our reſpect: an ordinary acquaintance with the world may teach civility, and good nature may produce complaiſance; but a fool will be always a novice in the ſcience of reſpect.

Death ſnatched from the arms of Fanny a moſt amiable infant, the precious pledge of the love of her deceaſed huſband. A crowd of friends endeavoured to comfort her, or at leaſt to give ſome diverſion to the grief. Alicia, a more fortunate mother, in her turn, came to viſit her friend, and brought with her the living fruits of her happy fertility, dear precious objects of her tenderneſs and complacency! and, unhappily for Fanny, the only ſubject of her diſcourſe. She entered immediately upon a tedious recital of their pretended perfections, the ſallies of their imagination, the penetration of their minds, the ſweetneſs of their tempers, and the regularity of their features: ſhe was ſtill going on, and ſeemed as if ſhe would never make an end, when Fanny, poſſeſſed with grief, interrupted with theſe words pronounced with ſome emotion; 'You would be an admirable creature, my dear Alicia, if you had as much regard for your friends, as you diſcover tenderneſs for your children. You are a good mother; but I muſt ſay it, you are a bad comforter.'

THE END.

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